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Charlotte Reeve Conover

DAYTON

and

MONTGOMERY COUNTY

RESOURCES AND PEOPLE

Editor

CHARLOTTE REEVE CONOVER

VOLUME I

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE Author likes to believe that it is because Daytonians love Dayton so much that they have been so helpful about this book. Countless people have hindered their own work to forward hers; have jumped to ascertain facts, to hunt up details and to place at her disposal material impossible otherwise to be had. So many kindnesses are to be acknowledged she scarcely knows where to begin.

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And, finally, since a book is never the product of a single mind, to those sympathetic friends who have listened, laughed, suggested, reminded, criticized and corrected what, without them, would be but a scanty offering to the readers of this city.

Charlotte Reeve Conover.

Dayton, October, 1931.

TO FUTURE DAYTONIANS—

MAY THEY CARRY ON

SOMEWHERE, in the bright hereafter of which we all think more often as the years pass, there will be a shining galaxy which we in Dayton will want to join. It will be composed, not of eminent philosophers or scientists or international statesmen, but of those who, in life, had one thing in common—they served the city of their heart with all that was in them. The earlier members of that group will include Daniel C. Cooper who, a century and more ago, gave Dayton her wide streets and contributed ground for parks, schools and churches; John Van Cleve who, eighty years ago, planted the elms that still shade the Boulevard, and saw in imagination, while it was still a rough wooded hill, the place where we lay our dear dead.

It will include Horace Pease, who visioned our classic Courthouse and helped bring it into being; Mary Steele, who was the real founder of women's clubs in Dayton; Belle Eaker, who mothered the young men through the Y. M. C. A.; Sinclair and Shuey, who carried out her ideals and their own; James A. Robert, who fostered music and art and reclaimed the river bed. There will be Robert Steele, who, standing at his gate at the corner of First and Ludlow streets, just a few weeks before he died, said, as he looked down the vista of the street, "Yes, Dayton is beautiful. I wonder if those who come after us will keep it so." E. E. Barney will stand in that group, because he taught and planted and builded and inspired throughout a long lifetime; there will be William Huffman, Grace A. Greene, William Werthner, B. F. McCann, Margaret Stoddard, Leopold Rauh, Dr. Frank Garland, and Electra C. Doren.

At the head of the group of good citizens and gone from us seemingly only such a little while ago, will be John Patterson, whose gifts, actual and inspirational—parks, trees, schools, lectures, educational trips, opportunities for recreation, inspiration in civic ideals, will never be forgotten. And close, very close to him, will be Mrs. Kumler, so close that rarely will their friends, the citizens of Dayton, think of one without the other—Mrs. Kumler, who founded clubs, led in the social and philanthropic organizations of Dayton, an inspired leader in her home city.

It is a stirring thought to those of us who are yet treading the streets of our city to ask ourselves, "What can we each, personally, do for Dayton?" Not perhaps in bequeathing lands or dollars (for our banks accounts and our talents may be minor affairs), but some-way and somehow, each of us, in his or her own way, may find service to do that will make Dayton a better and happier place in which to live. If we do so, whenever and however we can, it will be to honor the memory of those who have gone before.

That is what they would have liked best.

C. R. C.

October, 1931.

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DAYTON
AND MONTGOMERY COUNTY

DAYTON
AND MONTGOMERY COUNTY

PRELUDE

SOMEWHERE, buried in the gravel and silt of the river bottom where the Miami joins the Ohio, would be found, if we knew where to dig for it, a leaden plate eleven inches long, seven inches wide and an eighth of an inch thick containing the origins of this city and county as they came into historical and political existence. That historical existence was French. No human eye has seen the plate since it was placed there in August, 1749 and none ever will, since the Miami River has a way of keeping what it gets hold of. But the original records, probably in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, have kept the story.

There were six such plates, the inscriptions identical, and they were duplicated in tin. The leaden plates were buried and the tin plates were hung on the branches of trees near the confluence of the rivers emptying into the Ohio. They were called by those who buried them, "proofs of re-possession." The prefix "re" refers to the fact that the ownership of the territory in question had been settled, unofficially so to say, several years before by La Salle himself who, at the mouth of the Mississippi, with a wave of his arm towards the north, appropriated to the Crown of France, all the lands drained by that river and its tributaries. It was a much larger order than La Salle knew at that time but it was something to report to his royal master at Versailles as a token of the result of the expense his journey had cost the state.

Whether La Salle's title of possession was held to be weak legally, or whether others wanted expeditionary honors of their own is not plain at this day. But the idea of a colony of French peasants to settle in the heart of the rich Ohio lands was simmering in other minds. One of them was that of Glassonière, the Governor-General of Canada, who had large plans for the development of the whole great middle west in the interests of France. The only one of these plans that materialized is the one we are interested in, which did not turn out exactly as he intended but which resulted in the first appearance of white men on the soil of what we know as Montgomery County.

Red men there had been in plenty. The lands bordering the two rivers we know best, the Miami and Mad rivers, were the biggest game preserve the Indians had. They came down the river in canoes from the Indian village at Piqua and up the river in their canoes from Kentucky to kill game and take it home for winter provision. But the brown skins have not counted much in history in the past.

So the Frenchman and his plates are the real beginning. This is the inscription, verified from the record by one plate which was discovered sticking out of the mud by boys fishing for other things and brought to the authorities at Marietta. It was not our plate but it tells the story.

> In the year 1749, in the reign of His Majesty Louis XV King of France, We, Pierre Joseph Celoron de Bienville, Knight of the Royal Order of St. Louis; Captain commanding a detachment sent down the Beautiful River (the Ohio) by order of the Marquis de la Glassonière, Governor General of all New France and of Louisiana, have buried this plate at the mouth of the Miami river as a token of the renewal of possession heretofore taken of the Ohio river and of all streams that fall into it and all lands on both sides to the sources of the streams as the Kings of France enjoyed it.

To the nearest tree trunk that overhung the current of the stream, Celoron caused to be hung the tin plate with the same inscription and the arms of France upon it.

So that it how Dayton was born. There is much back of it historically, relative to the treaties of Riswick, Utrecht and Aix la Chapelle which there is no time to go into here. But that far off beginning of our history was a continuation of the vast international struggle between France and England for dominance of the New World. The rich fertile fields of our Ohio valleys seemed to those cramped Europeans, tillers, shoulder to shoulder, of the narrow strips of wornout soil of their native land, a little less than paradise.

Why did it come to nothing? Why have we lost our French accent, so to speak, and kept the remembrance of our French origin only in our geographical nomenclature—Des Moines, Detroit, Bellefountaine and Wabash (which we spell with a W instead of Ouabache)? In the first place Louis XV was too busy throwing dice at Versailles to care about things so far away as the interior of North America, then as little known as the interior of South America to us. It is a long story but we must go back to the Sieur de Bienville and his plates.

There were two hundred and forty-four men in this expedition up the Ohio and into the Miami rivers. One captain, eight officers, six cadets, one chaplain, twenty soldiers, three French and white, and one hundred Canadians of mixed blood, and eighty Indians: These last "Coureurs des Bois," Runners of the Woods, made famous by Longfellow in "Evangeline."

Fifty days it took the captain and his men to make that journey from Montreal to Pittsburgh. Starting from Lachine June 15, 1749, carrying

"THE RIVER'S COMING UP"—MAIN STREET BRIDGE IN THE SNOW

(*Photo by James Reece*)

their canoes across from Lake Erie to Lake Chautauqua, down the Ohio to the Miami, up the Great Miami past the Dayton that was to be, across by portage to a French settlement on the Maumee and so back to Lake Erie, this was the itinerary of those doughty explorers.

A historian thus describes the appearance of the little army as it made its way down the waters of La Belle Rivière (the Ohio, so lettered on the few early maps of the period). "Soldiers and Canadians in their gay costumes and semi-medieval armor, the half-naked copper-skinned savages, the flying banners of France, all crowded in the frail white birch bark canoes that floated on the surface of the stream like tiny paper shells."

When they reached the Miami it was the largest tributary passed since leaving what is now Pittsburgh and they had but one remaining plate. Bienville led his forces ashore and in impressive and flowery language addressed his followers and a few savages who had gathered about him. He extolled the honor and glory of their mission and how they would be remembered as thus adding to the glory of France by peaceful conquest of the great western lands. Then the ceremony of "plate sowing" was carried out, and until the next spring flood carried away the tree with the tin plate on it and buried the lead plate under tons of gravel this valley belonged to the King of France.

What these explorers saw of our Miami Valley was not what we see. Our present thin, shallow, useless streams were then the great highways leading from the civilization of the eastern states into the unpenetrated wilderness of the Northwest Territory. An old painting of the mouth of Mad River, done by some anonymous native artist of the early years of the last century showed a deep channeled stream opening into another still wider and deeper, both so massed with forestry and bushes that the overhanging branches almost met overhead. One could imagine the easy possibility of future steamboats stemming the muddy current. It was by means of such abundant waterways that Montgomery County was penetrated and settled. No other way. Progress of the first explorers was on foot, blazing the trees to mark their passage for those that came afterward. On horseback it was still difficult; but when the first wagons attempted to make it, trees had to be felled every few rods to make passage for the body and wheels. No modern artist knows how to draw imaginatively the topography of a hundred and fifty years ago. They sketch some trees and some open spaces, but in 1750 there were few, if any, open spaces. Mile after mile of almost impenetrable forest over all of southern Ohio. Here and there, along the bed of streams where the spring freshets made it difficult for growing timber to find a foot-hold, there was grazing land for cattle.

Unfortunately Celoron de Bienville left no descriptions of the Miami Valley, but Gist did. Gist was the agent of the Ohio Land Company and the first investor who tried to sell real-estate on our territory. More of him hereafter. But he wrote to impress his fellow-Virginians of the attractions of the new country he was opening up; that he was "Delighted with the fertile well-watered land with large oak, walnut, maple and ash trees" He told them that "the country abounded with turkeys, deer, elk and all sorts of game, especially buffalo, thirty or forty of which were seen feeding in one meadow." In short, he said: "it needs nothing but cultivation to make it a most delightful country. The land along the Great Miami is rich, level, and well-timbered, some of the finest meadows that can be. The grass here grows to a great height on the clear fields and the bottoms are full of white clover, wild rye and blue grass."

This is what the first beholders of our valley saw. Richness of soil, beauty of landscape, green and sturdy woods, game in abundance; buffaloes grazing where now concrete bridges throw their arches across the stream, a literal paradise of plenty. It was to become less beautiful and less peaceful as it became the field for rivalry of possession between the Indians and the settlers and of the continuance of age-old antipathies between France and England, of wars that reddened the fields and sometimes the current of the rivers and earned for it the title of "The dark and bloody ground." The Indians contested every inch of the land they considered theirs by right of inheritance from their fathers. The French never arrived to settle the land they had so proudly claimed. The Indians were pushed westward and the English and Scotch-Irish came in, sturdy younger sons of good families, driving out in Conestoga wagons from Philadelphia and New York. Fine-fibered people, many of them were, along with the inevitable riff-raff that herds into a new country. But it was an epic—an epic that ought never to be forgotten by the older generation and always to be taught to the younger that they may receive with humility and carry on with faithfulness the heritage of their long-ago ancestors.

◆

CHAPTER I.

DAYTON—THE REAL SETTLEMENT.

Of course the "first settlers" were really Indians. Perhaps, to be more exact, they were the Mound Builders whose mysterious relics are to be found here and there scattered over the Ohio country. But our story does not go back to those ancient days and concerns only the white men from the eastern states: traders, surveyors, farmers, penetrating the wilderness to make new homes for their families. The Indians were already here and made the first and most serious difficulty for the new comers. Most of the country now known as Ohio, Indiana and Illinois was occupied by the Algonquins, Southern Ohio their chief abode, if one can speak so of a people who spent most of their time wandering from place to place. The valley bounded by the two Miami rivers was occupied by the Twightwees. Celoron de Bienville referred to our river as "Rivière a la Roche"—Rock River, but its present name came from a vulgarization, or a modernization of the name of the Indians who lived on its banks. The two Miamis originate within a few miles of each other, perhaps from a single source, divided by some elevation which sends one current one way and the other another. The larger one was named first, and because of the paucity of nomenclature in the early days the smaller was named after it with the prefix "Little."

On the early maps the territory between them was named "the Miami Lands" and was so called by the first surveyors and land promotors. Back and forth across this territory swept migratory bands of Indians wherever game seemed most plenty. Their camp fires glowed in the woods, their trails meandered along the river banks where now sometimes a disinterred arrow-head or stone axe reveals the fact of their occupancy. But for hundreds of years no one disputed possession with them. Then came Celoron with his rangers and, although he did not know it, the reign of the Indian was over. At least it was the beginning of the end for him on this continent.

Two years after Celoron had guided his expedition up our river another white man, Christopher Gist, with two companions passed over the same route on his way to trade with Indians in their wigwam towns up near the sites of Piqua, Xenia, and Springfield. The agent of an English and Virginian land company, he made his errand an excuse for looking over the land values in the Miami Valley. It was he who saw and recorded the buffaloes grazing on the site of Dayton in January, 1751.

The next visitors to our valley were not explorers nor land agents but soldiers, for the Revolutionary War was on and its fringes reached into Ohio, the far frontier. English and Indians on one side and a mélange of French, Scotch-Irish and settlers on the other were struggling for dominance of America. Colonel Byrd, with a detachment of six hundred Indians and Canadians and four pieces of artillery, introduced us to the fortunes of war. But he came down instead of up, leaving Canada in the spring of 1780, following the Maumee from its mouth at Lake Erie to the portage across to the head waters of the Great Miami and down stream to the Ohio. His journey was in the interest of conquest at that time, so whenever he found a few frontier stations he burned them and took loot and prisoners back to British headquarters.

General George Rogers Clarke was the next white man bent on conquest, but it was against the Indians, who from their villages in the Miami lands were making bloody raids into Kentucky, murdering the whites, driving off their cattle, and making life impossible for the founders of Lexington and Limestone. Clarke and his Kentuckians (among whom was Robert Patterson whose name was to mean so much in the future annals of Dayton) destroyed a number of Indian villages and built a couple of block-houses on the Ohio between the two Miami mouths—afterward the city of Cincinnati. This was not the only expedition from Kentucky to Ohio; there were many and always with the same object, to punish the Indians and make life safe for the settlers.

But of all these adventurous souls who came to our Dayton vicinity none cared to stop. Why risk it? The woods were alive with Indians whose methods of warfare were bloody and treacherous. The mouth of Mad River was especially frequented by the savages and avoided by the whites who if they attempted settlement were outnumbered twenty to one.

But "Westward the course of empire takes its way" was truer than a truism. Land was what men wanted and land was what they must have. Groups of people here and there in the east, in New Jersey especially, were being first impressed and then engaged to take up land in the west. Returning travelers all told the same story. The eastern states were rich but Ohio was richer. Land could be had for a song and land that "tickled with a hoe, laughed with a harvest."

Among these enthusiasts who had made the trip across the mountains, was an adventurer in the best sense of the word, Benjamin Stites from New Jersey, who happening to be in one of those Kentucky raids into Ohio got a glimpse of the fertile Miami Valley. Charmed by the beauty of the country he hurried back to New Jersey and laid his information before Judge John Cleves Symmes of Trenton, a man of great influence. Stites' enthusiasm communicated itself to Symmes and together they formed a land company to exploit the Miami lands. Congress had recently given such a grant to a company interested in the valley of the Muskingum and Symmes had no doubt but his petition would be as readily granted. Without, however, waiting for Congress to act on his petition Symmes deeded to Stites ten thousand acres of land between the Miami rivers thereby causing much confusion later as to property rights among the first settlers of Dayton.

Stites got out a glowing prospectus inviting settlers to select the most advantageous locations at the price of a dollar an acre and promising them deeds when Congress should have made the transaction legal. The current expression "a land office business" is said to have originated in connection with this enterprise. There was a rush of prospective settlers for the bargains in land. The center of trade was at the mouth of the Miami where Stites and several assistants spent busy days making out grants which were never recorded. It was not a dishonest transaction for Stites fully expected the government to stand by him. Eventually it did, but not until much distress was experienced by the new land owners.

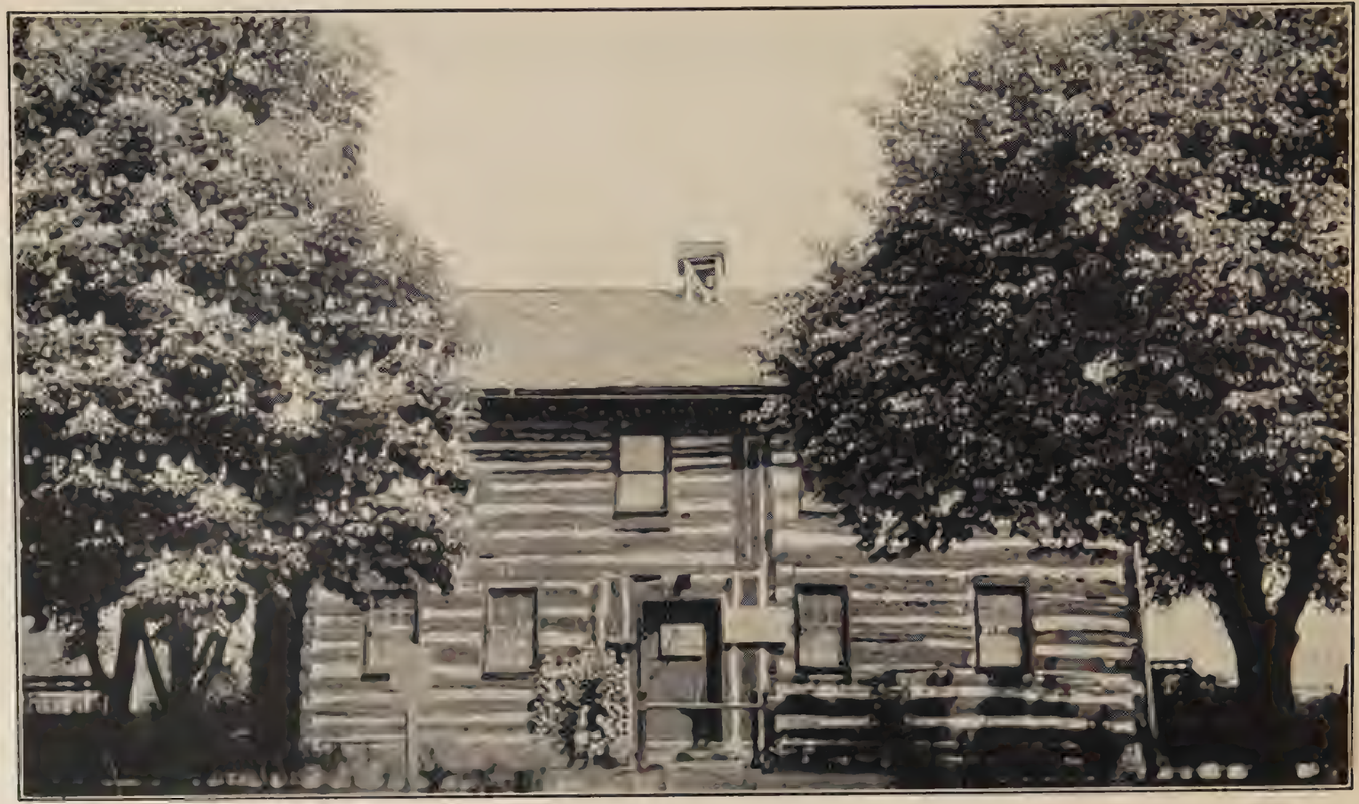
Some of the pioneers came in from New Jersey as far as Fort Washington (Cincinnati), and stayed there in rough cabins around the two block houses. A natural hesitancy in penetrating what was becoming known as the "Miami Slaughter House" was apparent. It was not an inviting pseudonym for a real estate boom. A whole party of explorers, attacked at the mouth of the Miami and carried off by the Indians, (a much worse fate, if we may believe the early stories, than being killed outright) added to the apprehension. Three Kentuckians, Robert Patterson, John Filson and Mathias Denman became the first proprietors of the land on which the first log forts were built and named it Losantiville from which it emerged finally into Cincinnati. Filson, exploring on his own account up the Miami from its mouth in search of game or topographical information, was never seen again. As his bones were never found it was assumed he was carried off by a wandering band of savages. All this sinister uncertainty as well as the furious semi-annual floods in the rivers made an offset to the alluring description in the land offices, and events, as far as Dayton was concerned, dragged.

Cincinnati was definitely settled on December, 1788, but it was to be eight more years before the first cabin was built at the mouth of Mad River. Nothing was plainer than the uselessness of attempting to create cities and homes on the same ground as the Indians. Small wonder then that the hope and aim of those few already on the ground was to get rid of their unpleasant neighbors. It was literally war to the knife, with no quarter, on both sides. Skirmishes were going on all the time. Indians prowled around the cabins in Cincinnati picking off with their arrows any settler who dared to go out to till his fields. A gun was left at the end of every furrow and a wife never knew when she saw her husband go to plough whether she would see him again. The old histories, Howe's "Ohio," Mary Steele's "Early Dayton," Galbreath's "Ohio," give story after story of such cruel murders, which left wives and babies burdens on a new community.

Of organized punitive expeditions there were not a few. Harmar in 1789 with fifteen hundred men, headquarters at Cincinnati, marched past the site of Dayton and somewhere up the valley was badly defeated. Great elation among the Indians and great humiliations and terror among the whites. Then St. Clair's great promises and preparations and awful, unspeakable defeat. The raw red skulls scattered over the field after this battle reminding an old squaw who told of it of a "field of ripe pumpkins" was not the kind of crops to attract settlers. Then came General Anthony Wayne, "Mad Anthony" they called him, not so mad but that he saw the weakness of St. Clair's military tactics, improved them, met the savages reinforced by British, at the Falls of the Maumee (August 20, 1794), whipped them unmercifully, leaving them only too glad to give up the sometimes successful but increasingly unequal struggle. In 1795 the Treaty of Greenville was signed between eleven tribes of Indians on one side and General Wayne on the other, the tenor of which was that the Indians should bury the hatchet and let the whites alone. Thus was settled "Who's Who" in the Miami Valley. No Dayton until the Indians understood once for all that their rule was ended, at least in the area between the Miami rivers.

After this, events moved quickly. Just seventeen days after the signing of the Treaty of Greenville a company of men made a joint purchase from John Cleve Symmes of a large tract of land at the junction of the Miami and Mad rivers. Here we are at last at Dayton. If not paved streets and skyscrapers at least surveyors maps and blazed trees. A member of the new company was Winthrop Sargent, secretary of the Northwest Territory, the land now comprising Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and all points north. The map of the United States at that time showed the seaboard towns, the Alleghany mountains, the western rivers in an indefinite way and then a blank. All north and west of the Ohio River, then practically unexplored, was called the Northwest Territory. From every returning traveler came the same reports of the extraordinary fertility of this district about to be opened to the world.

Our first legal proprietors, to whom our nomenclature bears witness, were General Jonathan Dayton, General Arthur St. Clair, General James



FIRST HOUSE IN DAYTON

Erected 1796, first tavern, meeting-house, general store, used for business for one hundred years, owned by the Dayton Historical Society

Wilkinson and Colonel Israel Ludlow; but as far as can be ascertained the last was the only one who was ever on the spot to view his purchase. Of the actual occupants only nineteen out of the forty-six who subscribed gained their allowances of in-lots and out-lots and came. Nineteen men, that is—women not being then counted in the census. When it came to cooking, baking, baby tending, weaving, carding, garden-making and washing they counted all right, but officially they resembled the mother of ten who, interrogated by the census-taker, replied, "no occupation."

The names of these first settlers are in all the old histories. Few, if any, have survived until the present census of Dayton. One or two merit remembrance: Benjamin Van Cleve, George Newcom (whose dwelling still stands a noble old relic on the banks of the river where he landed) and Samuel Thompson. For greater convenience the party was divided into three groups. William Hamer, his wife and eight children in a two-horse wagon started first over the road which D. C. Cooper had cut, in the fall of 1795, when he came to lay out the new town. The two other parties, led respectively by George Newcom and Samuel Thompson started on the same day, March 21, one by land and the other by water. On the banks of the Ohio where now the river boats tie up under the suspension bridge, was then a rude craft built by the men who proposed to use it—a "pirogue"—low, light-draft, with a running board for the propellers to walk on, and a covered section at the back for shelter in bad weather. An old account tells how they did it. "The men, each provided with a stout pole with a heavy socket, stood on either side of the boat. They set their poles near the head of the boat and, bringing the head of the pole to their shoulders walked with their bodies bent, slowly down the running-board to the stern, returning at a quick pace for a new set."

So, poling laboriously down the bank of the Ohio and up the Miami, avoiding as they best might the interlacing branches overhead that impeded their progress and the shallows underneath which strove to catch the keel in the riffles, huddled when it rained into the low shelter at the back (with eight children of different ages if we count right), going ashore at intervals to cook and to dry clothes, in terror always of lurking Indians—the boat party came at last to Dayton.

And, in a creaking-wheeled springless wagon, sometimes—often, mired in the soft loam of the trail, cutting down occasional trees which blocked the road-way, fording streams where the current swept into the wagon bed, camping at night to cook whatever the men had shot on the way, keeping the children quiet under the canvas top for fear of attracting the ever-present savages—the wagon party came at last to Dayton.

Is the picture too blackly painted? Were there no pleasures to chronicle in that long journey of sixty miles? A faithful historian should tell it all. In the first place it was a new undertaking with considerably more than a spice of adventure. That in itself constitutes a joy unknown to the present dweller in the valley. Unless one travels to the interior of South America or Thibet there could not be found at this day such endless allure of the unknown. Then, it was April, or nearly April, along the Miami the charm of which has nearly disappeared with the deforestation and the inflow of traffic. April, with its snowy dogwood mingled with the deep pink of the red-bud, the white blossoms of the thorn, the soft grass in the woods dotted with anemones and blood-root, the wild grape-vines adding the sweetest of all the perfumes of spring—these lent their charm to the journey.

It was on April the first that the pirogue pushed its clumsy nose into the loam of the bank where they had been told they would find the town of Dayton. They could not be wrong for the contract said "at the mouth of Mad River" and there before them was Mad River with its full and rapid current swelling the volume of the Miami. Yet where was the town? Just several blazed trees along the bank, one of them marked "St. Clair" another "Jefferson," another "Ludlow." Yes, this must be the place that Cooper had laid out and named.

Testimony varies as to whom was the first to put foot ashore. Mary Steele says it was Catherine Thompson. Mr. Werthner inclines to the belief, supported by family tradition, that it was nine-year old Mary Van Cleve. But fathers and mothers a hundred years ago could not have been so different from those of today and in imagination we hear them saying "Mary, you go first." This is guessing but then most history is guessing. Mr. Werthner suggests there be a monument erected to her in Van Cleve Park, right where her little shoe pressed the soil. The motion is herewith seconded.

The main thing is that they got ashore at last and proceeded to look around. Not a shelter of any kind. Nothing to make home for them but the blazed trees and the street names. But pioneers were resourceful and there were the boat timbers. These were quickly made into shacks with one side open to the protecting fire—shelter, warmth and protection. Further up Mad River were some Indians who disappeared soon, leaving the coast clear to the settlers.

Four days later came the land party and then Dayton began to be. What work for those sturdy men and women! All day long the sound of the axe was heard from sunrise to sunset. For they could raise nothing until the ground was cleared. Trees took from the wealth of the soil and afforded shelter for Indians. Each family had to have its own domicile and all helped in the work. The finest of the new buildings was the Newcom Tavern with its puncheon floors, cat-and-clay chimney, and loft above the "room." Each family had its out-lot garden for vegetables besides the in-lot on which the cabin was built.

So here we have the Dayton of the first decade. A row of cabins along the edge of the river where they could see the boats going down filled with merchandise for sale in the south, which they did later when commerce had been established; a clearing of several rods where the wheel-tracks in the mud indicated the way to Cincinnati; and all around them unbounded woods. Thickets of hazel bushes made almost as heavy clearing as the big oaks and maples. Thick black loam, while it gave promise of abundant crops where it was cultivated, made weary work for the horses drawing wagons or ploughs. The wilderness was beautiful but threatening. It gave the food they needed but sheltered who knew what dangers? Bears and wolves and Indians might lurk behind any tree and often did. The worry of it was unceasing. If they did not worry it was because they were so far gone with malaria that they did not care whether they lived or died, and it was the woods and the soil which furnished the malaria. When one reads accounts of the sickness which prevailed even into the middle years of the last century one wonders how Dayton ever succeeded in getting established. When the prospectors in New Jersey told of the fertility of Ohio lands they told the truth, but only half of it. The richer land is, the more likely it is to harbor the seeds of one of the most devastating illnesses ever known to man. Malaria is the inevitable accompaniment of the opening up new territory. Attempts to visualize and appreciate the hardships of our forefathers must always be accompanied with the realization of what they had to contend with in the ever recurrent chills and fever, the prostrating weakness and bone-racking pain. There were good days and bad days and in the interim they tried to make up for the idleness, being thankful that the bad days did not come on all the inhabitants at the same time.

Neither must the reader of pioneer annals neglect to supply from his own imagination the part that the women took in the settlement of the new country. The pioneers themselves did not see fit to mention it, for wives were taken a good deal for granted in those days. Nevertheless their rôle was a strenuous one. A visit to the Newcom Tavern will help paint the picture. The first thing likely to strike the visitor will be the amazing ingenuity of both the men and their wives and their adaptation to the conditions of living. Part of their utensils for housekeeping had been brought from the east, wagon-wise, such as three-legged "spiders" in which corn-pone was cooked, tin ovens to catch the heat of the fire, tin lanterns with perforations to let the candle-light through, and big iron kettles. But by far the largest part of the kitchen equipment was of home manufacture. A square tub on a stand with a hand-worked lever and a hole in the bottom for the apple juice to run out was their cider-press, and a good one too. A broom of shaved-down withes on a hickory sapling did well enough to clear off a puncheon floor. An upright section of hollowed log, with a wooden mallet standing up out of it, used as a pestle in a mortar made an excellent hominy mill.

"Slaving over a cook-stove" is a modern phrase; slaving over an open fire was the lot of the early housewife. That meant stooping over, managing the huge cranes at the side of the fireplace by which heavy pots were swung on and off the blaze. The meat was turned on a spit and had to be kept moving. Biscuits were baked in the Dutch-oven on the hearth. Mush had to be stirred, hominy fried, coffee boiled—in every instance in a stooping posture, the hardest in the world for a woman. What back-breaking work it was to feed hungry men!

Not a history in the libraries even mentions the women's work. The tombstones do indirectly in New England, at least, where they point the fact that it took sometimes three wives to last out one Pilgrim father. We may infer that it was no different in the Miami Valley. "Sacred to the Memory of Mary, beloved consort of So-and-So aged twenty-six," a little farther on to "Sarah, aged thirty," to "Josephine, aged thirty-five." When they were dead they were "consorts" or "spouses." If they had a chance to outlive So-and-So they were registered as "beloved relics of the late." . . . . But they seldom had such good luck. Malaria, consumption, hard work, child-bearing carried them off. In the old Fifth Street graveyard where the writer used to play as a child among the lichened and leaning stones, it struck me that the wives were never "beloved" until they were dead. All these "relics" came originally from comfortable homes in the east—cheerful willing girls, to be broken before their time, to bear their babies in open wagons, to work as much in the field as in the house, to dread the Indians and never hear from home—the fate of thousands of unsung heroines in this and other countries who made a path that their sisters might walk the easier.

As to the children—somehow our sympathies are not so exercised in their behalf. An innate capacity for happiness dwells in every child's heart. The world is his and it is a constant joy. Given a handful of stones and broken dishes, a little girl will play happily all day long; boys can fish and trap squirrels. Work they both had to, and there was plenty to do,* but the work itself was a kind of play. If they had work they had no worries. Land grants they knew nothing about nor titles to property; malaria they had not yet come to in the chronology of child-

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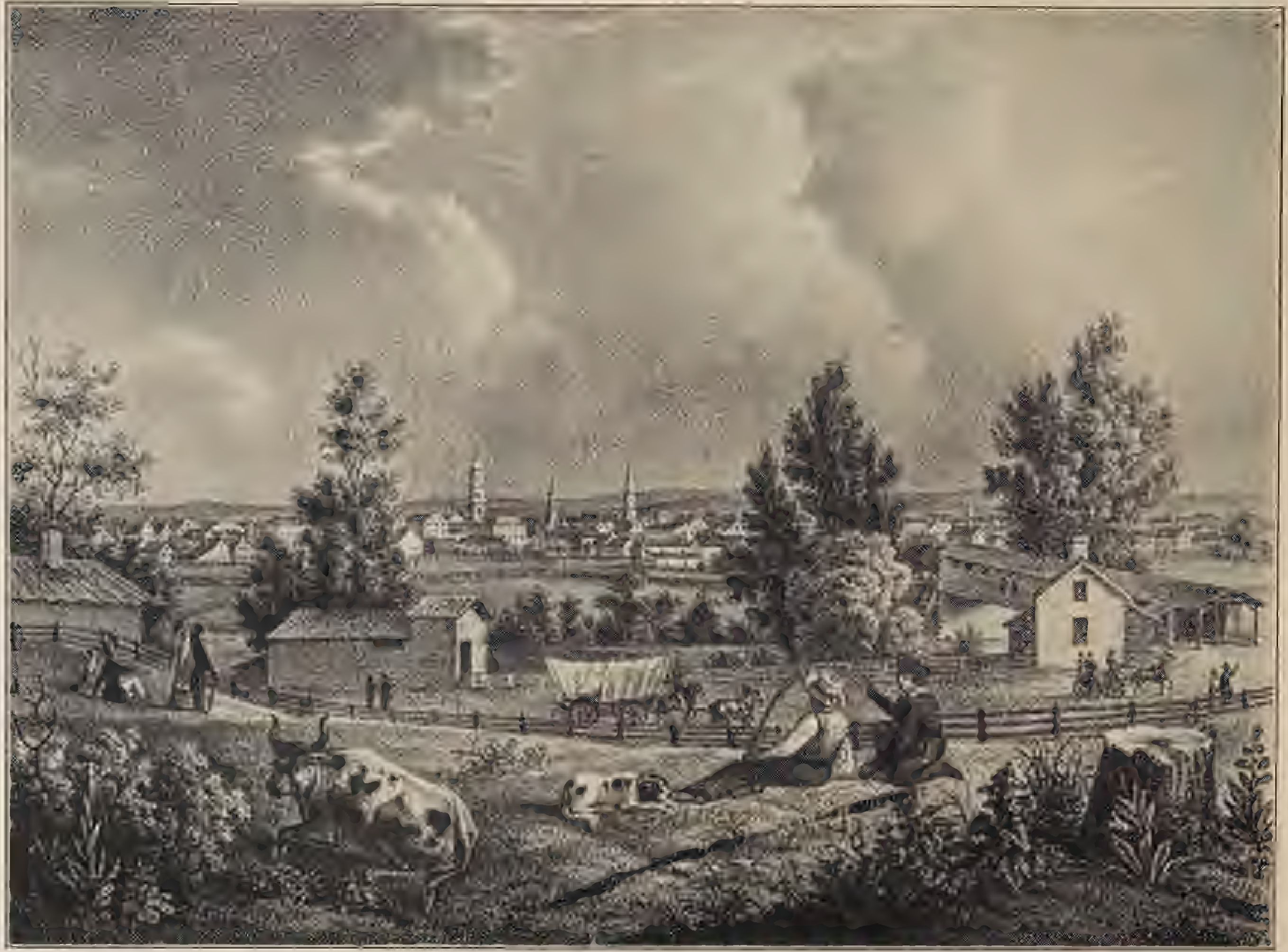
*See "A Pioneer Family," p. 21. "The Story of Dayton," Conover.



BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF DAYTON AT AN EARLY DATE

hood. Indians (if we except the story of Mary Van Cleve crawling through a hole under the house and running in the night to Newcom Tavern to call for help against some drunken red-skins who were besieging the house for more whiskey) were scarcely actualities. There were never any battles on Dayton territory after the Treaty of Greenville and the depredations of the Indians were confined to stealing chickens. A block-house was indeed built at the head of Main Street, but its most war-like use was as a school room for Benjamin Van Cleve and his pupils. Until this unfortunate idea struck the parents it was a carefree life for the children. No books, long days in the woods, fishing in the river, gathering nuts and wild grapes, trapping squirrels. The actual work they did do, which was not inconsiderable, was an education in itself. They felt the importance of being a part in the life of the community which children in modern times never do. They became self-reliant and enterprising and ambitious.

Our rich forefathers! How else can we look upon them? No bank stocks had they nor wealth as the world knows it. Indeed for long stretches of time they had no actual money at all. But whatever trials were their lot, hunger was never one of them. Before they had raised a row of corn or hill of beans, food in abundance was at hand. To how many millions in the world today would that be wealth untold? No money but three hearty meals a day; of clothes a very few and of home manufacture. No pictures graced the walls of the scanty settlement but they were not needed since every window framed a view of forest and stream; no dishes such as served the dinner tables back in New Jersey, but gourd dippers, horn spoons and platters made of hollowed sycamore slabs. These after all are but the symbols of wealth. The real wealth was temporarily shut up in their natural surroundings; the forest so recently penetrated in which they were to find food and clothes, both growing or on wild feet. From the forest, in time, they were to have fine venison steaks, rabbit-stew and turkey dinners. The children were to find butternuts and maple sap which combined make a delicious confection; buckeyes to string on a cord like beads for their play houses. Mother was to find sassafras for tea, blackberries for pudding, grapes for jelly and walnut hulls to dye her petticoats. Out of the forest as years went by, the men would get boards for houses and fences, hickory for wheels and hoe handles, oak for furniture, maple for lasts and shoe pegs. We who have the benefit of an added century to give us clearer vision know that in the undeveloped wealth of the primitive forest lay some of the great commercial enterprises which have built the "City of Dayton."

The river too, our now useless and devastating river, was to the pioneers a source of wealth. It gave them fish for their tables—fish that broke the seine with their numbers when it was let down and drawn up from the river; it gave them gravel for their roadways, sand for their mortar and clay for their bricks. But most of all was for the first Daytonians the great highway of transportation between them and the outside world.

The keys to all this wealth, the keys which alone would unlock these marvelous riches were their own stout and willing hands and the gun or axe or jack-knife which they grasped. What uncomprehended, unending, and unescapable work it meant to unlock that door! If they had known it, would they have stayed, and would we have been here? We shall never know; but having made the journey they settled down to a mixed existence. On the one hand, mud and stumps, catamounts, poison-ivy, chills and fever, mosquitoes, rattlesnakes and an occasional wolf to raid the pig-pen; on the other the freedom of the air, the water, and the land, the magnificence of autumn foliage and summer sunsets, the glory of the seasons as they passed and went; good appetites and sound night's rest. Best of all was the satisfaction of being the first to build for great things—greater than they knew.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST DECADE.

Dayton, which at first narrowly escaped being "Venice" (as Cincinnati escaped being Losantiville), also narrowly escaped becoming a cipher on the map. Symmes' peculiar optimism and sublime confidence in what Congress would do with his land scheme had unfortunate results. For the first two years the little hamlet was prosperous enough as young settlements go. A large tract of land west of Wilkinson Street had been cleared by the united efforts of all the homesteaders and had bloomed into a sort of communistic garden where peas and beans and sweet corn made welcome additions to the unvarying diet of meat. Once in awhile an itinerant preacher struggled in the mud up from Cincinnati and held Sabbath services in Newcom's Tavern. The children of the settlement were saying their A B Abs to Benjamin Van Cleve in the block-house. Gullies that cut across the streets had been filled up and logs laid across the roadway to keep wagons from sinking too deep into the mire. Fourteen stout cabins sheltered as many families. All would have gone well if some of the troubles they had come to the wilderness to get rid of had not inopportunely turned up. Two years of excruciating toil looked as if it were thrown away. Two years of stump-grubbing, bear-fighting, Indian-dreading, with full measure of chills and fever, ought, it would seem, to give title to a homestead. Unfortunately the courts ruled differently the first fruits of the mistaken business methods of Symmes became apparent. He had agreed to pay the government sixty-six cents an acre, the subsequent purchasers eighty-three, and on this clear understanding the first settlers subscribed. Now it transpired that Congress after all would not honor the Symmes arrangement but passed a law fixing the price at two dollars an acre. Even with long payment plans this meant nothing less than bankruptcy, for the early Daytonians, most of them, never saw a two-dollar bill in the course of a whole year. The discouraged citizens held many a meeting before the fire at Newcom's and gave it up as a bad job. Several families moved away. In a town of only fourteen houses it is a calamity for three or four to be abandoned.

The man who proved the best citizen (barring one, years later), that Dayton ever had, came to the rescue. He was a far-sighted, big-hearted, long-headed individual named Daniel C. Cooper. It was he who in the fall of 1795, with another surveyor named Dunlap, had come up from Cincinnati and seen the advantageous location of a region touched by three rivers. He had made a rude lay-out of streets and went back to

Cincinnati to report. Our present traffic advantages we owe to Daniel C. Cooper. Wide straight streets running at right angles with each other and with the river, fixed once for all our topography. If Cooper had not scratched his field notes on a smooth slab of wood the furious rains would have washed pencil marks away. But he preserved his rough notes and there they remain to this day externalized in our spacious thoroughfares.

This was one way in which he saved the town of Dayton. But there was more. He saw the distress and discouragement of the settlers over the land question and determined to find a way out. His own fortunes were, in a way, involved because he owned a large tract of land south of town which he hoped to dispose of sometime, profitably. No growth in value unless the town grew. Most of all it was Cooper's utmost faith in Dayton as Dayton which moved him to action. Therefore a petition from his own hand was dispatched to Congress telling them what a hard time the Dayton people were having, how faithfully they had worked and how cruel it would be to dispossess them after so good a start. We read between the lines that Cooper's personality, as well as his views, was to be respected. Then he took over on his own responsibility the title risk and bought outright from each settler his holdings until practically the whole of Dayton was his. A land office, due to his influence, was then established at Cincinnati and little by little the titles, recorded in due form, were registered proofs of ownership and everybody was at last satisfied. Thus passed the first obstacle to property rights. The later arrivals, buying of Cooper, had titles secure.

Cooper was not only just—he was generous. The needs of the little community were his first concern. A church the little town must have, for these plain men and women had the fear of God in their hearts; so Cooper presented two lots on the northeast corner of Third and Main for the purpose. Rallying to the work the men of the settlement united to build their church, and while the women cooked a big dinner the log walls of the church went up. It stood on the northeast corner of Third and Main and held the only congregation between Cincinnati and Detroit until later it was exchanged for a lot on the corner of Second and Ludlow, affectionately sacred for one hundred years to the uses of the old First Presbyterian Church.

A burying ground was unfortunately no less necessary than a church, and Cooper provided that too. Older Daytonians may remember the enclosed block on Fifth Street between Ludlow and Wilkinson with wooden steps leading up and over the board fence outside and where inside sweet briar roses climbed over the sagging tombstones. He foresaw the day when buildings would crowd the business area of the town and gave a city square bounded by Third, St. Clair, and Second "to be an open walk forever," which it still is but seldom gets its proper name —Cooper Park. Another area bounded by First and Second, Wilkinson and Perry, was donated by him for a girls' school and Cooper Seminary remained for years (until pushed into the past by the new Westminster Church) a notable institution in Dayton. The boys must have a school and Cooper provided it on East Third facing his park, where "The Academy" was the earliest school experience for many Dayton men now long in their graves. If anyone in our city history deserves a monument it would seem to be the man who laid out our streets, saved the first homes for their owners, foresaw both the material and spiritual needs of the growing community and did his best for both.

From 1796 to 1806 the growth of Dayton was slow but steady. In 1803 Ohio entered the sisterhood of states. In 1804 Montgomery County was formed (containing the area of fourteen of our present counties), and at the same time an act of Congress provided that "the temporary seat of justice shall be held at the house of George Newcom in the town of Dayton." Thus we were geographically and judicially placed at last on the map of the Northwest Territory. The track in the woods leadding south became more like a highway, though lamentably in need of surfacing, and family wagons lumbering clumsily up the trail, bearing household furniture and utensils, were a not infrequent sight. Each settler brought his worldly goods with him, piled his children on top and drove his cattle ahead. All had to come the same way whether squatter immigrants or educated and cultivated families in search of a new home. There were both. Some were of the sturdy stock with which the great middle-west was eventually populated—"the very best (excepting the Puritans of New England) who ever migrated to America, *viz;* the Scotch-Irish protestants, lovers and heroes in civil and religious liberty," as Governor Charles Anderson once characterized them to his nephew, John H. Patterson. But besides them we had patrician emigrants from the cultured precincts of New Jersey. Princeton Presbyterians lay good foundations and from them we profited mightily.

The up-coming conestoga wagons brought other things besides homesteaders. They brought merchandise, for our business life was making a good beginning. The new Daytonians needed flour and seed-corn, farming utensils and stoneware dishes, bonnet ribbons and stockings. First and Main was the business center of Dayton, having two stores kept respectively by D. C. Cooper and James Steele. Money there was none so the word "trade" was a literalism. Beeswax, lard, honey and squirrel pelts were exchanged for spools of cotton and papers of pins.

In time there came a sort of a medium of exchange in the form of skins, bear-skins, doe-skins, buck-skins and muskrat skins. They had standard values accepted by merchant and customer. A bear-skin stood for five dollars, a muskrat skin for thirty-seven and a half cents.

Traveling salesmen were unknown in those days. When a merchant wished to replenish his stock he got him a stout horse warranted to ford streams well and swim them if necessary and took the long trail east over the mountains to Philadelphia. The calico and damask, the dishes and millinery which he ordered came by wagon back this way over the mountains to Pittsburgh where it was transferred to a "broadhorn" and floated down the current to Cincinnati and thence by pack-train to Dayton. There are still in secluded and sacred Dayton cupboards, handed down from the great-grandfather generation, beautiful Spode cups and lovely Royal Worcester plates which braved in safety the long journey of seven hundred miles by boat and mule back.

By the time Dayton was ten years old an amount of real commerce had been established, the future which Cooper foresaw when he platted the town at the confluence of three rivers. Cutting down huge oaks and elms to make gangway for wagon wheels is a slow way to supply people with the necessities of living. Here then, were the three rivers, the Miami, Stillwater and Mad River, each draining a different area and all offering passage for flat boats which could embark at Piqua, or any up-country settlement, and go right down to New Orleans. They did, too, many and many of them, loaded heavily, sometimes getting into difficulties due to too low water or too high water, either of which they were apt to encounter in our erratic water-courses.

It was a paying business, if we read the early letters. Our first exports were wheat, rye, tallow, corn, hides, and skins. A later commodity was whiskey, when the distilleries vied in number with the flour mills along the river banks. One merchant,* a fervent temperance advocate who built his boat in the middle of Main Street in front of the Court House, and whose commercial necessities overcame his principles, records in his diary that together with the barrels of flour and packets of tobacco he included in his cargo three barrels of whiskey. "And I hope the Lord will forgive me that sin" was his closing entry.

A fleet of keel-boats floating down the current towards the south always brought an interested crowd of spectators to the river bank along Monument Avenue. They were real freighters too, one described as seventy feet long carrying twelve tons of merchandise. Their departure and arrival depended entirely upon the stage of water in the channel. The boats never came back to their owners, being sold with the cargo in New Orleans, the lumber in them bringing its own profit.

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*Thomas Morrison.

The arrival of boats from up stream and the departure of those bound for the south made only part of the commercial activity of early Dayton. Our imports came up the valley by pack train, sometimes numbering a dozen horses or mules each carrying two hundred pounds of merchandise, coming gayly up Main Street jingling their bells to the shouts of the drivers. Ten days on the road, these last had subsisted on game they shot as they came along. How they ever got through is a mystery which must be left to the imagination, as we are told the mud they brought along with them sometimes reached to the saddle-bags. The very loam which the surveyors knew would raise miraculous crops made traveling in those days a hard necessity. All the old diaries and letters tell of the impassability of the roads and streets of Dayton. Neighbors had to assemble to the help of a traveler and pry his wheels out of the mire. Benjamin Van Cleve, returning on horseback from Chillicothe, where he had been a clerk in the Legislature, laid certain disabilities which remained for twenty years to torment him to that one journey, with its flooded streams, frozen edges and muddy banks.

In 1805 the settlers had a new experience. Constant pouring rains continued for nearly a week. Steadily, remorselessly, the Miami rose, filled its channel and poured over the bank at the head of Main Street, destroying much property and reducing the citizens to desperate straits. Old accounts said the water at Third and Main was eight feet deep, which we refused to believe until 1913—when we did!

The real center of early Dayton was Newcom's Tavern. It might be said that it was the only civic center of social and business life for a good many miles up and down the valley. It stood originally on the southeast corner of Main and Monument whence the Historical Society moved it in 1896 to its present location in Van Cleve Park. It offered entertainment for man and beast. It was a temporary schoolhouse until Van Cleve took his pupils to the block-house; court sat in one room, when there were cases to try before itinerant judges, and there was preaching on Sundays in the same room. The corn-crib in the lot behind served several times as a jail when they caught thieving Indians and wanted to scare them into proper behavior. Before blazing logs in the big fire-place sat our civic ancestors discussing crops, a bear-hunt and the price of corn, who was down with ague and who was up, while our maternal forebears climbed over the men's legs to stir hominy or turn the spit. The outside world was far away. The French Revolution was just over but it is doubtful if Dayton knew it or that the king and queen had lost their heads. News of any public event was weeks percolating the woods of Pennsylvania to the banks of Ohio. The most the pioneers could talk about was the latest arrival of goods for the two stores.

A great advance towards cosmopolitanism began in 1804 when a post-office was established and the weekly mail came in from Cincinnati. Benjamin Van Cleve was the first postmaster and sorted the mail in his own living-room. Since not the least of the sacrifices of pioneers consists in the blank silence between them and absent friends we may imagine how welcome this innovation was. Letters came from Philadelphia in a week or ten days and the postage was twenty-five cents, to be paid by the recipient. Since the government would not accept farm produce or muskrat skins as payment, the precious missive sometimes remained in the postmaster's hands a long time before it was redeemed. Van Cleve is said to have gotten into trouble with the government because, in sympathy with his deserving but impecunious neighbors, he sometimes kept a charge account for postage.

Five stores, three taverns, one church, a dozen dwellings composed Main Street in 1807. On the cross streets other homes were being built. A weekly paper, the "Watchman," had been established, and the population, then about a thousand souls (as the fall election showed the casting of one hundred and ninety-six votes) included an editor, three doctors, one school-teacher, one minister and one lawyer. Mr. Cooper was more than anyone else the leader in this new prosperity. Besides being surveyor, farmer and merchant he brought in new enterprises, first among them being the milling business. Up to about 1805 all the grinding of corn had been done in hand mortars, a long and laborious process. There are discrepancies in the early accounts as to whether Cooper or Robert Patterson built the first gristmill. Family tradition inclines to the fact that it was Patterson, since the first mill was on his land. It stood on Brown Street where the Dayton, Lebanon and Cincinnati tracks now come into the city and the limestone slabs of which it was built are now in the inner construction of the culvert under the road which carries the stream then known as the Rubicon down to the river. Old timers tell us how the Rubicon gristmill became a sort of resort and picnicking place for the farmers bringing corn and waiting with their families for their meal to run through the stones. A grove of fine trees surrounded the mill and the stream came from the hills above to make green the banks and grind the farmer's corn. All city now—inexorable, inevitable city.

Another notable achievement of the first decade in Dayton was the establishment of the first public library. Like the china and the dress-goods, the books came in pack-saddles over the mountains, and up the river. Van Cleve, knowing evidently more about books than his fellow-citizens became custodian and kept the books in his own log house. One of his rules which must have greatly discouraged reading, because of the abundance of tallow and the scarcity of money, was that a fine of two cents must be paid for each drop of grease on a book. It is to be hoped, in the interests of budding culture in Dayton, that the librarian was as lenient as to fines as the postmaster was as to postage.

The Miami being much more of a river than it is now, ferries became a necessity: one at the head of Wilkinson Street, one at First and one farther down to connect with the road to the growing settlement of Germantown. A rectangular flat-boat propelled by hand-over-hand pulling on a rope fastened to trees on either bank was the arrangement. Boats large enough to support a loaded wagon and team charged seventy-five cents for the passage.

One catastrophe upon which we would certainly like to have accurate information was an earthquake which, in 1811, shook the entire valley. Since it is said to have lasted, in its gradually receding vibrations, nearly a month, there should be some official account of it, but lacking newspapers, reporters, photographers and the seismographic observatory at Washington, all that remains is the scattered comments in several personal diaries according to which it must have been terrifying and destructive. The earthquake, the sharp June frost which killed spring vegetation, and the migration of squirrels sweeping over field after field leaving nothing in their wake, gave early Daytonians quite enough excitement to vary the ordinary monotony of their days.

Dayton was beginning to train her citizens to walk on the newly built sidewalks, they who so long had plodded in the mud. An editorial comment, very unusual in those days in which the only news seemingly worth printing was news from distant points, appeared in the "Centinel" of Cincinnati to this effect:

> It is with great satisfaction that we can announce to our readers the rapid strides of population on the frontiers of the country. The banks of Mad River display at this moment hopeful appearances. But yesterday that country was a waste, the range of savages and prowling beasts; today we see stations formed, towns building and the population spreading. At the mouth of the river on the eastern side now stands the town of Dayton in which are already upwards of forty cabins and houses with the certain prospect of many more. . . . a mill will shortly be built . . . . two stores of goods will be opened there in the course of the spring. Thus we have a certain prospect of a flourishing frontier that in case of a renewal of Indian hostilities will be shield to the older and more popular settlements within the Miami Purchase.

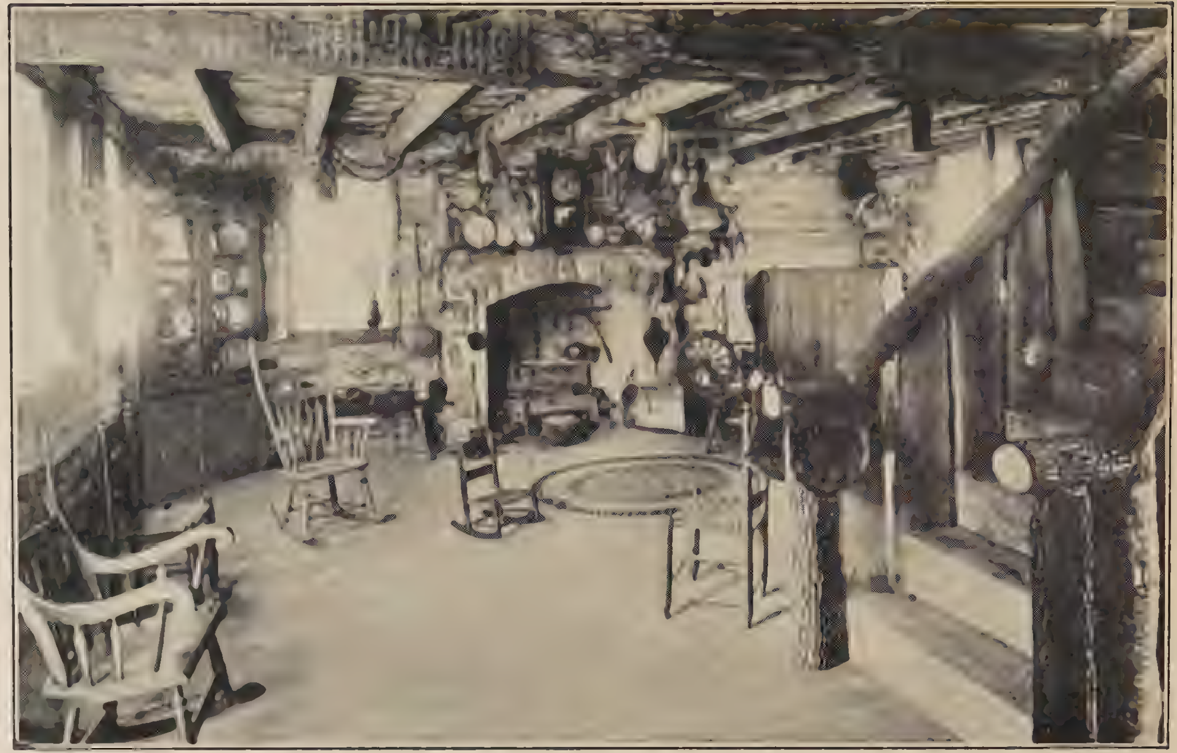
Canny Cincinnati! Glad Dayton was growing so as to protect the "older and more popular settlements" from the Indians! And the "town on Mad River"! How changed our point of view in a hundred and twenty years!

Immigration to the west was greatly accelerated by the opening of the Mississippi, the purchase of the Louisiana territory and the admission of Ohio to the Union. By 1805 it was estimated that no less than thirty thousand people a year were settling in Ohio, a goodly portion of them drifting toward the fertile Miami lands. More people meant more business and the figures begin to be impressive. The small news sheets beginning to appear in Dayton and Cincinnati carried such notices as this: "Subscriber will pay cash for one hundred thousand weight of good corn-fed pork"; "Wanted, five thousand bushels of wheat"; "Whiskey and corn at market prices."

The great need was that latest product of the twentieth century—organization, which they had not yet got to in their social economy. Among the farmers it was every man for himself. The same man who grew the corn took it himself to market. A carpenter who built furniture or door-casings, built also the boat in which to float them down the rivers to the market. The Dayton merchant bought pork and packed it, bought wheat and had it ground, had barrels made to hold both, had the boat built, loaded it and acted as skipper from here to New Orleans where he set up a retail trade until his stock was disposed of. Flat-boats could not be floated up stream so the Dayton merchant had an eleven hundred-mile journey back to headquarters, not infrequently on foot, as one old diary tells us. Sometimes he went around by water to Philadelphia and there bought goods for the return journey, going through the same process of buying a wagon to Pittsburgh and a boat to Cincinnati and again a wagon to Dayton. McBride tells us that the round trip from Cincinnati to Pittsburgh usually consumed about three months.

It seems never to have occurred to the early farmers and merchants how much time they could have saved by some form of coöperation. It is the more strange because so much of their activities were coöperative. Together they put up each log-cabin—one set of men felling the trees, another notching the ends of the logs, another lifting them in place, and thus in one day a pioneer family would be housed. Together they cultivated their truck-gardens, side by side they defended their homes against wild animals or Indians, but separately they continued for twenty years, until the canal was opened, to both raise and market their produce. It was ruinously wasteful of course but the one thing that seemed never to have impressed the first Daytonians was, that things might give out. Food was so plenty, wood so abundant, the water supply so unending and time—our most valued possession—so absolutely not-to-be-considered, that they continued cheerfully to waste trees, top-soil, game, and time with no regard whatever for their descendants.

The reason why Dayton, by the end of the first decade, was growing finely, was because her citizens were beginning to realize that in addition to the advantages noted by Cooper and Symmes there were others.



INTERIOR VIEW, OLDEST HOUSE IN DAYTON

Cooper had stressed the fertile soil as an inducement to settle. But the loam was only top-soil and underneath it lay a deposit of gravel, a priceless material for road-building and without which Montgomery County would never have been interlaced with turnpikes, bringing intercommunication and traffic possibilities. For commercial purposes the gravel beds were so much pure gold. In fact gold itself would have been of far less practical value to the first dwellers in our city. Road material —building material—what could have been more valuable? The soil above was composed of leaf-mold from centuries of seasons. Old letters reveal the astonishment of the pioneers as the first crops came up and were luxuriant beyond hope. They had never seen such peas and beans and corn. Assurance of untold riches lay in the first ten inches or so of the ground in the valley; below that there was untold promise for the material of their houses. Another advantage of a gravel sub-soil is the drainage it affords. Under the city at a depth of a few feet runs a constant stream of water acting as a natural filter. It gave a supply of good drinking water sufficient to Dayton needs until the population had increased to such a figure that a scientific water supply had to be established.

Log-houses were good as far as they went, but the settlers, some of them from the finished sections of the east, longed for more civilized surroundings. Their first use of the gravel was for mortar and Newcom's was the first mortar-stopped house in the valley. The others were clay-daubed between the logs. The next houses, after sawmills had been built, were of board construction, and the third and last were of brick. To all of these the gravel beds contributed. But it was in road-making that the gravel proved such a blessing, which we can only faintly figure when we read letters from Daytonians in the first half of the past century describing a trip up from Cincinnati in a private or stage coach. One traveler was sick and bruised from the fatigue of being thrown from side to side of the vehicle as it pitched in and out of almost bottomless mud holes. All this was put to an end when the citizens got around to excavating the gravel and applying it to the roads.

The value of the rivers as a means of transportation has been noted but there was another more immediately advantageous in a new community; they were the only sources of power. Steam had not been invented and would have been no use to such isolated communities as the Dayton of 1806. Electricity had not been thought of. Their own stout arms and the few horses they possessed were the only available power until they had harnessed current of the lazy Miami and its tributaries and taught it to run under huge water wheels. These turned the stones to grind the corn into meal, the looms which converted their wool into yarn, and the saws which made boards out of logs. Therefore, as soon as mill machinery could be brought across the mountains, mills began to appear all up and down the valley. By 1830 there were more than fifty gristmills along the Miami between Dayton and Franklin each with an annual output of over two thousand barrels of flour.

But this is ahead of our story. It is merely to illustrate that when Cooper and Symmes in placing Dayton where they did, thus foresaw clearly the future possibilities of the place, and they were wise men. The soil, the river and the woods—Dayton's material wealth. That they did not see far enough into the future to know that the rivers would be not our precious possessions but our greatest nuisances, being of no modern use whatever either for power or transportation, that our woods would disappear and no longer count in our lives, that our soil would deteriorate under wasteful cultivation, is not to belittle their vision. It was sufficient to the needs of their generation.

Sometime later when the pioneers, literally, knew their ground better, they discovered another treasure—limestone. It was invisible at first but one of the early settlers, Robert Edgar, found white stone sticking out of the ground on his farm south of town, probed it far enough to know it was suitable to quarry, hustled to Cincinnati on horseback (to get ahead of a neighbor who had also seen it but had no horse), bought the quarter section, and came home a rich man—that is, in prospect. The deposit is practically inexhaustible. For many years the quarries out on the Beavertown Pike were scenes of activity, and what came out of them went into many structures in Dayton, including the old and new Court Houses, Steele High School, the arched bridge over the canal on Jefferson Street,* culverts all up and down the streams, the bridge piers to all the bridges, sidewalks (sending their blinding white glare up into the eyes on scorching July days and giving out the heat like cook-stoves all night), stone curbing and horse-blocks, the old jail (since demolished) on South Main Street, and front steps to the houses. "Dayton Marble" it was called and continued to be not only our greatest domestic utility for many years but an export as well, until the invention of synthetic stone from Portland cement put a quietus on the quarries. The poorer qualities of the stone are still used in the manufacture of cement and lime.

A remarkable piece of masonry and noted in its day because built on a slant over the bed of the canal. Now destroyed to give place to the Patterson Boulevard. (See illustration; photograph by Dr. Jewett.)

CHAPTER III.

WEDDINGS AND WARS.

In the chronicle of the childhood of our city its recreational and social life must not be lost sight of. It was not all sickness and hard work. Wherever human beings, especially young human beings are, there will be an outlet for the spirit of fun. The first significant fact that strikes the historian is that whereas the present generation so often makes work out of play, our forebears made play out of work. There was nothing else to be done. A party for a party's sake was not to be thought of. There was no time for aimless merry-making, no strength when the day's work was done, no illumination, no clothes. And how silly to come together just to talk and eat! But that is not saying that the young folks of those primitive years did not find opportunity to have a good time. Trust young folks for that, whenever and wherever they live. And, after all, the chances were not lacking in those first Dayton homes for jolly parties.

Every household needed quilts. The neighbors got together and made them all at once and it was a "quilting bee." Corn had to be husked in the fall and a husking was a frolic. Sap-boiling in the sugar-camp drew the young people together and they made the most of it. The elders gathered for cabin-raising, road-making and bridge-building; the women had to be there to cook a big dinner, which made another chance for a jollification.

On the whole it would seem that making play out of work is more to the point than letting play, for its own ends, degenerate, as it so often does, into boresome weariness. The only occasion when people came together with no work to make a reason for it was a wedding. What more fitting than to chronicle the first wedding in Dayton? It was when Benjamin Van Cleve brought his bride, Mary Whitten, to his home. His worldly goods consisted of a "horse creature," a wagon and saddle, a cow, a sow and pigs, two lambs and an ewe; hers were a bed with which her parents had provided her and some cooking utensils. The garden on his in-lot in Dayton already contained growing corn and vegetables. With this plenteous outfit the young people determined to begin a life together. They were, as the bridegroom said, "not rich but contented and happy." The wedding took place in the country at the bride's home, where the tables for a bounteous feast were set out of doors, and to which every frontiersman came for miles around, his wife sitting behind him and holding on tight when a stream was to be forded. The officiating minister was an itinerant preacher, always an honored guest at early homes.

After the ceremony and the dinner, all the company, family, guests and preacher accompanied the young couple to their Dayton home, which was a log cabin on the corner of First and Jefferson. It was the cabin which later became post office and public library all in one, and it was, moreover, a center of frontier hospitality as long as the Van Cleves lived. No one knew the conditions and advantages of the Miami Valley as did its master. Prospective settlers went there first and got all the information they needed about their intended dwelling place. This wedding occurred in 1804 when Dayton was eight years old.

Another, some years later, was that of Henry Brown and Kitty Patterson, the former a personable young soldier and merchant, most active first in the War of 1812 and afterwards in the growing commercial life of Dayton; the latter a charming and vivacious daughter of Colonel Robert Patterson who founded Lexington, Kentucky, and came to Dayton in 1804.

Lexington was an older settlement and the Pattersons had lived in a generous and, for the times, luxurious stone dwelling, but Dayton was "the frontier" and things were different. At last they came to it, a large log house with three spacious rooms below and four chambers above, a porch in front facing the river half a mile away. The topography of Dayton has so changed that it needs explaining. Main Street had not been extended to make what is now the Cincinnati Pike. It was Brown Street, then known as "the big road" which formed the connection. West of that, in the declivity following the windings of the river below the Bluffs, and probably the bed of the canal built later, was "the Miami Road." Here, where it curved from west to north stood the house Robert Patterson had prepared for his family.

More shall be written of him later, our concern now being the weddings that the new home saw. First there was to have been the silver-wedding of Robert and Elizabeth Patterson, prevented by a flood which covered the roads and kept more distant guests away.

Then two weddings when the older sisters were married; and at last Catherine met her fate in the person of Henry Brown and became engaged to him in 1810. He was described as being

> Straight as an Indian, of robust build, dark long hair, full beard, a man of quiet and dignified bearing. His business kept him much in the saddle and for comfort and convenience he wore "short Clothes," that is, hunting shirt or jacket buttoned to the chin, knee-breeches and buckles, cap, stockings, and moccasins. For Sunday, or when he courted Catherine, he wore an open jacket or cloth coat, doe-skin vest, ruffled shirt, high collar and stock, brass buttons on coat and vest, buckles to fasten breeches and stockings at the knee, buckles on his shoes and beaver hat. This was the prevailing style of dress for busy men of that day.

Both families being so numerous and widely known, the wedding festivities lasted three days: One day for the guests to assemble from Kentucky, from up the rivers and from Cincinnati; one day for the ceremony and the banquet (set out in the open with the blacks to wait upon them); and one day for the infaring of the young couple in their new home. The bride, we are told, wore a Quaker gray silk, very becoming to her fair beauty and which had been purchased in Cincinnati. Side by side, with the wedding guests following, they rode to the home on Main Street where they were to live so happily. The young men had prepared a big bonfire in the middle of the street to add to the welcome, but, Henry Brown, suspicious of ultimate happenings, generously provided the crowd with a barrel of very, very hard cider. It was soon disposed of and the young couple left in peace.

The Brown home was notable because it was the only brick house in Dayton at the time and for years a landmark. Standing just north of the Court House on the corner of the alley leading to Ludlow Street, it lifted, for many years—and into the lifetime of the writer—a broad gable towards the south on which was inscribed the date of erection—1808. Later the house was reconstructed for business purposes and occupied by the "Journal" office; still later it was demolished to make way for a three-story block built on the site; lastly the site was occupied by the Union Trust Building.

The Brown home must have been a startling innovation and improvement, if we may take the word of other writers describing the homes in that distant day. They were frankly utilitarian, with lean-to kitchens, a well-sweep, a brick oven, the wood-pile and sometimes even a pig-pen in full view; there was no undue hesitancy about hanging the family wash boiler on a hook outside the kitchen door. We read that most families still had their private vat in the back lot for the curing of skins with tan-bark for leather. Even Henry Brown saw to it that there was a well-filled smokehouse for his bride to begin housekeeping with. Now Daytonians began to imitate eastern fashions as they percolated over the Alleghenies and affected flower gardens behind neat paling fences and porches surrounded with what they called "pinies and laylocks." They painted their houses white and their shutters green, and laid flat limestone flags around to the back door.

DAYTON, OHIO! What an important place it was to those who lived there! And yet the majority of the people in the sparse and scattered United States had never heard of it. Now, if you mention the name to an inhabitant of Tuscany or Bavaria he is likely to reply "Yes, that is where the Wright brothers come from." And he pronounces it "Wrig-it."

It is a pity that this story of our parent city cannot be confined to weddings and quilting-bees, a pity too that a community having wrung their homes at such a cost from the wilderness should not have been allowed to remain at peace to enjoy them. Freedom from Indian raids and British harassment was thought to have been guaranteed by the Treaty of Greenville. For fifteen years the Dayton settlers possessed their souls and their land in serenity and quiet. Then rumors, vague but disquieting, began to circulate through the medium of travelling merchants coming from those far off portions of the state near the Canadian border, rumors to the effect that the Indians were not keeping to the terms of the treaty but breaking them wherever possible, being incited thereto by the British, who furnished them arms and ammunition. Not much inciting was necessary since the Indians were making the fight for their very existence and the defeat by Wayne still rankled in their hearts.

Dayton people gathered at Henry Brown's store to hear the latest news which, when it came, was neither new nor authentic. All doubt, however, was at an end when the "Centinel" printed an order for the first division of the Ohio Militia to meet in Dayton on the "usual parade ground" (a wide common east of Cooper Park on Third Street), "armed and equipped as the law requires."

This was the opening of the War of 1812, an old story and often written—a tragic and sorrowful story. Can our imaginations picture it? How twenty companies (fourteen hundred men in all) were suddenly quartered on a village of half that number; how, lacking accommodations, they slept in the rain on the ground without blankets; how the Governor of the State begged for covering and how the women responded by depriving their own families; how many took pneumonia and went home —or farther; how this ignorant, untrained, ill-furnished army was put under command of General Hull who turned out to be a coward and a traitor; how at last they marched up the Troy Pike and disappeared into the distance.

Every school-boy knows the sequel. That army which was to protect the homes of Southern Ohio, numbering all told twenty-five hundred men, together with horses and ammunition, was surrendered to the enemy of less than half their number without striking a blow. This was the news brought to Dayton, after many weeks, by a weary muddy horseman describing the terrible fate of the army that had so proudly marched away ten weeks before. Imagine, if you can, the situation in Dayton. Every man of conscription age had gone to the war; only those over age or younger were left. It was the same in every settlement up and down the valley. The countryside was depleted of its workers, its fighters, its horses and supplies. Yet here was the necessity for all three once more upon them. It was Saturday noon when the sad word arrived. But did they sit down and mourn over it? Not at all. That is one thing that in her history Daytonians never do. If the work was all to be done over again they were there to do it.

No one slept that Saturday night. They were busy getting the word by mounted messengers to every little hamlet on every road leading out of Dayton, sounding the call for more men, more horses, more arms (anything would do from a horse pistol to a pitchfork), more supplies. Will it be believed that by ten o'clock Sunday morning (the only occasion recorded when the church was not open) seventy men marched grimly out the same road on the same errand that Hull's army had gone so many weeks before. No time was to be lost. Other companies kept coming in from outside points, all taking the same direction north. In all this excitement and preparation there was one strong element of hope. It was "no old woman, thank God" as one pioneer put it, who commanded the new army of defense, but General William Henry Harrison.

The enthusiasm for him and his command ran high when the troops from Kentucky and Ohio marched in review past him in front of the courthouse. Public confidence was not misplaced, for all that Hull failed to do Harrison did. Straight to Fort Wayne he marched with the enemy disappearing before him in a panic. After some days came the battle of Missisinewa resulting in a deadly defeat for the enemy and a costly victory for our forces. As usual in war it was the victors who were as badly off as the vanquished. Nevertheless the campaign ended finally in the surrender of Detroit and that broke the back of the war once for all.

Hull's surrender was reported on August 22d; it was on September 12th when Harrison's army went to the rescue and late in November when the limping relic, two hundred wounded, starved, shivering and frost-bitten soldiers out of seven hundred came slowly down the pike at three miles an hour, the wagons bearing the wounded dripping with blood which froze into icicles.

Here again was work for willing Dayton and in which we know the women had as large a part as the men. A tent hospital on the grounds of the courthouse was improvised by Dr. Steele and there the sufferers were cared for until they were ready to go out again into life or down the muddy road to the Fifth Street graveyard.

This is only the story of the War of 1812 as it affected Dayton. The rest of it is in the school text-books and belongs to the history of the United States. In it you will read of the Battle of the Thames on September 5th, 1813, when Tecumseh, the great Indian chief was killed; Perry's glorious victory on Lake Erie which was the final stroke in our favor. In December, 1814, a treaty of peace between the United States and Great

Britain was signed at Ghent, since when for over a century there has been peace on the Canadian border.

Other things besides weddings and wars were going on in the Miami Valley in its second decade. We find accounts in the newspapers of meetings held in Dayton and Franklin relative to the unsatisfactory condition of the river. It seems that fish and flour were both interrupting commerce; that is, the dams built to turn the current into the mills and the nets stretched from bank to bank to catch the fish, were proving obstacles to the passage of boats which could not wait for the proper stage of water. All this was done by private individuals for the sake of personal gain. One indignant correspondent wanted to know if a man would be allowed to fence off a part of the public highway for his own uses and if the Miami was not a highway what was it? All of which sounds strange to our modern ears.

But they were in deadly earnest about it and, although the papers of that day never proceeded to record the progress of a public enterprise, we may assume that the Navigation Board, which was appointed, did get to work and do something about obstructions in the river, because a new line of keel-boats was replacing the flat-boats. Nothing more is needed to prove the difference between the Miami of 1820 and the Miami of 1920. For keel-boats draw much more deeply than barges and in our day the channel which then accommodated boats fifty to seventy feet long will now hardly float a skiff. It suggests the idea that what we call high-water was then the normal stage and our normal stage was their low water.

It was presently discovered that some difficulties in Miami navigation could not be settled by committees. The man-made obstructions were, perforce, removed and the channel dredged of accumulated mud and gravel, but the next freshet undid the work and left things as bad as before. In short, each spring and fall brought new problems to the boatmen, there were always new channels to navigate.

Those whose imaginations refuse to think of the Miami River as a navigable stream should read the "Dayton Watchman" with its account of the third week in March, 1815. For weeks there had been a drouth. The down-going boats settled hopelessly in the mud on the bottom of the river at the head of Wilkinson Street where stood big warehouses, packed to the roof with merchandise waiting to be moved. More boats from up river edged gingerly down past shallows and riffles and could go no further. There, tied up along the bank in discouraged idleness, lay thirty freighters of all sizes, and shippers began to wonder if they would ever see profits on cargoes they had so laboriously collected. Practically all of the commerce in Southeastern Ohio lay bogged in that basin.

Then it began to rain. Rain that raises the river has not always been

COMING UP TO THE DAYTON PORT

(Photo by Dr. H. S. Jewett)

DAYTON BRIDGE VIEW

(Photo by Jane Reece)

welcomed by Daytonians, but this time it was. As it continued to rain their spirits rose as well as the river. The big hulls began to lighten and lift themselves under the buoyant power of the current and the populace also began to move. Word that "the boats are moving" brought all of Dayton to the river bank. Boatmen, storekeepers, millers, distillers, farmers, teamsters, school boys, mothers and babies—all had a more or less personal interest in the hegira. Some of those boats held four hundred barrels of flour, forty-four of whiskey and a thousand pounds of bacon. The total value of the cargoes in that fleet of boats was estimated at not less than one hundred thousand dollars. Such activity with wheelbarrows, laden mules and wagons—everybody of proper size helped in the loading of the boats. And as one by one the hulls swung out where the current could catch them a shout went up from the bank, and not until the last one had turned the corner of the river where the Dayton View bridge now is did the crowd go home to prosaic occupations.

Some of these boats came to grief on sand bars and dumped flour into the water, but most of them got to their destination in safety. One editor in commenting on the losses by the foundering of loaded boats said that in ten years they would pay the cost of one-sixth of the length of a canal from Mad River to the Ohio River—a revolutionary sentiment but it deserves notice because another such was beginning to be whispered here and there by firesides and in taverns all through the great west. The first word was "canal" and the second was "steamboat." Both were hailed with the same hospitality that the word "airplane" was in the year 1900. Those who made a point of discussing either were held to be the wildest visionaries. The Lord made rivers to be used as waterways; the founders of Dayton had put the city there because of it. Why say more?

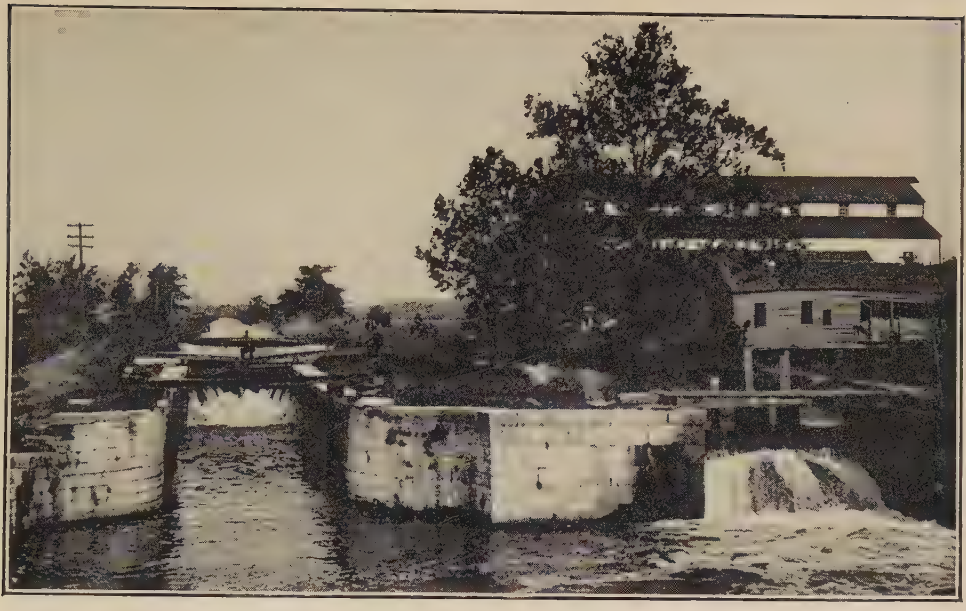
But the two words continued to be discussed, the former with more pertinacity as time went on, and the latter quite uselessly because the Miami River never saw a steamboat. The canal idea stuck. Its implications were what carried the day—water at the same stage everywhere and at all seasons.

Another idea called visionary by the obstructionists of the day was a weekly passenger and mail service between Cincinnati and Dayton. How was it possible to make such an enterprise pay with the few people that would ever want to be going to Cincinnati in a week? But ideas are tough things and sustain any amount of adverse discussion. The roads were still bad but improving, as they always do under the inevitable demands of wheeled vehicles. When passengers were exasperated to the proper pitch by the number of ribs they sacrificed to the jolting on the trip up from Cincinnati the beginnings of the Dixie Highway were laid and as usual it was a Van Cleve (John, son of Benjamin) who started the enterprise. When enough passengers got wet crossing fords they demanded more and better bridges. In 1818 the first weekly coach service was started between Dayton, Franklin, Middletown and Hamilton, and in 1819 the first bridge was built over the river at Stratford Avenue and Salem Avenue. The roads were toll roads and the bridges were toll bridges. Toll-houses stood at equal distances which protected against violators of the law by leaning poles like a well-sweep across the road which the toll keeper could lower and raise at will. The writer, as a girl, penniless as to small change but mounted on an agile pony, has been known to edge around the far end of the pole and escape before the toll-keeper got up from his breakfast table to sound his maledictions at the vanishing horsewoman. Three cents was not much for the privilege of riding under the pole but paying it was not exciting. Twelve cents was the price for a loaded wagon, six for an empty, the proceeds being used to keep up the roads. The tollgates lasted to sometime in the 'seventies.

On Third Street in front of the courthouse (which in 1818 was a two-story building flush with the sidewalk) was the starting and arriving place for the Cincinnati stages. Twelve persons could be accommodated in each vehicle; three on the back seat, three on the front, three on smaller seats between the two, and two beside the driver. At first there were no springs, later these were supplied. Eight cents a mile was the fare and fourteen pounds the allowance per person for baggage. The Cincinnati coach left Dayton at five o'clock Friday morning and arrived at its destination late on Saturday evening, Friday night being spent at Hamilton.

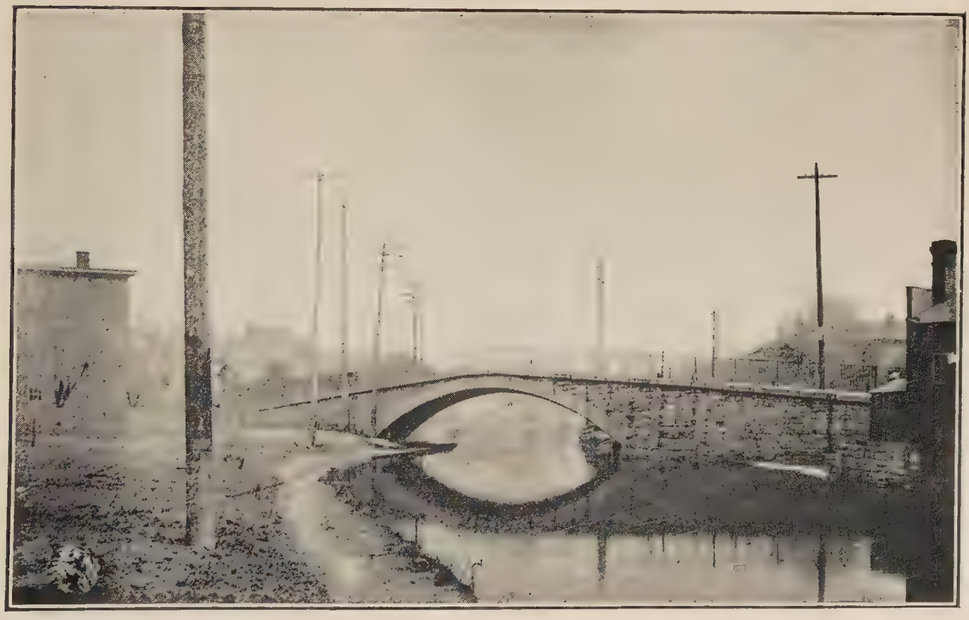
With such innovations as these, and the weekly example of what could be done in the way of rapid transit, the canal project was reopened. Or rather it came to the surface, for in the minds of some prominent men like Robert Patterson, James Steele and Henry Bacon it had never been absent. The two latter men were merchants and to get their goods out from the East with the least delay and danger of disaster was a prime requisite. They talked of it after business hours in the store and at their homes (log houses on First Street), but being wise men they forebore to risk their reputation for common sense in the community and so got somebody from the outside to propel the new project.

At a Fourth of July dinner (at four o'clock in the afternoon) in the backyard of the Court House, one of the speakers was named Stephen Fales—not a Daytonian—and his subject was "The Contemplated Canal from the Waters of Mad River to those of the Ohio." The fact that the canal was to connect Mad River with Cincinnati was proof that they still held to Mad River as the geographical reason for Dayton's existence, and that it still accommodated freight boats of one kind or another. On



A LOCK IN THE CANAL SOUTH OF DAYTON

(Photo by Dr. H. S. Jewett)



JEFFERSON STREET CANAL BRIDGE

Views on the Canal Never to be Seen Again

(Photo by Dr. H. S. Jewett)

June 29, 1821, a meeting was called at Reid's tavern to appoint a committee to act with other committees of the contiguous country for the purpose of raising funds to pay for a survey for such a route. The committee consisted of H. G. Phillips, G. W. Smith, James Steele, Alexander Grimes, and J. H. Crane, chairman.

Events were working for them in other sections of the country. The Miami Erie Canal had been partly completed and Governor De Witt Clinton of New York State, the great canal promoter of that time, was to come out to Newark and dedicate it. This was a chance for Dayton and they took it. James Steele and Henry Bacon rode up through the woods to Newark to invite the Governor to come to Dayton and (as we would say) "boost" the canal idea. But the early Daytonians never used slang, much less in connection with so important a person as the Governor of New York. Most dignified and punctilious were they in their long-tailed coats and beaver hats. The Governor was duly invited to a dinner in Dayton and he came. A detachment of horse, with the canal promoters at their head, went as far as Fairfield to meet and escort him to the city. This time the dinner was at Compton's Tavern on Second Street. His speech must have been effective for it started others to discussing the canal. One speaker had a lovely plan for the canal to go down the middle of Main Street, a forty-foot wide water-way with a wagon road thirty-four feet wide on either side and twelve-foot sidewalks. This plan, the "Watchman" said editorially in the next issue, would make Main Street the handsomest thoroughfare in the state of Ohio. The earth taken from the excavation, it was explained, would fill every hole and level every street in town. We all know that that plan fell of its own weight, but the canal continued to fill the public mind. A law passed by the Legislature in 1825 authorizing the canal was the first step and from then on progress was steady. The contract was given that same year and 1829 saw its completion at a total cost of $567,000. At one time a steam canal boat was given a trial but its waves washed the bank away and it had to be abandoned.

One can but weakly visualize what the canal was to Dayton. It put Dayton definitely at the head of navigation, since wagons coming down the valley could shift their cargo to a boat and send it straight to Cincinnati. The canal basin on Second Street was a crowded and busy place, the banks piled with merchandise as the river bank had used to be. The last keel-boat went down the river sometime in 1828, and the warehouse being carried away by the flood, the new center of commerce became definitely the canal bank. No sooner was the route open than traffic became at once heavy—speaking not satirically but actually—for we read that in the month of April, 1829, seventy-one boats arrived at the

Dayton wharf and seventy-seven departed. For a little city of only two hundred and thirty-five dwellings and three churches this was indeed "big business."

Naturally it was not long before the passenger service followed the freight. It became both a pleasure and a practical necessity to travel by canal. The company built big boats glistening with white paint with seats and awnings on deck and luxurious bunks within. Silk curtains hung at the windows and a long table filled the middle of the saloon for passengers had to eat five meals between Dayton and Cincinnati. Often a negro fiddler accompanied the crew, and dances were held in the evenings on the broad smooth deck. When a boat thus planned came up to the basin at Second Street, what wonder that the town came out to watch it tie up! Old men who were boys then told boys who are old men now how gay it was and how thrilling to see the horses, gayly harnessed with ribbons and bells, draw the boat up to the wharf.

Let not the present day citizen smile at the transportation achievements of our ancestors. They had really done a big thing. They had linked up the northern part of the state with the southern on the western side. And what odds they worked against we can but dimly guess. In 1825 the population of Ohio was barely 700,000, the tax duplicate for the whole state was $58,000,000, the per capita tax $83. That is, the wealth of the whole state then was less than the wealth of a single county now. The population was sparse and the citizens all poor. Comparatively few people travelled and comparatively few food products were carried to markets. But these men of vision and action undertook an enterprise of which the estimated cost was two and a half million dollars. In fact they spent a million dollars a year for sixteen years on what was the greatest developing agency in Western Ohio. And the irony of it was that on the day the canal was finished it was obsolete. Railroad talk was in the air and, in 1825, railroad and canal talk was like aviation talk today.

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CHAPTER IV.

RAILROADS, MARKETS AND OTHER THINGS.

While we are on the general subject of transportation, a glance at the early history of railroads in Montgomery County will not be inopportune. Practical men there were in the Dayton of that day who saw even farther than the stage coach and the canal boat. That they met opposition goes without saying and from the same sources which had opposed the canal. Lack of imagination is, as Emerson calls it, "a mortal distemper." If from a new country the unimaginative people could be barred things would go better. The inevitable objection of such was that there never would be enough people going in any direction to justify the amazing expenditures involved by these innovations. But the argument was fast losing its force, for increase of population was the first result of the canal and the stage coach. But the people who can't see ahead, can't see what is going on right under their eyes, so this juxtaposition of cause and effect was slow in getting accepted.

A notice in a July issue of the "Journal" of 1831 invites the public to inspect a sample railroad which had been installed in a large warehouse on East Third Street. A circular track of wooden rails had been laid out around the inside of the building carrying a small car and a locomotive. "It will be," says the paper, "a rich treat to the friends of national and State improvement. The locomotive works with great celerity and precision, drawing a splendid miniature car in which two persons may ride at the same time. Ladies and gentlemen" (there seem to have been no men and women in those days) "are respectfully invited to call and ride. Price twenty-five cents. Children half price." The railroad in Dayton in 1831 was therefore not yet a utility but a mere curiosity. However, things were certainly moving. In 1821 they had been paying a bounty for wolf scalps; in 1831 they were paying twenty-five cents to ride around behind a steam locomotive on a track in a big shed. If that is not progress, what is?

However, the application of the new invention to practical needs moved slowly, in fact so slowly that Xenia got ahead of us. A road begun at Sandusky had ended, for want of funds, at Springfield, which was Dayton's great chance if she could but see it. Meetings were held and speeches made by far-sighted residents, like Daniel Beckel, T. J. S. Smith, and others, urging the citizens to complete the road and belong to the great outside world; but there was little money and no enthusiasm. Cincinnati seemed to have both—at least enough of both to reach as far as Xenia with a railroad, which she promptly did. Then Xenia woke up, connected the two ends of the line, and lo! the north of Ohio and the south met and Dayton was left out in the cold. Much fun was poked in private letters and public print at the "Granny Rip Van Winkles" who did not know a good thing when they saw it. The sting remained for many years as Daytonians had to drive over to Xenia to take the Pennsylvania to New York. Either the sarcasm or the economic needs of the Miami Valley at last triumphed and in the end, 1849, we connected with a line of our own to Springfield, and within a year five railroads were coming into Dayton: the Miami and Lake Erie, the Dayton and Western, the Cincinnati Hamilton and Dayton, the Greenville and Miami and the Dayton and Union. At last Dayton was a railroad center.

The first station was merely a brick building at the north side of the tracks at Sixth and Jefferson streets where the trains stopped to let passengers off and on. Sometimes in the early 'fifties a real station, or depot as it was called, was constructed on Sixth Street west of Ludlow. According to the testimony of a still living citizen who saw it in the building, the depot was a long brick shed astride the tracks with three open arches for the trains to enter under a barrel-shaped roof. Each of these openings had a heavy wooden door with large hinges. The Dayton of that day was strictly Sabbatarian and the railroads had to follow suit. Therefore no Sunday trains; every Saturday night the doors were closed and padlocked until Monday morning. At first the passengers, in order to mount, clambered up from the ground to the steps leading into the cars; later a raised platform on the south side with ticket office and baggage room was a welcome addition.

The three arches were at some later day transformed into one large arch. This archway, with smaller blind ones at one side, a row of busses and a pump outside made the old Union Depot, which for us in the 'seventies and 'eighties marked the beginning and the end of all our trips away from home. With the lack of imagination and foresight already noted, the city authorities arranged the approaches to the depot on the south side of the building, away from town, so that departing and arriving guests had always to cross the tracks to get anywhere.

The following incident reported by William F. Scott, an early resident of Dayton, but absent for a long lifetime after leaving in 1856, will serve to illustrate conditions in the Dayton of that day:

> One day, on leaving the Rogers school (1852 or 1851) I heard much noise and saw a crowd gathering at a point just south of the tracks and midway between the station and Ludlow street. The crowd surrounded a man who was crying and shrieking. He had been struck by a car when crossing the tracks and had one leg cut off at the ankle—a horror to see. He was well dressed, probably not an employe of the road but there as a

passenger or on other business. There could not have been a doctor there or sent for because they were putting him on a dray—you know the "dray" of that time, a two-wheel, one-horse, low platform cart with a long skid tail and no springs. He was sitting up when I last saw him on the rear end; two or three men got on and sat or stood so as to support him. The only pavement then was gravel macadam and I can still hear the piercing shrieks as the dray got into motion.

Now where was the dray going? To a surgeon? To a hospital? *Was* there a hospital? If there was had it no ambulance or surgeon for emergencies? True there was at that time no way to reach a hospital except by a messenger a-foot or on horseback so perhaps the dray may have been the quickest way after all. But Lord! What a situation!

It ought not to need a story like this to remind us to be thankful for our modern appliances to help the sick and suddenly hurt. The correspondent who sent in this story should see what would happen on South Ludlow Street today if there was such an accident. Within not more than five minutes a sounding gong down the street would herald the approach of the police ambulance. Traffic would give way to it; the officer in charge would administer first aid to stop the pain and in another five or ten minutes the sufferer would be between the sheets of a comfortable bed in the hospital with all the advantages of modern surgery at his disposal.

From railroads it is not such a long jump to markets, which properly to consider we must go back in our story. The first Daytonians did not need a market because each family was, in a way, self-supporting. Each had its own vegetable plot, it shot its own game or butchered its own pigs, cured its own hams, raised its own chickens and made its own maple sugar. But the growth of the town gradually changed these primitive conditions and made necessary a public place where supplies might be purchased.

The first market, opened as a part of the Fourth of July festivities of 1815, was a long wooden building on Second Street between Main and Jefferson, with butcher stalls inside and stalls for garden produce outside under the wide projecting eaves. Market was held two days in the week, on Wednesday and on Saturday, from four to ten a. m., not ten to four. Those were too late hours for thrifty housekeepers. Butchered meats would not keep many hours, and they wanted their steaks and chops fresh. And it was the men (pardon! "gentlemen") of the family in those days who went to market. They could be seen coming down First and Second streets at five o'clock in the morning wearing silk top hats and carrying the family basket.

What could he buy, this gentleman in correct afternoon dress at five o'clock in the morning, to fill his splint basket? (If the chronology of the narrative be here criticised, it will be explained that to the first market in 1815 the customers probably wore leggings and coon-caps like Henry

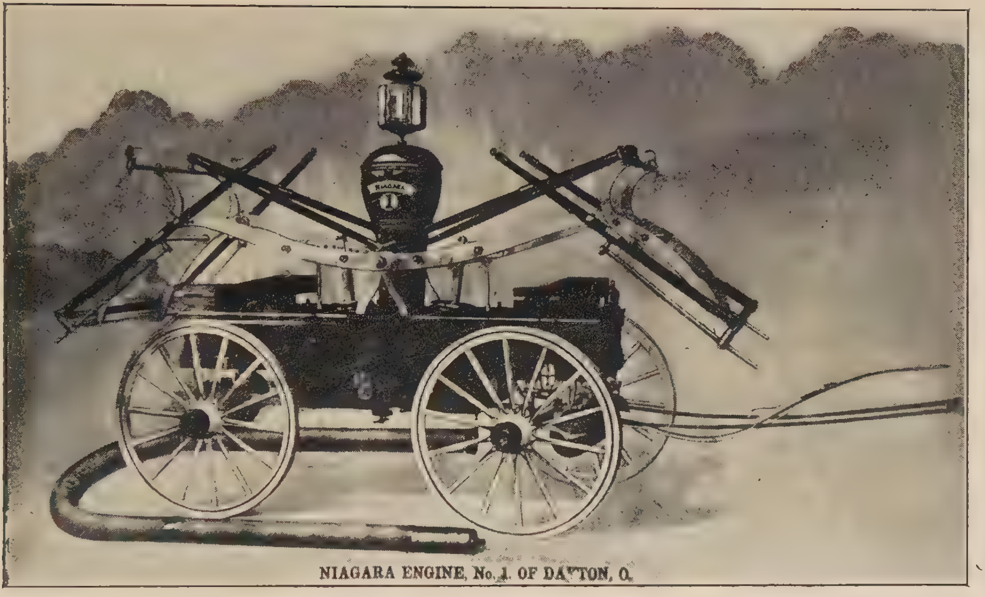
Brown, but to the later market in the 'thirties and 'forties he certainly wore a silk hat. Witness old cuts and old letters.) What did he buy and what did he pay? Well, if word had come that friends were driving up from Cincinnati (and in those days they thought nothing of coming down suddenly on their relatives or friends, six to ten at a time) he could get a pair of venison hams for fifty cents or a turkey for the same. An old poem in the "Piqua Register" says:

> A good half dollar still a turkey buys
> Though (clip their wings!) 'tis said that fowls will rise.

Which shows that market prices were practically equal up and down the valley. He could get beef at three cents a pound, butter at twelve and a half cents, eggs eight cents a dozen, and chickens (undressed) seventy-five cents a dozen. Profuse and redundant plenty—that's what it was, in the Dayton of those early days. No taxes, no poor land, no middlemen, no freight rates. Flour two dollars and seventy-five cents a barrel, pork one fifty to two a hundred weight, wheat forty-five cents a bushel—who so lazy or inefficient that he could not live at that rate?

Another market (when the Second Street lot got too valuable) was built on Sears and Webster streets on ground donated by Cooper; later it was installed on Main Street below Third. This was held to be a fatal business move, for Dayton already had its caste prejudices. North of Third Street was where "the best people" lived; south of Third Street did not count at all. It was called "Cabintown" and held in deep disesteem. In spite of opposition, part of which had to do with local partisan politics, the market was moved bodily down Main Street to its new location, bearing a sign which read: "Bound for Cabintown." The new location was boycotted for a time but there is no record of its duration. We suspect that roasting ears and watermelons had in time something to do with the decision to accept the City Hall Market without reservations. Dayton markets have always been good, whether held in a shed on Second Street or in a palatial "Arcade" under a glass roof, as at the present writing. What the proverbial warmth and hospitality of Dayton homes has to do with it and which is cause and which effect must be left to the reader.

An era of picturesque interest was initiated when the first fire companies were organized and the first fire engines installed. Both were sorely needed, Dayton having suffered great and serious losses from fire. It was in 1824 when, owing to a disastrous fire on Main Street with the loss of two thousand dollars worth of goods, a fire engine costing two hundred and twenty-six dollars was ordered from Philadelphia. Not a steam engine, be it understood. It was fifteen years earlier than the first



THE FIRST FIRE ENGINE USED IN DAYTON, ABOUT 1825

locomotive, and enterprise of that day could see no farther than a hand-worked pump. It might have been an improvement upon trying to put out a burning building by throwing water upon it by single individuals, but there were drawbacks. There was a large reservoir which had to be filled from buckets at the public pump. It was provided with long handles on each side which, when worked up and down by men and boys, threw a considerable jet of water on the fire. But it took some time to fill it, especially if to prevent freezing, the tank had been put away empty from the last fire. Fire companies were formed and every man or boy in town belonged to one or another of them. In the night one was apt to be called out of a warm bed to fight a fire and the only thing that brought patience was the thought that the next fire might be nearer home, in which case favors might be returned. The old "Safety" engine gave way to another one of the same type before steam engines came in. Called a double-decker because of its two sets of handles, with twenty men on a side, it threw quite a considerable stream of water.

It was in 1863 that the first steam engine was purchased and with it came to an end the volunteer fire companies. Abuses of an astonishing kind had crept in, such as rival companies which in their ambition to be first at a fire actually placed obstructions in the way of their opponents. Sometimes, to maintain supremacy they got into a free-for-all fight, so that in time Daytonians dreaded a fire more for the fire department than for the fire itself. But the old system before its decadence, had its excitement and its charm. The very best citizens in the town belonged to it and, when old men, would tell their children of their prowess in "running with the engine." As late as 1880 the fire department consisted of part paid members and part, what were known as "call men." Not until nearly 1890 did we have an expert fire department on a full pay basis.

It is interesting to try to picture the Dayton of those early years; the stages arriving and leaving on Third Street, the canal boats filling the basin and discharging their loads, passengers climbing aboard the cars on wooden rails at the old depot; housekeepers filling their baskets at the City Hall Market, mud in the streets, doctors driving around in their buggies to see patients miles distant, deep gutters at the side of the roadway and wooden bridges crossing them, two or three vehicles to a block the excess of traffic on Main Street, the bell of the old First Church or the Wesley Chapel calling people to service, Keifer and Conover selling prints and bonnets on the corner of Third and Main and offering customers a drink of whiskey out of the free jug on the counter, camp-meetings on the river bank, parties on the canal boats, high school graduation ceremonies over across the river in Steele's woods, the girl graduates walking in a procession wearing white sunbonnets—all this we can but guess at from the stories and reminiscences of the old people who have long ago been laid away in Woodland Cemetery.

Woodland Cemetery! That reminds us of John Van Cleve and again of Robert Steele, to both of whom we owe that lovely dwelling-place of the dead on the hill above Dayton. Business and homes had surrounded the old graveyard on Fifth Street whose space became too restricted for future interments. The green lifting their heights above the city to the south, appealed to Van Cleve as the place he would like to be laid when he was gone and his opinion was shared by others who together purchased, surveyed and planted what we now know as Woodland Cemetery. No other city cemetery in this part of the Middle West has a more beautiful situation.

In the early 'thirties the waves of the trouble that brought on the Civil War began to touch Dayton. We were not so far from the Southern border and as a consequence fugitive slaves were able to reach our city. A cut, kept regularly in the newspaper offices and used for advertising purposes, testified to the frequency of such occurrences. It pictured a negro with a bundle under his arm and the inscription, "Fifty Dollars Reward; A likely nigger named Joe, five feet high, weighs 130 pounds," etc., etc. People get used to anything, so not much attention was paid to these occasional notices. No man in Dayton would willingly give back into custody a negro fleeing for freedom even to gain the sum of fifty dollars. To disregard it was of course to break the Fugitive Slave law, but men did break it over and over again. The most notable example was where, on Jefferson Street* there was in a private house what they called an "underground station," *i. e.* a place either in the cellar or the barn where a runaway slave could find food and shelter on his way to Canada. If the poor fugitive could get far enough away to the north it did not pay to have him arrested and sent back. Those who thought the slave law was a pernicious law gave all the help and comfort they could to the runaways and settled with their consciences the best they could.

Things were brought to a crisis sometime in the summer of 1832 when Federal officers came into town and arrested a quiet inoffensive colored man, known as "Black Ben," and took him to Cincinnati in order to return him to his southern owner. An effort was made to buy the negro and keep him where his faithful work had made him many friends, but the offer was refused. Knowing what was inevitably in store for him when he got back Ben eluded the officers in the night, leaped from a high building and was killed. What that self-inflicted martyrdom did for the cause of abolition can only be guessed. It certainly struck fire in Dayton. Soap-box orators on the street, fervent preachers in the pulpits,

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Dr. Adam Jewett's residence, still standing.

all awoke their hearers to the iniquity of one man owning another. The slumbering question of human rights grew to large proportions in that time of agitation. Not long after the notice of the arrest and death of Black Ben had appeared in the "Journal" the announcement was carried of the first meeting of the Dayton Abolition Society. Luther Bruen was the president and the members met at the home of Peter P. Lowe on South Main Street right where customers who have forgotten what anti-slavery agitation was about, or never knew, go to drink soda water at Elder and Johnston's lunch counter.

From 1830 to 1845 a recrudescence of business activity and civic advance was shown in Dayton. The bend in the river from west to north making an elbow, suggested the advantage of a mill race. Steele's dam was therefore constructed north of town, a part of the current deflected from the main channel and made to flow across what is now Riverdale to unite with the main stream a half mile further down. It made a not unattractive tree-bordered stream and gave power to several mills, most notable among them being Tate's Mill on what is now Riverview Avenue and Forest. All remains of the old mill have long ago disappeared but in its day it was a great productive center. Stillwell and Bierce's knife factory also took advantage of the water-power and for a while it looked as if that part of suburban Dayton was to be given over to factories and mills. This did happen in another place when the hydraulic was taken out of Mad River on the Springfield Road and turned through the center of Dayton to unite with the Miami below the fair grounds. Mills—flour mills, paper mills, woolen mills followed its route, making that central part of Dayton permanently a manufacturing locality. But as the steam-engine replaced water-power, the mill-race was converted into a boulevard, the gabled mill and the ugly factory gave way to McKinley Park with its contiguous apartment houses and its planted masses of foliage, and that part of Dayton was saved to beauty.

Cooper it was who, with his usual generosity, gave the land for the hydraulic, and it is interesting to discover in his mind a combined sense of beauty and practical needs. It was he who, when the troops were quartered in Dayton in 1812, set the young recruits to building the levee. His plan was a rare combination of moral and physical prophylactics. The river menaced the town at every freshet; the soldier boys were on the dangerous ground where forced idleness makes surely for mischief. It does not appear what authority Cooper had for the measure but he put every homesick and idle recruit to digging. In time an embankment made its way down the river edge from the head of Main Street, where the rising ground made a natural protection, across the end of Monument Avenue (then Water Street) where the river turns, across the ends of First, Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth streets, which covered the part of town in need of security.

Whether Cooper had any legal right or not, this was a fine foresighted, public-spirited thing to do. Other men saw the possibilities of the levee as a public park. Van Cleve planted elms and maples throughout its length and, under the spreading trees with the river flowing lazily (or ferociously, according to the season), at its foot it became the favored walk of Daytonians.

Adult persons there are in Dayton today who, as they read references to the Levee ask: "Where was it, anyway?" Their ignorance is not inexcusable for the topography of that part of the city has greatly changed. For their information it must be explained that what is now known as Robert Boulevard, the winding parkway, was originally the levee now levelled down to the adjacent territory. The remaining plot laid out in building lots and sold for residences belongs to another part of this history. The Levee itself became the prettiest and the longest pleasure walk anywhere around. One could always meet one's friend there on pleasant sunny afternoons. To this rule one exception held—Sunday. Dayton was aggressively Sabbatarian in the old days. The Levee was a pleasure place since no one could possibly have anything useful in view while walking there. Pleasures of any kind were wrong on Sunday, therefore the Levee was a place to be avoided by good church members. One little boy in the 'fifties* committed a double sin; he walked on the Levee after Sunday school and while thus engaged he whistled. To whistle on Sunday was bad enough, but to walk on the Levee and whistle was to make him an early candidate for hell and he was so advised by an elderly friend of the family who met him while engaged in these pernicious occupations.

By natural law of association this lands us straight in the middle of the question of religion, or what passed as such in the earlier part of the last century. There were two sides to it. One, a highly to-be-praised sentiment of loyalty to fine ideals of living, strict probity of conduct, fealty to the Ten Commandments, definite standards of law and order, and personal rectitude that as a leaven would be highly appreciated by the best of us in these modern days. The men who by hard work dug this city out of the wilderness and built its foundations had their fundamentals in the old Puritan times and manners. They had no compromises with what they called "sin." As might have been expected, and as fanatics always do, they carried it too far. Like the elder who reproved the little boy for whistling on Sunday they were against pleasure of any kind. If a thing was beautiful or pleasurable, and had no other meaning, it was to be avoided at all costs.

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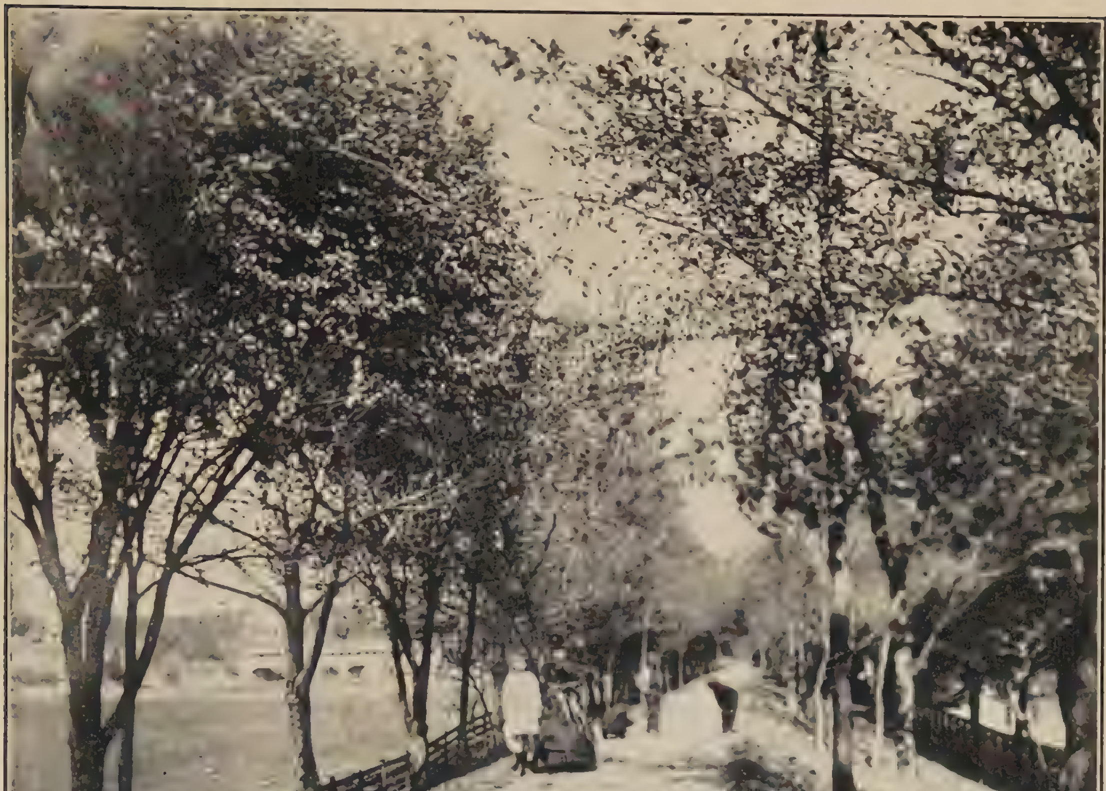
*William Scott.



THE LEVEE AS IT USED TO LOOK

(Courtesy of N. C. R.)

It is an astonishing thing to realize how much the minds of our early citizens were occupied with religion. Rather, may it be explained, with a kind of barren self-centered theology which made the safety of one's own soul take the place of public service for other people's needs. The sources of information to an historian are mainly two—old letters and old newspapers. Of both in Dayton we have been bereft by the flood. Those files of old news sheets still remaining in the Public Library are difficult to decipher in spite of the nothing-less-than-heroic efforts of the staff of librarians after the ravages of the flood of 1913. But when we have laboriously examined the pages, brown with dried mud, we find little to reward us. Local news seemed in those days not to be of interest. Instead of a view of the small town which we would love to have reproduced we read indefinite European news, advertisements of strayed or stolen hogs, and a silly continued sort of sub-novel or a sermon.

The same thing with family letters. Here at least we should find a picture of domestic life in the early 'thirties, accounts of daily happenings as recounted by, perhaps, a mother to a daughter or a father to a son. Something to help us reconstruct the life of that distant day. Letters were letters too in those days and we marvel that, with the difficulty of the mechanical part of it, they should have so diligently persisted through three closely written sheets of foolscap paper. The fourth side was the one that carried sealing wax, stamp and the address, being folded so as to carry in the mails. (Envelopes were a long time coming in.)

These crowded pages should tell us of family affairs, of family happenings, of the price of food stuffs, etc. But they seldom do. Most of them, from the formal greeting, "Beloved Mother," or "Respected Father," to the signature of the writer, contain disquisitions as to the state of the soul, or on infant damnation. They were strong on infant damnation—a dreadful doctrine of a dreadful God. The implication is that as theology filled their letters it also filled their time and their minds. Besides the business or profession by which the husband maintained his family, and the housekeeping cares with which the wife was occupied, there was little other interest except in religion. Social life was limited to occasional tea parties or picnics; lectures, even after the Lyceum was established, were of necessity few and far between. Shows of any kind seldom penetrated into small centers where the toll roads in and out must have used up all the profits. No one traveled, few had libraries, there were several violinists but they seem not to have given concerts—in fact the cultural life of all small towns in the early days was practically nil. Therefore the one outlet for their cultural and emotional side was the exercise of religion. Preaching services were at first conducted by itinerant preachers and were held in the houses of the citizens. Then the First Presbyterian Church was built as has been told. Camp meetings were held on the Commons below Sixth Street and in the woods across the river to which wagon loads of people came for miles around. The whole town went to church. A non-church-goer was branded as an infidel and felt his unpopularity to the point of losing business by it.

When they went to church what did they hear? A monstrous doctrine of an angry God instead of the good news of a loving Father. Sin was anything that was pleasant or lovely. Right living was to spend your time thinking of your soul and patronizing your neighbors who did not have the inside track with God. An early record notes that: "The first minister who preached in the settlement (Dayton) was the Rev. John Kobler of the Methodist Church on Sunday, August 12, 1798. Topic mainly hell." Like Jonathan Edwards of New England fame they conceived that the greatest pleasure one would have in the hereafter would be leaning over the ramparts of heaven and beholding the sinners writhing in the pains of hell. We have progressed far since those days in many things but in none farther than in the new, and yet everlastingly old, conception of religion, "To love God and thy neighbor as thyself."

In 1830 the population of Dayton was two thousand nine hundred and fifty-four, being a gain of one thousand two hundred and thirty-seven in a little more than two years. In 1833 the population was four thousand. Curwen, in his first tiny history of Dayton published in 1850 and describing the primitive simplicity of urban life in the first decade asks: "What would those first Daytonians think if they could have foreseen that on the site of those first log cabins on the river bank there would at last arise a city of *four thousand* inhabitants?" Ah! what would they indeed?

CHAPTER V.

POLITICS, PESTILENCE AND PLEASANTER THINGS.

In the 'thirties and 'forties Dayton was afflicted mainly with politics and the cholera. Which was the greatest scourge would be hard to say. The canal was a grand institution but it had its disadvantages and brought other things besides passengers and freight to our shores. The worst cargo it imported was the cholera. It was in the summer of 1833 that a whole boat-load arrived from Cincinnati suffering from some mysterious digestive disorder. The captain would not bring his passengers up into the middle of town, but discharged them onto the bank of the canal at the foot of Ludlow Street. Twenty-five patients suffering from cramps and fever were taken to one house (it is to be wished we knew where) and put, with utter disregard of the first principles of prevention, into one room. It must have been a ware-house for no Dayton private home at that day could accommodate so many. Of course (*vide* Mr. Scott in the previous chapter), there was no board of health, no hospital, no provision whatever for the care of contagious diseases or of any other kind. Every mother of a family was a nurse perforce, and the only one, except kind neighbors who were angels in disguise in the last century. Anyhow, here were several dozen people, helpless and suffering excruciatingly, to be looked after somehow, someway by people already overworked. A doctor and two nurses (the latter untrained of course) volunteered to care for the patients. In two days both nurses were dead and the doctor himself down with the same complaint. Every day saw a funeral procession wending its way to the Fifth Street graveyard. There could be no doubt about it; it was the cholera, and nothing else, that had invaded Dayton. Such diseases are better understood now and two precautions stand out—sanitation and segregation. Neither was understood or practiced in 1833. Cesspools in close proximity to wells, open gutters carrying road-washings to the river, no kind of supervision of the removal of refuse, open garbage pails at every back door, all these were the usual thing in the Dayton of that day.

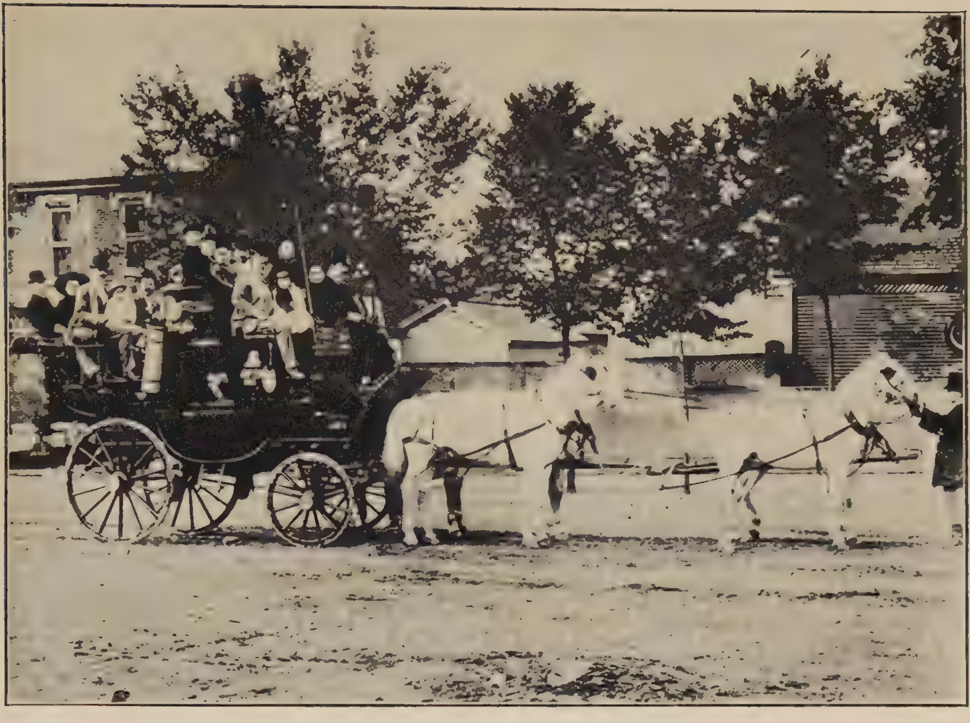
These combined to give a warm welcome to the cholera germs and they made the most of it. With dreadful suddenness people were taken ill at breakfast time and died before sundown. Panic invaded the city. Those who had private carriages (there were only two in 1820 so probably they were quite few in 1833) left for Cincinnati as fast as they could, a useless procedure because the cholera was just as bad down there. Strong men died and little children died, mothers died leaving helpless families; it was a time of terror such as only those who have been through it can know.

Sporadic outbreaks continued to occur for several years and in 1849 another violent epidemic was experienced when two hundred and sixteen lives were lost out of the small village in one short summer. With the point of view of the day this calamity was charged up to the Lord, when the responsibility of it really belonged to the authorities themselves. A proclamation from the mayor set apart a day, not for cleaning up the streets and alleys, but for fasting and prayer, beginning: "Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to afflict our beloved city by sending the pestilence among us," etc., etc. What blasphemy!

Local and national politics took hold of the populace with as much violence as the cholera. The epidemic broke out at election time and people caught it from each other. Because they had so few interests, politics took as strong a hold on them as religion or the plague. Read the accounts of the Jackson campaign as it was carried on in Dayton in 1833. Bonfires and processions, hundreds of people coming in from the country, banquets at the hotel, flag-raisings on the Common, speeches in the square, bitter denunciation of candidates and more bitter opposition for those who upheld them; business men refusing to do business with men of the opposite party, neighbors not speaking on the street, vitriolic attacks in the newspapers and even in the pulpits—oh, the cholera was only a very little worse. The difference being that while they died of cholera they did not die of politics, they only raged and fought and forgot about it when election was over. In the Jackson campaign some amusing incidents occurred as when his election was celebrated by a barbecue on the Common east of the canal. The ox that participated had been too long out of cold storage and was eaten, not by the fervent patriots of the occasion, but by dogs which, attracted by the odors of burning meat, gathered to pay their tribute to the Presidential candidate.

The Harrison campaign of 1840 was a remarkable occasion and need not at all be treated with satire. What Dayton did at that time was a great thing for a small town to do and merits a story of its own. The national situation was this. In 1836 Martin Van Buren had been elected over William Henry Harrison. The former was an aristocrat with the standards of his class. Believing in the amenities of life he had refurnished the out of date White House with carpets, mirrors and curtains, all offensive to the puritanistic spirit of the time.

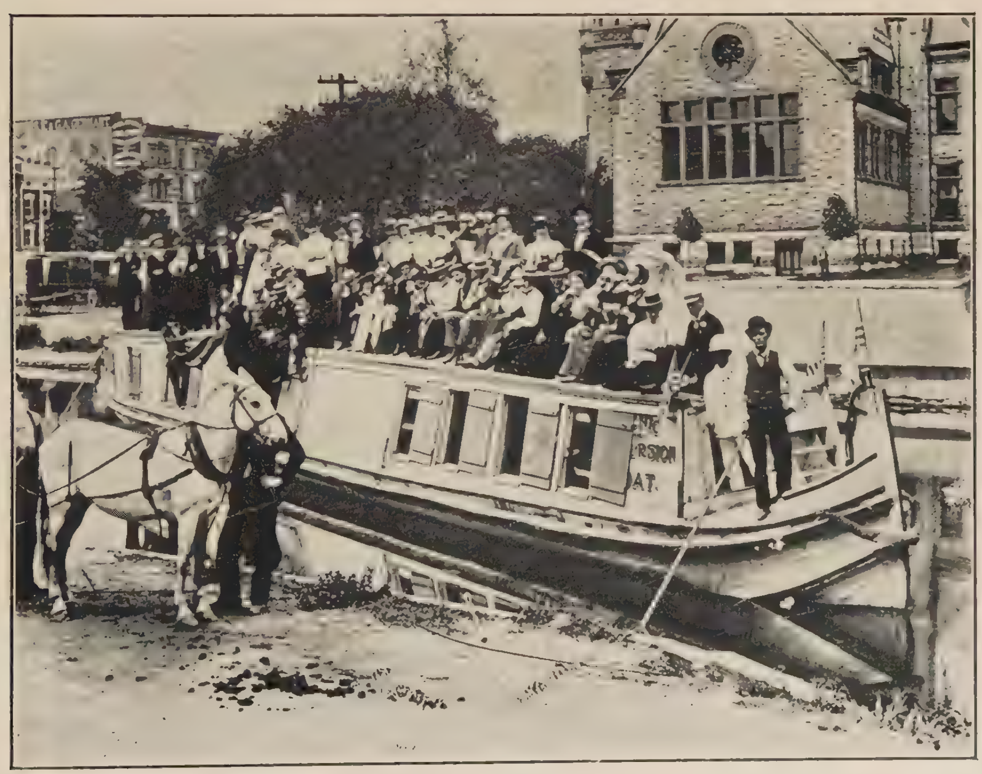
Harrison was a plain Ohio farmer, a gentleman too, but not of the brand of the man who sat in the bedecked White House. Harrison was not only a friend of the people but, since the War of 1812, had been the idol of the Nation. An attempt to make political capital out of his plain



A TALLYHO PARTY IN THE GAY '90s

Leaving for the Soldiers Home. From the reader's left to right: John H. Patterson, Mrs. Angus Dunn, Miss Temple, Anne Patterson Woodhull, Miss Leslie Temple, Harry Stoddard, Julia Patterson Moorhead, Mrs. J. H. Crane, Mrs. John H. Patterson, Mrs. Chas. Mead, Billy Franz, S. J. Patterson, Jefferson Crane, R. D. Patterson, Mrs. George Ewing, Ed. Bunstine, Mrs. Tappan, Mrs. Chas. Smith.

(Courtesy William Lutzenberger)



HIGH SCHOOL CLASS OF 1898, STARTING FOR A PICNIC AT THE BLUFFS, PUBLIC LIBRARY IN BACKGROUND

tastes and antecedents was made by the Baltimore "Republican," which said editorially of Harrison: "Give him a barrel of hard cider and settle a pension of two thousand dollars on him and our word for it, he would sit the remainder of his days contentedly in a log cabin."

This was enough! It was not the first time, nor the last, in the history of politics that a slogan has proved to be a boomerang and done more harm to its friends than to its enemies. The implication in the editorial was enough for the Great West, the West of the plain people, grown up in log cabins and on hard cider and proud of both. Harrison was dubbed the "Log Cabin candidate," and his followers the "Log Cabin Boys," and they made the campaign rallies the occasion of "cabin raisings." It was a throwback to the time when the greatest fun of the early settlers was to gather from near and far and raise a cabin for the latest arrivals.

The Whigs did a modern thing; they brought out a newspaper in behalf of their party projects and called it the "Log Cabin." These ancient sheets, yellow with age and brown with flood water, are still the greatest treasure of the Dayton Public Library. Local politics of the day are to be seen in its pages, the scare-heads in bold face type, the whoop-em-up slogans which in spite of their antiquity have a familiar sound—"National Prosperity: Civil Liberties: Our Noble Candidate." To this sheet, more probably than to any other influence, was due the election of Harrison to the Presidency. A glance at it will show that they took their politics seriously in those days. Never would they have conceived such a necessity as is implied in the modern slogan: "Get out the Vote."

Here is the invitation which was printed in the issue of July 25, 1840:

LOG CABIN CANDIDATES.

FOR PRESIDENT—WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.
FOR VICE-PRESIDENT—JOHN TYLER.
FOR GOVERNOR OF OHIO—THOMAS CORWIN—"THE WAGON BOY"

To the People of the United States, more particularly to those of the WEST, and most particularly to all in the MIAMI VALLEY.

You are invited by your fellow citizens of Montgomery County to convene with them in a GRAND COUNCIL at Dayton on the anniversary of our gallant PERRY'S VICTORY, on September 10th, 1840.

COME ONE! COME ALL!

Take in the breadth, depth and height of this pronouncement! Here was a little city of less than seven thousand souls all told, few of them rich, many of them poor, having but two small hotels and no railroad, bravely offering to entertain "the people of the United States" within her borders for three whole days.

Did they come Ask the old "Log Cabin!" For days preceding the event crowds began to gather, swarming into Dayton by stage and canal, on foot, on horseback, in private vehicles, whole families, troops of soldiers; they came from all the land in the Miami Valley, from Illinois and Missouri; twelve canal boats filled with delegates arrived from Mississippi and Louisiana. The turnpikes showed a black procession by day and an illuminated one by night with the camp fires of voters coming to greet their beloved candidate, until the total, according to the careful computation by a local engineer,* reached a hundred thousand.

The first and natural query will be, how did Dayton take care of them? We can search it out in the annals of that day and the testimony of private letters. Many camped by the roadside, tying their horses to a tree, seeking provisions in the neighboring farms and cooking over an open fire. Those who had the means filled up the two hotels. When the Swaynie and the National had no more bedspace the private homes took the overflow as best they might. Preparations had not been lacking. For weeks and weeks housekeepers had been making ticks and filling them with fresh straw. As the house kept filling up with these improvised beds, the pantries bore shelves loaded with hams, baked fowls, loaves of bread, jars of preserves, pickles and honey. Beds were laid in one house side by side down a long upper hall and that family took care of one hundred guests at night and three hundred for dinner.† Notice was given to the effect that a stranger might knock at any door that displayed a flag and receive dinner and bed. There were but seven hundred homes in Dayton at that time and it is told that six hundred and forty-four of them displayed flags.

This was great, but greater still was the entry of the procession bringing to Dayton the hero of the hour. It came by way of the Springfield Pike. The Log Cabin hero and his staff spent the night at Harshman's Station, four miles east of Dayton. On beginning the trip into Dayton the next morning they were met by a welcoming procession which, with the floats and carriages in the Harrison crowd, was said to measure four miles in length. With carriages three abreast, and scores on horseback, the head of the procession was coming into town by the canal basin while the end of it was still leaving Harshman's.

This is the way the "Log Cabin" reported the scene:

> The huzzas from gray-headed patriots as the banners borne in the procession passed their balconies, the waving handkerchiefs of the thousands of fair women, the glimpses at every turn of the eye of the fluttering folds of six hundred and forty-four flags, the soul stirring music, the smiling heavens, the emblems and mottoes, all added to the intensity of the excitement. Every eminence, housetop and window was thronged with eager spec-

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*Luther Bruen.
†H. G. Phillips.

tators whose acclamations seemed to rend the heavens. Second Street at that time led through a prairie and the bystanders by a metaphor the sublimity of which few but Westerners can appreciate, likened the enthusiasm to a mighty sea of fire sweeping over its surface gathering and heaving and rolling upwards till its flames licked the stars and fired the whole heavens.

Making all allowance for the heated enthusiasm of the day that procession must have been remarkable. An immense log cabin on wheels, with the usual accompaniments of a coon skin nailed onto the logs and a barrel of hard cider, was drawn along the road by six horses. A ball as large as a one-story house represented the states rolling up for Harrison. It had been trundled along from the top of the Alleghany Mountains and bore the legend: "This ball we roll with heart and soul." Twenty-six little girls, seated in a big canoe, carried each the banner of her State. A live wolf, covered with sheepskin (signifying the hypocritical designs of the Democrats) occupied a wagon all to himself and was said to behave as well as the rest.

The reception in Dayton proved worthy of the occasion. A long banner at the corner of Main and Second streets had on one side a log cabin, on the other a ship in full sail with the inscription, "Roll on the ball" and "Perry, September 10th, 1813." At the corner of Jefferson hung a white silk banner with the words "Jefferson Street honors him whom Jefferson honored." On Third, at the courthouse, "No standing army" and "Resistance to Tyrants is obedience to God."

As the journey had taken all the morning the first thing on the program was dinner at eleven o'clock at the Swaynie House, whence later the distinguished guest was escorted to the "Common," east of St. Clair Street, where the soldiers had camped in 1812. It was there that General Harrison made a speech which, according to the accounts of that day, could be heard clear to the river and by an audience of not less than one hundred thousand people.

After the speech more presentations of banners and a plough from the Tippecanoe delegation with which Harrison was expected to "plough up the thistles and briars of the last administration." The ladies of the city presented a white silk banner painted by the artist, Charles Soule, but could not make the presentation speech themselves, so Judge Daniel Haynes came to their assistance. Not since then, until the Wright celebration, in 1909, has Dayton seen such a crowd and such wild enthusiasm. But the glory must go to the earlier date, not because the occasion was greater but because Dayton was smaller. Nothing that can ever happen here can mar the grandeur of the Harrison Campaign rally, nor equal the all-embracing hospitality of the little town.

Little has been said so far in these pages on the subject of education and schools, but that must not indicate that the parents and citizens of Dayton were blind to such needs. Earlier chapters told of Benjamin Van Cleve's school in the block house and this chapter with its lugubrious heading will be a good place to tell the school story and mitigate the horrors of "Politics and Pestilence." They might have epidemics both of cholera and politics but they never lost sight of the fact that the future of a community depends upon the education given to its children.

Conventions are thought-breeding and action-bearing occasions and one of them, a school convention, was what happened to Dayton in August, 1836, a noteworthy occasion because it brought an entirely new idea into the minds of citizens. This was no less than the plan of free public schools. Up to this time "dame schools" were carried on for the girls, and schools, taught by a man, for the boys, the expenses of both being paid by the parents. Now it seemed, from indications in the outside world, that the proper thing to do in a democracy like the United States was to install schools in buildings owned by the community, to employ teachers paid by the community, and make education absolutely free to every child no matter what the financial status of his parents. It was no less than revolutionary. Nevertheless, after three days spent in listening to distinguished school authorities, the convention not only advocated free schools but also the establishment of free normal schools that the cause of education might never lack trained teachers.

Among the attendants at this meeting was Rev. W. H. McGuffey, whose name will always be connected with a set of readers which he compiled and which were used for fifty years or more in the schools. These six readers, with their excerpts from the classics, are answerable for the first appreciation of real prose and poetry which many people had. In the dearth of libraries and book-stores, the McGuffey readers brought to the young people and to their parents as well the treasures of Shakespeare, Scott, Dickens and Tennyson.

The concrete results of this meeting may still be found in the pages of the "Dayton Journal" which gave a full report and its support to the school plan. Resolutions to the effect that such schools should be established, that normal schools should make teaching a real profession, that geology and physiology should be introduced into the curriculum, and that a periodical should be published called "The Teachers Magazine," will not make the impression now that they did then because now they are the veriest commonplaces. At that time, when teaching was a haphazard sort of profession which anybody could carry on provided he knew his A B C's, such pronouncements as came from this meeting were too advanced to be accepted without protest. The date should be remembered, it was August, 1836, ninety-five years ago, and it was the seed-planting of our Dayton Public School system.

To read of the efforts of our fellow-citizens of an earlier day towards the cultural things of life is touching and impressive. Far as they were from the sophisticated East, limited as they were for funds, burdened as they were with the hard conditions of living, these plain men took time from their absorbing duties and reached out for the higher things of life. They were not willing to live by bread alone, nor that their children should.

We have already told the story of that first library on its wooden shelves in the home of Benjamin Van Cleve. The books were paid for with coon skins and packed across the mountains on mule-back. Little by little, under the influence of the reading aristocracy of the little town, other collections of books were gathered and kept like the first one in private houses and circulated among the citizens. That they were treasures and constantly read goes without saying. One tangible result proved to be the Dayton Lyceum Association organized in 1833; its object was somewhat pompously proclaimed as, "the diffusion of knowledge and the promotion of sociability." Meetings were held every week "for lectures, essays and discussions of all subjects *except theology* and *the politics of the day*." There was no way, it is plain, to avoid having the literary programs degenerate into affrays ending in broken noses except by the wise provision "except theology and the politics of the day." This Lyceum lasted several years and was supplanted by the "Mechanics Institute" with its library (a combination of the scattered books) reading rooms and a course of lectures each winter.

H. G. Phillips, building at the time a three-story block on the corner of Main and Second streets, was much commended because he had especially planned a room for library purposes. One of the earliest impressions of the author is standing with her father in the middle of the biggest room she had ever seen and lined completely with books. It was described as being "elegantly and handsomely furnished, second to none in Ohio." An old cut published in the "Daily Gazette" May 27, 1854, shows impressive Corinthian columns, gilt chandeliers, book shelves, globes, reading tables, and six gentlemen all with their hats on. The implication of the latter point must not be lost. Reading was done by gentlemen in correct afternoon dress; those who lived on First and Second streets and elegant residential Jefferson, not by the Irish on the Commons south of town. Anyhow they justified their ornamental existence by taking "noblesse oblige" literally. They shared the little they had of leisure and the results of reading with their fellow-citizens, hats off!

Of this early library in the Phillips Building one thing may be certainly noted: The books were all good books—Shakespeare and Milton, Defoe, Hugo, Lamartine, Scott, Irving; there was history, essay and travel; but little fiction perhaps, for novels were looked at askance seventy-five years ago. One reader,* in a letter of October, 1854, says: "The Phillips Building is a fine block. I don't think it has its equal in Cleveland" (where he had come from). "Right across the hall from our office is the library room. I think I shall subscribe immediately; it is five dollars per year and six payments entitle one to a life ticket. . . . . They have a good supply of books, among them Miss Pardoe's Court of Louis Fourteenth."

As for the lectures which were given every winter in the Mechanics Institute, history fails to record them and the minutes are lost. But we know who could have given lectures, and interesting ones, too, on history, botany and ornithology, architecture and art; they were, for they were lovers and readers of books: John Van Cleve, Robert C. Schenck, Wilbur Conover, Peter Odlin, E. W. Davies, Robert A. Thruston, E. E. Barney, Charles Anderson, Judge Haynes, J. D. Phillips, Joseph H. Crane.

From this then magnificent beginning, the Dayton Library has progressed, first into the upper story of the City Hall, and then in 1888 to the center of Cooper Park, so that having been housed in its infancy under the roof of Benjamin Van Cleve it is in its maturity still under the spiritual charge of another of the pioneers who gave the ground on which it stands.

A great deal was made of the Fourth of July in the early years of Dayton. The "spirit of 76" was kept alive in very practical ways. Take the celebration of 1816 for an example. First they met and appointed a committee of arrangements, then they decided on somebody to be toastmaster, then they notified the "ladies" that their patriotic duties would include providing a big dinner. On this particular occasion Isaac Spining was president for the day, and Van Cleve read Washington's Farewell Address; patriotic toasts were offered and one hundred persons sat down to dinner. At four o'clock the ladies and gentlemen assembled "in the adjacent woods" (Perry Street, probably, considering the date. Ten years later it would have been Steele's Hill across the river) and had supper. A ball at Colonel Reid's Inn in the evening and vocal music at Mr. Bomberger's finished the perfect day. They took everything hard in those days. With the seriousness of children they perpetrated politics, religion and merry-making in a way that makes our modern activities seem tepid. Perhaps it was the way to make life worth while as they went along.

The thrilling news of the year 1823 is that the first menagerie came to town. It consisted of a moth-eaten African lion, a leopard in the same condition and an elephant. Some difficulty was experienced in finding a place to keep the elephant, he being too tall for the prevailing type of wood shed, so a barn was commandeered and the little boys saw the show without a ticket by peeping through knot holes. We hazard the guess that just as much of a show was the first camp meeting, for a thousand persons were in attendance and there were many baptisms in the river. Real shows, that is the theatre, were not yet a part of Dayton's recreational interests but the beginning of such was probably the "elegant comedy called "Matrimony" which the paper announced "would be performed at the home of William Huffman on St. Clair Street. Tickets fifty cents." April 22, 1816.

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*Dr. J. C. Reeve.

This same year we find listed on the City Council the names of D. C. Cooper, Joseph Peirce, H. G. Phillips, O. B. Conover and George Grove. In 1817 the Sunday School Association, the first religious organization not a church, was organized by the Rev. Bacchus Wilbur, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. Mr. Wilbur was a very prominent and popular preacher, so much so that there were quite a number of babies named after him, most of whom for reasons of their own, dropped the given name in adult life. The dues of this organization were twenty-five cents a year, and the roll held such well known names as Mrs. J. H. Crane, Mrs. W. R. S. Ayres, Mrs. Hannah George, Joseph Peirce, Sarah Bomberger.

In 1821 a severe fever, perhaps an exaggerated type of the malaria which had so discouraged the first dwellers in Dayton, made its appearance in Dayton in epidemic form, and among those who were carried to the Fifth Street graveyard were Joseph Peirce and that stalwart defender of Dayton's prosperity, Benjamin Van Cleve.

That this narrative is not carried on with strict observance of chronology the reader is of course aware. The object is, however, not to keep strictly to the course of the years but to present a picture of life as it was, that those whose ancestors were responsible for Dayton may know how and why they did it.

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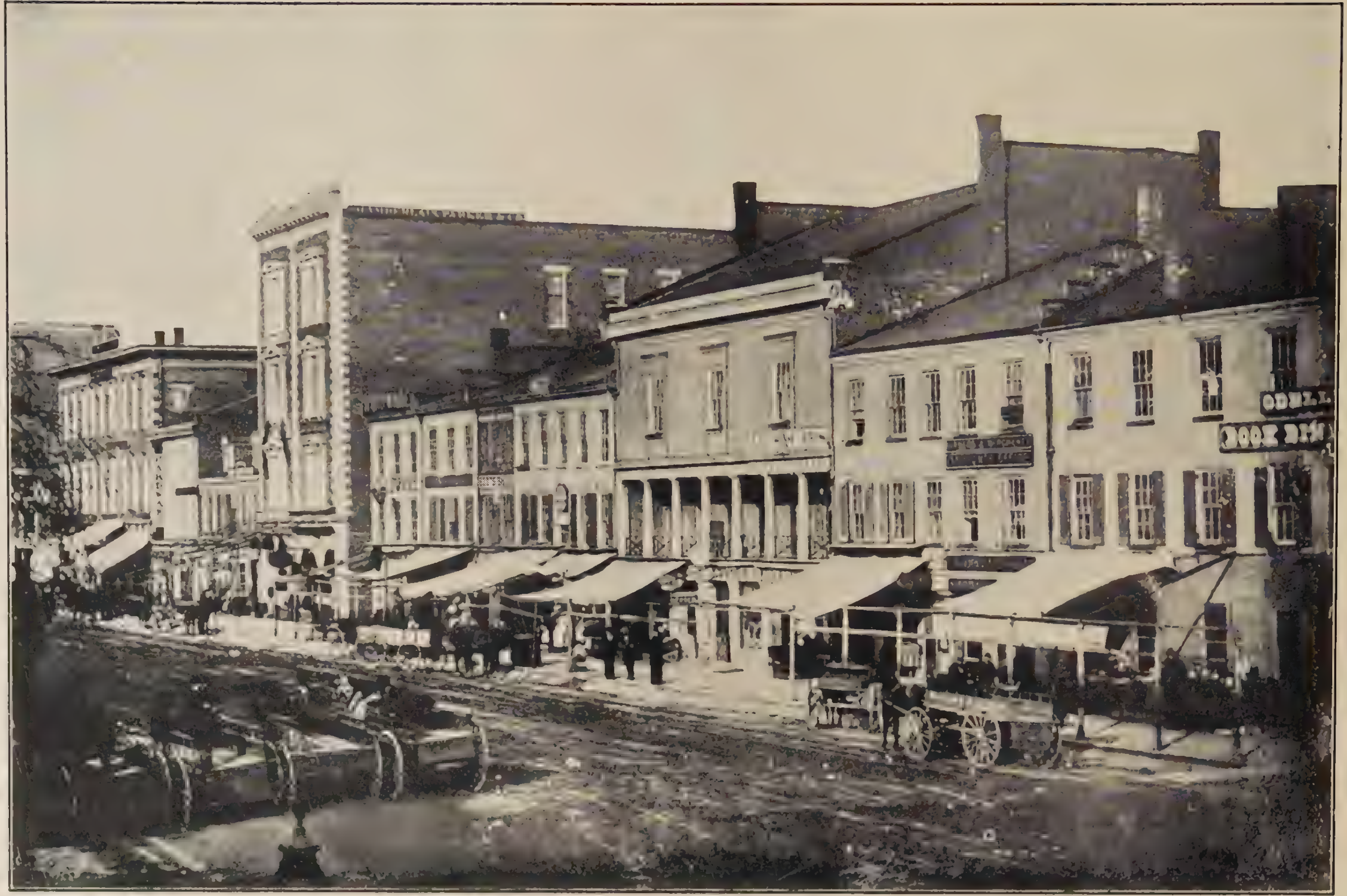


EAST SIDE OF MAIN STREET, FROM THIRD TO SECOND, LOOKING NORTH, IN 1850

CHAPTER VI.

THE EARLY F. F. D.'S.

It is said that history and biography are one; that the life of an individual is the narrative of the times in which he lived. If this be true of the large general things it is no less true of our city of Dayton. More than in most places the citizen made the town; one cannot write of one without the other.

Therefore it seems high time to introduce the reader to some of the First Families of Dayton. First in occupation, first in constructive ability and first in ambition for the town they had founded. But we must hasten to say that space denies the mention of all, or of a half, or even of anything but a partial minority. In this chapter will be considered only those who came here in the first two decades, from 1796 to 1816, and of these merely the most outstanding individuals—the ones except for whose personal service Dayton would have perished from off the earth. Those who are interested to find a full list may consult John F. Edgar in whose "Pioneer Life in Dayton" are many interesting details of the first families. Mary D. Steele in her "Early Dayton" goes further into facts regarding pioneers.

Benjamin Van Cleve will easily head the list of the F. F. D.'s on all three counts, for he was almost the first if not the very first to set foot on our shores; he devoted his whole life to furthering Dayton projects, and his loyalty was never questioned. It is impossible to write a page about the first Dayton years and leave him out. No one merited more than he the name "pioneer." A boy of ten when his father drove the family wagon over the mountains on all but impassable roads, the wheels lurching in and out of the half-frozen mud-holes, reaching frontier taverns with exhausted horses and frost-bitten children to find every bed full and obliged to sleep in the wagon. . . . Benjamin Van Cleve certainly knew what privation was. A boy of twelve, looking from their cabin door on the farm lot near Cincinnati, he saw a savage dart from the underbrush, scalp and kill his father who was ploughing. . . . Van Cleve knew what terror was. A stripling of fifteen, when the flat-boat reached the bank at the head of Main Street, Dayton, and he clambered up the dirt slope, he knew what adventure was in search of a home. Taking his father's place as best he could with his mother and the younger children, hewing trees, hunting game for food, Van Cleve knew what self-discipline was. Self-taught he must have been, for there were few schools and no time for schooling in his crowded life. Yet he stood always for the higher things and quoted the classics. His various activities from first to last would make a stirring book. He was schoolmaster, as we know, county surveyor and engineer; was appointed by the President of the United States to explore and mark out a road from the Miami to the Western Reserve; a faithful diarist almost to the point of an historian; assistant to his uncle who was quartermaster in St. Clair's Army (at fifteen dollars a month) during which time he was sent to the War Department at Philadelphia with important secret dispatches (and allowed forty dollars for his personal expenses during a whole winter). It is told of him that during this, his first trip to the eastern coast, he found time to read everything he could lay his hands on and bought twenty-five volumes out of his own scanty sources. How many of those books found their way onto the shelves of that first public library of Dayton would be interesting to know.

This entry in his diary makes Benjamin Van Cleve our historical if not legal ancestor.

> April 1 1796. Landed at Dayton after a passage of ten days William Gahagan and myself having ccmc from Cincinnati with the Thompsons and McClure's families in a large pirogue.

Bad luck came his way at first. He spent twenty dollars for a cow and it died. He gave eighty dollars for a yoke of oxen and one of them was shot. He farmed a whole year and at the end of it was forty dollars in debt. He raised a good crop of corn but it was destroyed. (Flood?) So when orders came to survey the United States Military lands between the Scioto and the Muskingum rivers with Israel Ludlow he was glad of the chance to go. The weather was bitter cold and game hard to shoot because the crusted snow left no traces; for five whole days they had but four meals and those scanty, no bread at all. The expedition over, Van Cleve was glad to get back to civilization which was Dayton. His bad luck was waiting for him there in the shape of rheumatic fever contracted while digging a sawmill pit for D. C. Cooper. Thereafter we know what his life was—storekeeper, postmaster, schoolteacher, hunter, librarian, promoter of frontier welfare and commercial prospects. Outside of his home town Van Cleve was clerk of the first Legislature. In 1896 twenty-nine persons of various degrees of consanguinity could be counted in Dayton and neighboring communities as descendants in direct line from Benjamin Van Cleve.

At the intersection of Main Street and Brown, now called Far Hills Avenue, there stands a relic of one of our most influential First Families of Dayton. It is the original home of Colonel Robert Patterson whose migration with family and flocks and herd from Kentucky into Ohio we have already chronicled. The cabin, built of logs hewn by the owner himself was to be the home of his bride, Elizabeth Lindsay, when he brought her out from her Pennsylvania home into the wilderness. Twenty years ago it was discovered by the writer in an obscure backyard in Lexington, Kentucky, being used as a tool-house but keeping its identity as the first house built in that city and the home of its founder, Robert Patterson. His grandson, John H. Patterson, had it removed and brought to Dayton where it probably will remain for the rest of its existence. It was built in 1787. The land it now occupies is a part of the original grant and has changed hands only once in a hundred and thirty-six years, from D. C. Cooper to Robert Patterson, thence to the Patterson heirs.

Its original owner being a "F. F. Lexington" became on his arrival a "F. F. Dayton." Although no longer a young man he transferred his interest from the roads, schools, libraries, tree-planting in Lexington to similar activities in Dayton. It was in the nature of a personal celebration when the Patterson family one summer afternoon in 1829, went down to the canal bank near their home to watch the first boat go by. Their father was not with them for he had passed away two years before, but so valiantly had he worked for the canal that it seemed his own accomplishment and his noblest monument.

Robert Patterson lived in Dayton from 1804, when he came, to 1827, when he died, and all those years participated in promoting everything from gristmills to church and library. On his farm land now stands the huge factory for the manufacture of cash registers. His descendants are Mrs. Julia Patterson Crane, Frederick Beck Patterson, Mrs. Dorothy Patterson Judah, Mrs. Roger Woodhull, Mrs. Caroline Patterson Bush, Jefferson Patterson, Mrs. Mary Patterson Davidson, Robert Patterson and family, Robert Dun Patterson, Jefferson Patterson Crane, and Joseph Halsey Crane.

The leading name in Dayton during its first years was that of George Newcom who piloted one of the parties from Cincinnati to Dayton in 1796. He built his cabin on the southwest corner of Main Street and Monument Avenue, and later replaced it with a stout two-story structure, how stout may still be seen by one who is curious enough to visit it in its hale old age as it stands on the bank of the river, a monument both outside and in to the brave and hard working pioneers. It is a monument also to the loyalty of that almost forgotten organization, the Dayton Historical Society, which rescued it from the destructive axe of a contractor, stripped off its plebian sheathing of clapboards, restored its ancient log walls to view and moved it to a location where it would never be disturbed. The renewal of interest in our town history aroused by the celebration of our centennial in 1896, brought from remote garrets some of the original furniture and implements that had been used in the Newcom Tavern a century before, and placed them in the cabin where they still remain recalling to the vision of today the primitive life of our forefathers.

Up to 1805 Dayton lacked a lawyer. Circuit judges came and went, trying cases in the Newcom Tavern, but a lawyer of her own she never had until Joseph H. Crane, a boy of twenty-one, but already admitted to the New Jersey bar, came to Dayton. He and his descendants must surely be counted among the early F. F. D.'s for, in 1809, he was elected to the Ohio Legislature, served in the War of 1812, was made prosecuting attorney in 1813, and judge in 1817. Like other citizens of that time, he contributed to the cultural advantages of the town, was on the committee to buy the first books for the public library and it is said he would not yield to the popular demand for light literature but purchased only the best. He took his place at the head of his profession and gathered around him men that acknowledged him as leader. It was said that, more than any other, Judge Crane molded the character and directed the ambitions of young lawyers, so that the spirit of integrity came to be a characteristic of the Dayton bar. Of this early group of lawyers many took foremost places; Charles Anderson became Governor of Ohio, four were judges, two members of Congress and ten of the Ohio Legislature. Forty years ago Mary Steele wrote that "Dayton received an impetus in the right direction from the cultivated and far-sighted men who came during the first ten or twelve years of the town's history which is felt at the present time." That declaration is as true now as when it was written.

The Steeles were F. F. D.'s from the beginning. James Steele, having come from Kentucky in 1805, was another of those public-spirited pioneers who gave time and labor and money to schools, libraries and churches. What they once called the "new" Presbyterian Church, erected in 1839, was due largely to his efforts. He was associate judge of Montgomery County, and for four years a member of the Ohio Senate. When his friend, Henry Clay, ran for the Presidency, James Steele was one of the electors of the State of Ohio. From 1815 to 1822, he was first director and then president of that first bank in Dayton, on North Main Street, since demolished to make way for the Steele High School. This bank under his leadership had the honor of being one of only three banks in the United States to continue to pay specie to its depositors during the financial panic of 1837.

The name Peirce is so interwoven in the early days with that of Steele that they can scarcely be considered apart. Connected by both marriage and business, both families contributed much that was valuable to our community. The Peirces were of Quaker stock and carried out to the letter the principles of plain living and high thinking. Joseph, the progenitor of all this large relationship, was born in Rhode Island and brought as a child of two to Marietta with his father, who was aide-de-camp to General Horatio Gates in the Revolutionary War. The boy spent his childhood in the stockades which in those days were the only safe dwellings for mothers and babies.

In 1805 Joseph Peirce came to Dayton and entered into partnership with James Steele, a connection which endured throughout his long life. The store was on the corner of First and Main; in it was kept a miscellaneous stock of wearing apparel, farm utensils, dishes and food supplies. Large orders were shipped by the firm to the army in the War of 1812, for the liquidating of which the government took its time, being like the individual of that day, chronically hard up.

Mr. Peirce was president of the Dayton Bank. He fell a victim to a mysterious fever which was prevalent in 1821. Two sons survived him, Joseph C. and J. H. The first married Louise Smith and died without issue. The second married twice into the Bruen family. The children are all gone; grandchild surviving is: Elliott; great-grandchildren: J. P. Davies, Mrs. George Wood, Mrs. Coolidge, Mrs. Morrison, and Mary Frances Peirce.

The Peirces bring us by natural transition to the Bruen family with whom they are so closely connected. Luther Bruen was known for two things, his skill as a surveyor and engineer and his strong sentiment against slavery. Happening to be in Yellow Springs, in 1804, he stopped on his way through Dayton to Cincinnati to pay his respects to his uncle, Isaac Spining. Here he met pleasant relatives and saw good prospects in the new town. He made shoes for the whole family, that being his métier, and from the family branched out to the general public, built a store, worked hard, laid up money, and by 1810 had bought a large tract of land across the river. The Peirces bought property in the same neighborhood and friendships followed.

Luther Bruen was a fanatic on the subject of the abolition of slavery, a most unpopular subject with public feeling mounting on both sides of the question. It was a time of free opinions freely expressed, sometimes in harder things than words. An abolitionist was in danger of physical violence from people who did not respect the Quaker position. Luther Bruen built a meetinghouse where he induced radical speakers to come and discourse, at the risk of their skins, sometimes, if not of their lives. He taught and preached the sin of one man holding another in bondage. The incident of the arrest and subsequent self-destruction of Black Ben has already been told. This was the impetus that abolitionism needed in Dayton, and following it we find a notice in a Dayton paper calling those who believed that slavery should be abolished to meet with Luther Bruen at the meetinghouse on Main Street below Fourth and organize into an Anti-Slavery Society. The end of this story is the Civil War but, twenty years before it broke out, Luther Bruen, having done his bit, was dead of the cholera which swept over Dayton in 1842. Daniel C. Cooper, who belongs chronologically in this connection, has already been treated in a previous chapter, but he was not the only early local patriot from whom the young town benefited. There was, for instance, Horatio G. Phillips from New Jersey, whom Cooper induced to try his fortunes in the growing frontier city of Dayton, and who did come, in 1805, bringing with him the gifts of business enterprise, civic acumen and social prestige. He married Eliza Smith Houston and brought her *via* horseback through Pennsylvania, by flat-boat from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati and wagon to Dayton, the standard wedding trip for all those early brides. Mr. Phillips was wise in the choice of both his wife and his business partners. She gave to the little community the grace and culture of her personality, and her granddaughters and great-granddaughters still rise up and call her blessed.

His business associates were Alexander Grimes, Daniel Beckel and Samuel Edgar. The contributions of this far-sighted trio to Dayton were the founding of the first Dayton bank, the promotion of the Dayton Hydraulic Company, the establishment of the village of Alexandersville, named after one of the partners, and the promotion of various extensive business interests all up and down the valley. The children of Horatio Phillips were Jonathan Dickinson, who married Luciana Greene; Elizabeth (Mrs. Worthington); and Mariana (first Mrs. Robert Thruston, afterwards Mrs. John G. Lowe). From one generation to another the members of the family have been ornaments to the life of the city. The son, J. D. Phillips, followed in his father's footsteps; a man of culture and taste, he was as generous as he was socially delightful and his gifts to public things were known to only a few friends. The first public library was especially indebted to him for its housing in the "new" Phillips block on the corner of Main and Second streets. The Phillips House was built by him and named in honor of his father. It was for eighty years the center of social and business life in Dayton and the best hotel in this part of Ohio. It is now destroyed. J. D. Phillips had one son, Horace, and four daughters: Mrs. A. D. McCook, Mrs. J. P. Davies, Mrs. J. Harrison Hall and Miss Sophie Phillips. All are now deceased. Mrs. Kathleen McCook Craighead, J. P. Davies, the Misses Alice, Eliza and Agnes Hall are grandchildren; Mrs. Katherine Houk Talbott and her nine children, and their twenty-eight children, are third and fourth generation descendants of the Phillips family.

One cannot think of banking and business interests in Dayton in the early years and not recall the name of Jonathan Harshman. He also was an 1805 settler who purchased forty acres in Mad River Township where he proceeded to erect on the banks of that stream a flour mill and a distillery, one in those days being just as legitimate and respectable as the other. He accumulated great wealth, and his eight sons and daughters, who invariably lived in the biggest houses in the town, were wont to recall that their father hung the door of his first cabin home himself and put in one four-light window. His later home, which was a palatial one, and his mills formed what is still known as Harshmanville. Mrs. Harshman was Joanne Rench, the sister of his partner, John Rench, and his children were Elizabeth (Mrs. Huston); Catherine (Mrs. Valentine Winters); Jonathan, who married Abigail Hiveling; Mary (Mrs. George Gorman); Joseph, married Caroline Protzman; George, married Ann Rohrer; Susannah (Mrs. Daniel Beckel); and Reuben D., married Mary Protzman. From this union are all the Renchs, the Winters, the Beckels, the Hivelings, the Hustons and the Huffmans.

Abram Darst was another 1805 settler, coming from Virginia, who built his home on the west side of Main Street on the site of the Rike-Kumler store on a lot for which he paid Benjamin Van Cleve seventy-five dollars. Here he carried on a successful business for many years. His children were ten: Julia (Mrs. James Perrine); Christina (Mrs. William B. Dix); Mary (Mrs. Jacob Wilt); Sarah (Mrs. W. C. Davis); Martha (Mrs. George M. Dixon); Napoleon, married Susannah Winters; Phoebe, and John. Abram Darst's descendants have also multiplied and replenished the earth to good purpose, their names being Perrine, Barney, Dixon, Wilt, Dix, Bimm, Shaw, &c.

Among the first, if not the very first, ministers who came to Dayton was Dr. James Welsh, who was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, also practicing physician, and kept the only drug store. There was room enough for all three occupations in 1804. On Sunday he preached and on week-days he administered "Yellow bark, oil of vitriol, paregorick, Venue turpentine, and polypodium—a famous worm medicine purchased by the late King of France," as his advertisement stated it, to his parishioners. Dr. Welsh was also a public-spirited man and had a hand in most of the advanced measures intended to make Dayton a rival of the big cities in the east. He imagined that growing real estate necessities would make a suburb advisable and so he laid out one to the north and west of the city and called it Dayton View. A ferry was also established by him from the foot of Salem Avenue to the end of First Street, but the public never believed in such radical adventures and rejected all inducements to go so far out to live. In 1821 Dr. Welsh applied to the court to vacate his plot. He was one of the incorporators of the Old Academy, the first school for boys in Dayton. He and Dr. John Elliot who succeeded him were both retired army surgeons. Both seemed to have some of the difficulties of a later day, as witness a notice which appeared not once but several times in the local press of that day.

> I must pay my debts. To do this is impracticable unless those who are indebted to me pay me what they owe. All such are once more for the last time called on to come forward and make payment before the 25th of March next, or disagreeable as it is, compulsory measures may certainly be expected. Signed,
>
> James Welsh.

In our enumeration of the very earliest settlers we must not forget those who bought land west of town, far out in the country it was at the time, now the busy section of Dayton known as the West Side. The three outstanding names were Isaac Spining, William King and John Harbert Williams, all Presbyterians who helped build and foster the church when it was a log cabin on the corner of Third and Main and after it was removed to the corner of Second and Ludlow. All bought large farms which have long since been swallowed up into city streets. In 1803 Isaac Spining was appointed one of the two first associate judges in Ohio. Like most of the professional men of that time he combined law and business, being another of the adventurous voyagers who made the journey to New Orleans with a load of flour, only having more initiative than others he took his flour around the coast to Boston because he could not get the price he wanted in New Orleans. Three granddaughters are the only surviving descendants of Isaac Spining: Miss Bessie Mulford, the Misses Emma and Margaret Stewart.

John Harbert Williams was a strong force in building up the West Side. His descendants are Mrs. John H. Campbell, Miss Nancy Williams and Fowler Smith and family.

William King, another of those who came up from Kentucky because he was opposed to slavery, arrived in Dayton in the spring of 1801 and began his career by joining the Presbyterian Church. With a strong streak of the Covenanter in his disposition he maintained to the last of his life, which was a little less than one hundred years, the principles of temperance and uncompromising morality. His descendants bear the names of Osborne, King, Scott, and Brenneman and only a great-granddaughter, Marian E. Brenneman, survives.

Among the western bound adventurers from New Jersey was a young man named Obadiah Burlew Conover. He came from Monmouth County, New Jersey, near Middlepoint, the same part of the State that the Schencks came from (populated in the beginning straight from Amsterdam), where half the stones in the graveyard are marked "Conover" and the other half "Cooven-hooven" that being the Dutch version of the name. The Schencks and the Cooven-hoovens intermarried, both in Holland and in New Jersey.

It was either in 1810 or 1812, the records differ, that Obadiah Conover alighted from a horse on Main Street and became a first citizen. He had learned the trade of blacksmithing, that being a most necessary craft in a frontier post, but also he planned to carry on a shop for the manufacture of ploughs, wagons, and other farm necessities.

Looking about him for a location, he thought he saw a good one, how good he did not know. It was on the southeast corner of Third and Main opposite where they were planning to build a courthouse. He purchased, supposedly of D. C. Cooper, the solid quarter of the block bounded by Main, Jefferson, Third and Fourth, and built a shop on the corner and a house back in the lot. It was a log house and a log shop.

The first step toward business was to make a surface on the quagmire that Main Street became when it rained, in order that horses could come up and be shod. Some time in the 'eighties when excavations were going on for the installation of a sewer system the workmen disclosed a quantity of walnut logs far below the surface which were laid down in the second decade of the last century by Obadiah Conover and sundry fellow-citizens who wished to improve the commercial facilities of the town.

In time the two buildings, the shop and the house, were changed to the more fashionable clapboard finish, and then property values increasing the residence was changed to Fifth Street. The store prospered and was rebuilt two stories high with a board awning, as pictured in Howe's "History of Ohio." This old wood-cut shows the sign Keifer and Conover, for at that time, the stock had expanded to include groceries and dry goods. It was by that time (1843) a son, Harvey Conover, a partner with Daniel Keifer (the father of Mrs. John Stoddard), who together conducted the store. In the 'fifties the frame store was replaced by a dignified four-story brick building which was for fifty years the center of things in business Dayton. The leading law offices were under its roof, principal among them being the firm of Schenck and Conover, afterwards Conover and Craighead.

In the old store, as a part of the regular stock in trade, was a cellar full of kegs of whiskey and, even when Conover's became the leading general store, there was always a jug of the beverage on the counter at the back where customers were wont to refresh themselves in the interims of business. Whiskey was a common table beverage and not confined to meal times. Every farmer had a still and old wood-cuts in the Dayton papers of that day called attention to the fact that they were made and for sale, like ordinary utensils, on the corner where the Phillips House was afterwards built.

In 1827 the temperance question began to be agitated for the first time in the community. Obadiah Conover was a man of strong convictions and a Presbyterian conscience. He believed that an honest man should live up to his principles. If whiskey was the bad thing it was represented to be (and of its evil effects he could not doubt), then it must go. So, ignoring the loss of profit involved, he had the kegs brought up, the bungs drawn and every gallon emptied into the deep gutters on the corner of the street. Years later when this moral hero had been sleeping under his monument in Woodland for over half a century there came up the question of renting a storeroom in the building for saloon purposes. Recalling this story of her grandfather, one of the heirs declared that this incident placed the stamp of total abstinence upon the property and that if ever a saloon be allowed under that roof the name "Conover Building" should be given up. It did not get in but other influences did, namely commercial changes. The building was sold during the first years of the present century, another built, which bore another name, and that of Conover, which had been associated for ninety years with the corner of Third and Main was lost forever.

All through the years when Obadiah Conover lived and did business in Dayton, he took his place as an ardent Presbyterian and upholder of the Old First Church. His name will be found on the records of the schools, the library, the Sunday school and other public matters.

He married a daughter of John Miller, who came to Dayton in 1799, and had three sons and two daughters: Obadiah M., Wilbur B., and Harvey; Harriet (Mrs. Hiram Strong); and Martha (Mrs. Collins Wight).

Descendants of Obadiah Conover at present living in Dayton are: Mrs. Hannah Strong Frank, Alfred Swift Frank, Mrs. Fowler Smith, and Collins Wight.

The contrast between the business section of today and that of the early years of the last century is to be found in a yellowing letter written in June, 1829, by John Van Cleve to Samuel Bacon. After some social gossip about the latest engagements he goes on to say:

> If you were dropped down in Dayton you would hardly know it. Great improvement is going on. The streets are all busy, drays running, hammer and trowel sounding, canal boat horns blowing, stages flying—everybody doing something. The corporation has gravelled nearly all the streets in town and are now about erecting a new market house on Main street opposite Obadiah Conover's store. (Across Market Street that is—building still standing. Ed.) The first idea was to build the market house in the middle of Main

street. I did not like that so well. I am sorry to see Main street have anything in it which will obstruct the view.

Property is selling very high. A third of an acre at the head of the canal basin sold for $2920. The corner of Fifth and Brown streets was divided into twenty-seven building lots and sold for $220. The three lots behind the Presbyterian church (property afterward owned and occupied by Simon Gebhart, Lewis B. Gunckel, Martha Perrine and Chas. E. Pease) sold for $1800.

If the "dropping down into Dayton" could be put back just one hundred years and made operative on the writer of this letter and the recipient, would they "hardly know it?" We think not.

CHAPTER VII.

THE 'FORTIES AND THE 'FIFTIES.

In 1840 Dayton boasted only a little over six thousand people. Considering the meagre population they succeeded in getting a good deal of interest, not to say excitement, out of life. First there was the Harrison campaign, the story of which somehow wandered into a chapter previous to this. Then the Clay campaign, more cholera, church revivals, and the deep and growing public occupation with the question of the abolition of slavery. Those who think that prohibition makes hot-headed adherents, and the opposite, should read what they thought in the 'forties about abolition. Even now, a ninety-year-old issue, the name has, to ears who first hear it, a sinister sound. A church in Dayton who brought an abolitionist from the east to preach on the sin of men keeping their brothers in bondage was as nearly wrecked as vigorous hands could do it. The stove was jerked out, the pulpit hacked and even the Bible torn to pieces. Threats were made that every speaker on that subject would receive the same treatment; notwithstanding which threat, or maybe on account of it, Rev. Thomas E. Thomas came up from Hamilton and in the most prominent place Dayton offered him, the courthouse steps, denounced the sin of slavery. He was rotten-egged by the crowd and felt like what indeed he was, a modern martyr. It was the old conflict still going on under other names, the conflict between the rights of humanity and the rights of property. The slaves were property; to suggest freeing them was to interfere with personal possessions, which has always inflamed human passions.

Dr. Hibbard Jewett was one of the most uncompromising abolitionists of those heated years and in a letter to James Steele, then State Senator, he asks his assistance to obtain redress by an act of Legislature which would compel the corporation of Dayton to pay for the damage caused by the mob to his premises. He says:

> I, for the sin of lodging Dr. Birney (a noted abolitionist speaker) had my house assailed, my windows broken, my family and furniture bespattered with rotten eggs and my life threatened in case I should ever shelter him again or any other lecturer.

One visitor whom they did not stone was the Honorable John Quincy Adams, a guest of Dayton in 1843 and welcomed by a committee to whom he replied in a speech of thanks from the balcony of the National Hotel on Third Street.

Small items in the press of that day reveal to us the smallness and frugality of the town. The mayor received a salary of a hundred and fifty dollars a year. The total amount of the school fund was $2,482; it was used for the upkeep of four schools, two in school buildings and two in rented rooms. The first school board was composed of four members, Robert W. Steele, E. W. Davies, Ebenezer Fowler and Wm. J. McKinney.

There was a flood in 1847. Of course there would be a flood. The river broke at Bridge Street (Stratford Avenue) where the levee that Cooper had had constructed was weakened by the habit of the citizens of scraping dirt from its inner surface to fill up their lots or holes in the streets. It happened in the middle of the night, fortunately moonlight, and people opened their houses to receive those whom the water had rendered temporarily homeless. Following the catastrophe we read indignant denials in the papers that the damage had been anywhere near as great as was computed by ignorant and jealous outsiders; that whereas it had been put at a million dollars, it really would not exceed five thousand, all told, and that merely for spoiled carpets and furniture.

We read of a meeting in the City Hall which was "literally jammed," the occasion being, according to the "Journal," "to encourage the enrollment of volunteers for the war with Mexico." For the politicians at Washington were at their old tricks of fomenting trouble between us and our neighbors. Nine companies were formed in Dayton and started out for the scene of the fray in a canal boat, a large crowd being gathered at the Basin to see them off. It was an iniquitous war, if ever there was one, and is generally so conceded by all honest historians. Thomas H. Benton offered a resolution in Congress calling attention to the fact that the annexation of a certain portion of Mexican territory to the United States as contemplated by the treaty of Texas, would be a "direct act of aggression on Mexico for all the consequences of which the United States would have to stand responsible." It is an honor to be remembered that our representatives both in the Senate and the House were opposed to the war and upheld the Benton bill. They were the Hon. Thomas Corwin and the Hon. Robert C. Schenck, the latter one of our bravest generals in the Civil War.

Once in a while we get, thanks to the painstaking care of family descendants, a personal account of an epoch which beats mere official history hollow. The present instance is that of an exuberant girl of seventeen who lived on Main Street on the present site of Rike's store and whose brother was a student at Gambier College. He was Samuel Darst and she, Martha Jane Darst, afterwards became Mrs. George Dixon. She says she "loved to write" and it is fortunate for us that she did, because in her weekly letters to her brother we get a picture that it is to be surmised nowhere else exists of a cross section of life in Dayton. Public happenings, family news, the weather, the latest styles, what "gentleman" called on her and how late he stayed, election returns, the Mexican War, rumors of engagements, picnics on the canal, all was grist to her facile mill. Her letters punctuated the months of 1844, 1845 and 1846, and she promises her brother that as soon as the postage gets down to five cents she will write him every day. Dayton was either very gay or very dull according to how many days passed without a party.

Dayton is very gay but I don't know how long it will last. On Tuesday was the grand Clifton picnic. Our streets were filled with buggies, carriages and rockaways from seven till nine. The National turned out its loafers by the dozen. All the First Street girls were there of course; the Misses Nesbit, Smith, Phillips, Morrison, Judkins and Miss Darst—Julia I mean. They stayed all night in Springfield and came home Wednesday morning at ten oclock. It was a great day and will long be remembered in the annals of Dayton.

Today the military companies have a grand parade. I hear them out in front of the house now. Oh. There they go! Oh, how beautiful Captain Bomberger's company looks in its new uniforms of the "Blues" with their white pants and blue coats.

(By the kindness of Reuben Harshman:)

They are going to begin a new front to our bridge in a week or two and fix it so horses if they get frightened wont fall over the bank as a fine horse and wagon did last week.

We have a new regulation about our bell. I think the people must like to hear it ring for it rings at five and seven and at six and nine in the evening and at twelve and one in the middle of the day. It rings in the morning for the benefit of the mechanics for they all work on the ten hour system and the bell is to warn them when to commence and when to quit their work.

(Since she writes of the bridge and the bell both in the singular it must mean that in the forties there was only one of each in Dayton—the Main Street river bridge and the First Presbyterian bell.—Ed.)

We are going to send you some pantaloons and some neck handkerchiefs. I suppose when you first see them you will not like them but I assure you they are the most fashionable goods worn this summer. Mother says you will have to get along without boots. We are also going to send you a pair of rubbers but they are not to be worn in the house, only for out of doors.

I never saw so much interest in any election before. The evening the returns came in there were bonfires at every corner and the street looked as bright as sunlight and the shouting and hurrahing from both parties made sleep impossible. . . . All the talk is of the war and there is nothing else heard. News came this morning to the companies that they must march right off. . . . A great many have volunteered, the fife and drum is heard from every quarter. I declare it makes one heart-sick to think how many young men must go and the anxiety that only half may return.

This philosophical remark did not prevent the next statement, which was:

Brother has just come home to say there will be war for certain. Hurrah for America! I say.

I suppose you have heard of all the fires we have been having. The latest was the ten-pin alley but the people are so much opposed to ten-pins that they would not turn out as they generally do at a fire.

The Whigs had quite a jollification last night. There were a thousand in the procession, marched over to French-town where they were addressed by Charles Anderson. They had splendid transparencies. One was a coon eating up a rooster with a motto "He crowed too soon." Another, "Louisiana, Whig to the core." You know all this fuss is about the Louisiana election. . . . They sent to Cincinnati for six hundred torches but were disappointed in getting them, but they had fire-balls flying in every direction, tar barrels burning at the corners of the streets and the Dayton band out. The Transcript and Journal offices splendidly illuminated. . . . The procession marched through the principal streets and stopped at the Court House where our white-headed senator (? Ed.) gave them a splendid speech. The whole concluded by some fine songs. The nearer election comes the more enthusiasm there is.

(This with a date in February.) The weather for the last three weeks has been delightful, the streets filled with ladies without shawls and carrying sunshades. The ladies look quite dashing these days in their cross-barred coats and white hats with feathers which are all the rage. . . . The ladies walk out without their shawls just as if it were springtime. The fashion now is to have the bonnets very short and tipped over on the face and the hair in "coon tails" hanging out from under the bonnet. I have mine arranged so. But I suppose you wont care about this.

Yesterday a large picnic came off at Ludlow Falls attended by the "white hat gentry" as we call them, from the white fur hats they wear.

(Hoops! tippets! little bonnets and the men in white beaver hats! Oh! shades of Godey's Lady's Book! Ed.)

We are sending you two pairs of pantaloons but cannot tell if they will fit. We hope the fine cashmere ones will. Mother says the laundress must not wash them in soft soap or they will shrink. . . .

Last night they had a learned pig performance in the hall and I will send you a bill of the performance. The young folks talk of nothing else. Brother went to Yellow Springs yesterday. He thinks it must be nearly equal to Niagara Falls.

Parties given by the gentlemen are all the rage now. Several have been given under the title "Bachelors Ball." . . . Alexander Gebhart went east last night to be married to a Miss Snyder of Somerset, Pa. It is also said that the great beau, Mr. Craighead, is engaged to his cousin in Pa. What has got into the men of our city to get their wives in the East? It shows very bad taste I think for certainly the Dayton girls cannot be beat.

Went down to the boat to meet sister and a party going from Toledo to Nashville.

Mr. Barney has begun his school; there are twelve scholars, eight of them boarders. . . . . I have received two philopena presents, one of them Young's Night Thoughts, beautifully bound. . . . We are having a great time about politics. The Whigs have a meeting to nominate a candidate for squire. I suppose you know the "Transcript" has come out Whig. Father would never look at it before but as soon as he saw it had changed he subscribed right off.

(The following passage shows what people went through in pre-vaccination days. Ed.)

I suppose you have heard of the melancholy death of P. B. in Cincinnati. He died of the small-pox, the worst case in the fifteen hundred that are down, the doctors said. His mother went down two weeks before he died and waited upon him. He was put in the third story of the house with no one near him but his mother and a colored man who had had the small-pox. She had to pay three dollars a day for help and was not allowed to leave the room even after he died. She had to dress him put him in the coffin and screw the lid down herself.

He was blind and deaf all the time but when he could speak he implored his mother not to cease praying for him. He was buried two hours after he died.

An accident this morning created great excitement. A little boy, one of a party of movers was thrown off a cart full of things and the cart ran over the boys chest in front of Smiths Tavern. He was badly hurt but his parents put him in the wagon and drove off.

Maria Demorest and Dan Mead "Launched their bark in the sea of matrimony" last Tuesday night. I was there. It was large and pleasant. The bride dressed in white satin and (as all brides do) looked lovely; her husband (as all husbands do) not so well. They did not follow the usual custom but like sensible people stayed at home.

Bony (her brother Bonaparte Darst) was in Cincinnati last week and brought me a splendid silk dress for a present. He paid $19.75 for it.

Plenty of fun here as usual. We have in existence now a little one-horse theatre in the City Hall, admission twenty-five cents. It is crowded with the "lower crust" every night, . . . The Virginia Minstrels have been exciting our easily-excited community with their "Lucy Lang." The elite of our city were there, all the ladies and gentlemen but sad to relate it proved to be so vulgar that it put all the ladies to the blush and some of them sneaked home, so I heard. I was not there myself.

May 9th, 1846: The river is higher than for ten or twelve years. About a thousand people have been watching it today (Sunday). McPhersontown (Riverdale) is almost completely covered so that all on that side of the river have moved out, some at two oclock in the morning. They take their things in canoes from their doors. Mr. Tate has had one hundred men working hard all day trying to keep the race bridge and head-gates from giving way. If they go his mill will be carried entirely off. (Junction of Riverview and Forest avenues. Ed.) then he will be a ruined man. About an hour ago I heard it would be impossible to keep the head-gates from giving way (Steele's Dam). I tell you it looks frightful up there. One of the long bridges this side of Troy had floated off. A stage with fourteen passengers was caught in fording Mill Creek all drowned. (This proved to be a mistake.) Later—the river has fallen and Tate's Mill is saved.

Great excitement about the Millenium. They say tomorrow or the next day the world is to be destroyed. Well, if it is you will never get this letter. . . . They have immersed fifteen people since last week. They meet twice a day at the Campbellite church and pray. Mr. Butterfield is almost crazy about it. He has sold all of his tools, given up his jobs, settled up all his business and is now ready to depart as the last trump sounds. . . . Mr. Barnes preached to a crowded house, a sermon to refute the Millerite preaching but one of our physicians says if the world does not come to an end this week he will burn his Bible.

John (Darst) returned this morning from Cincinnati. He is perfectly delighted with the city, went to see everything that was to be seen. . . . He took five dollars with him besides paying his stage fare and *spent every cent of it.* He visited the theatre twice and the museum.

The case between Holt and Comly is still pending. Tom Corwin made a splendid speech today; the Court House is filled from morning till night.

Sophie (Smith) and I spent a few days in Piqua. She took her guitar and her grace hoops. Joe Weston came up for us.

All is excitement about the return of the volunteers (Mexican War). They are expected about three this afternoon. To look at the street it is like a convention; hundreds of people in from the country. All the bells are to be rung, the cannon to be fired and McKinney to make a speech at the National; a splendid dinner to be served at the Market House on Main Street. Tonight every house will be illuminated; every window in

"The Four-Story" (the only four story building in Dayton, site of Rike's store) will shine. I do wish you were here.

There was a large party at the Phillips' last week given for Mrs. Beckel and Mrs. Edgar. I was invited but could not go. Tableaux at Ralph Hart's tomorrow night and a large party at Dick Phillips tonight.

I am really going to Niagara Falls. We are getting ready as fast as we can, expect to start the first of next week. I can hardly realize it all and will not believe I am going until I am on the boat and feel it starting.

(In one of her not infrequent philosophical moments Martha Jane gets this off: "I think there is no greater accomplishment for a young lady or gentleman than to be able to write and compose a good letter." In which sentiment we heartily concur. Ed.)

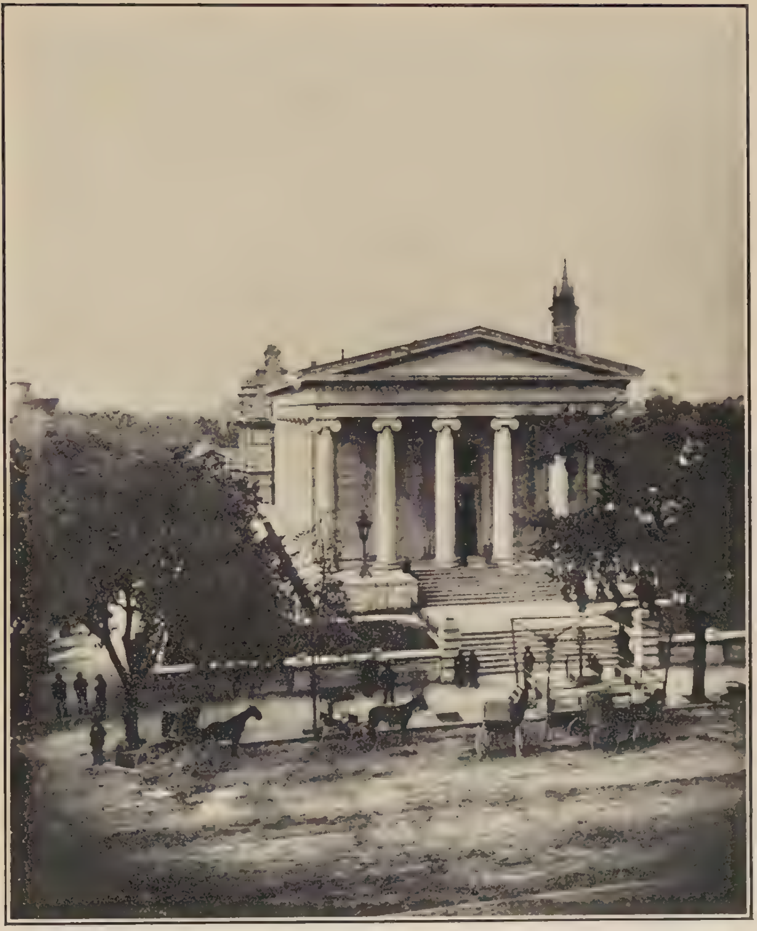
Not all the letters of that era are fun-provoking and witty as Martha Darst's. Here is one with a different note in it, from T. J. S. Smith, a lawyer (grandfather of Fowler Smith) to his brother, June, 1849.

You remember a case of cholera occurred in our city whilst you were here. After that we heard no more of it until about a week since when a man from Cincinnati with his wife stopping at one of our taverns had a severe attack but in a short time was considered convalescent. The next day the landlord, Klein was taken with it and died in a few hours. The next day, Spohn, the undertaker who was a boarder at Klein's and assisted in putting the corpse into the coffin and drove the hearse was taken with it and died in the course of a few hours. The next day the ostler at the tavern was taken and died in a few hours. The day following Snyder, a hand in the Empire office who also boarded at Kleins was taken and died in a few hours and last night the wife of the Cincinnatian first taken died after an illness of a few days. After Klein was buried his wife, taking it into her head that he had been buried alive, hired a couple of Germans to disinter his body and examine it. They did so and were both taken with the cholera but are supposed to be convalescent. And strange as it may appear, three countrymen, two from adjacent counties and one from our own, who stopped at this tavern, two of them overnight, the other only for dinner, went home, were taken with the cholera and died in a few hours. What wonderful fatality! And how clearly it indicates the strongly infectious character of the disease! The tavern is closed and the city council have been employing means to cleanse and disinfect it.

The country people have such a dread of the city that our markets are very poorly supplied and we shall probably have to live on short allowance.

The outstanding event of this period of Dayton's history was the building of the courthouse. On that same corner had been a three-story brick building flush with the street, built in 1806 and used for both church and judicial purposes, where the furniture in the court room consisted of a few three-legged stools and a bench. This building was sold at auction in 1845 for eight hundred and sixty-four dollars.

In the spring of 1847 were laid the foundations of what Curwen in his first small history called "the most elegant and costly building of the kind in Ohio." It is indeed a remarkable edifice and grows more remarkable as the citizens of Dayton have grown in appreciation of fine things. That a group of men at that distant day, when foreign travel was unheard of,



THE ELMS, THE BUGGIES, AND THE OLD COURT HOUSE, 1878

(Courtesy Mrs. Grace Tattershall.

when books on art were few and architecture as a profession was very rare, could evolve such a structure will always be one of Dayton's sources of pride.

Its origin is somewhat obscure. Just who was mainly responsible for its style is debatable, but it is certain that Horace Pease had in his library the book of steel engravings depicting the Acropolis of Athens. Just below the famous ruin of the Parthenon on the slope of the hill is a temple to Theseus, a hero king who lived about 460 B. C. In style this was a type of the peripheral Doric, built of Pentelic marble, and it was this temple which suggested to the county commissioners, through Mr. Pease, the type of building that the courthouse should be. It is not, of course, an exact replica of the Theseum but maintains throughout the same dignity of form and beauty of structure. Our white limestone was the material used to build up the imposing pillared facade. The building is fire-proof throughout, the only wood used in its construction being the inner doors, window sashes and furniture. It is of vaulted masonry throughout, with a self-supporting stone stairway winding up from the entrance hall to the second floor. The central apartment is the Probate Court room, eliptical in form, the shorter diameter being forty-two and the longer fifty-two feet in length. The whole is lighted by an eliptical dome, the eye of which is forty-three feet from the floor. Beneath the court room is an eliptical crypt supported by columns and arches. The design, together with the tentative sketches for ground plans was given to a Cincinnati architect, Mr. Howard Daniels, who prepared the working plans and specifications. The courthouse was conceived in 1847, begun in 1848, and finished in 1850. It cost one hundred thousand dollars, a great sum for those financially narrow days, stands as we now know it and please God will for many years to come, a monument not like its great Grecian prototype to a long forgotten pagan king, but a monument to the public spirit, careful planning and artistic instincts of the men who built it.

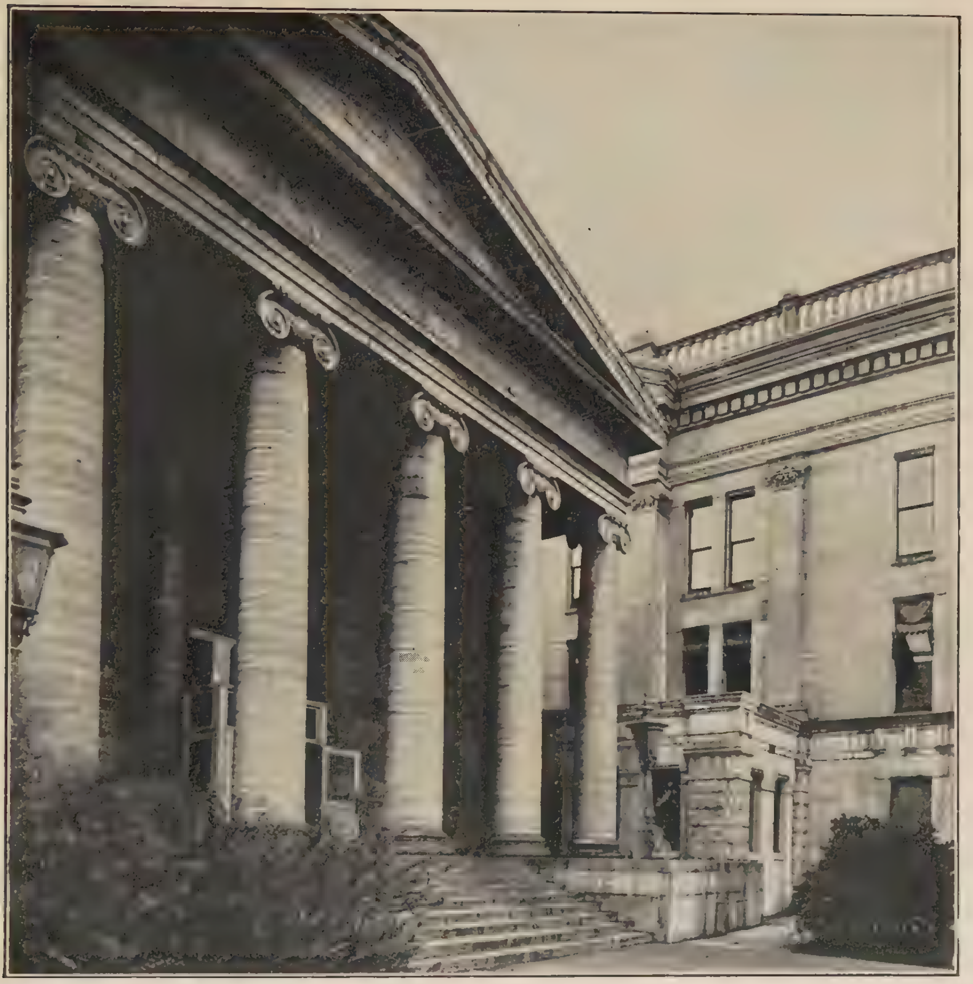
The erection of so notable a building fixed the corner of Third and Main streets as definitely the center of the growing city. Increasing demand for a good hotel suggested that the proper site for such a building was across the street on the south side of Third. J. D. Phillips, who owned the corner, took the hint of circumstances and built a hotel which was known as a social center and the best place for man and beast in southern Ohio. It was named the Phillips House after the father of the owner, and its familiar outline, now obliterated by time and increasing real estate values, was for eighty years, as much as the courthouse, the center of Dayton.

Old letters written in the fall of 1852 speak of the prestige that was coming to Dayton from the new hotel. Nothing evidently equalled it between the Gibson House in Cincinnati and the Forest City House in Cleveland. The opening ball on October 14, 1852, was a social event that thrilled the Miami Valley up and down its entire length. The "Daily Empire" said of the hotel that "the order and beauty of its arrangements, the courteous and liberal style in which it is conducted, were the subject of general remark among the strangers that were present from Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Columbus."

"At the grand opening the three full stories of the Phillips House blazed with candles at every window. Carriages drawn by spans of horses deposited the guests at the Third Street entrance whence they mounted the stairs to the parlors on the second floor and then into the long dining room decorated as a ballroom."

On both sides of the entrance and across the street at the courthouse, uninvited outsiders watched with envy the girls tripping into the lobby with their escorts. The girls of those days, when they donned ball dresses, were worth looking at. No such skimpy outlines as the girls show now, but ample draperies and flowing skirts. They simply billowed and swam with the breadths of filmy material of their gowns. For the elderly ladies silks that "would stand alone" were *de rigueur,* both girls and matrons encased in outlines four or five yards in circumference at the hem, the hoops which distended them giving a swinging motion to the skirts which, I have been informed by the beaux of the period, was very fetching. The skirts of lace or tulle garlanded with festoons of fluttering ribbons or artificial flowers we may well believe were compelling. And the white shoulders that rose out of the bodices of these gowns were also worth looking at. Mind, I did not say necks or backs but shoulders, and there is a vast difference, all in favor of the early fashion. The coiffure of the day was low in the back with sometimes one curl escaping on one side and resting along one of those smooth shoulders emphasizing its smooth whiteness, while in front the tresses were parted and drawn softly down each side of the cheeks. There were pearls of course and not a few diamonds, little fans and bead "reticules" to hold the handkerchief. The slippers were square-toed and without heels, held on by crossed straps of velvet over the ankle. But they shouldn't be mentioned in the description of a toilet of eighty years ago, for only the tiniest tip was visible under the flounce of the skirt. No one ever saw as much of a girl's foot as the ankle. It was not good form.

The men of the day deserve mention and they shall have it. Pomaded hair worn quite long, high collar wrapped with an immense stock that looked when unfolded like a small shawl, tight waists and full-skirted coats with flaring tails worn over "pantaloons" which, if one could change



THE GRECIAN COURT HOUSE

(*Courtesy of Don Wallace*)

the first syllables to "bal," would better describe them. These garments tapered suddenly to the feet and were strapped narrowly under the boots. So the beaux with their figured waistcoats, glued hair and little pointed boots were, as well as the belles, ravishing to the eye.

We investigate the columns of the daily papers of that day to find if society reporters practiced the same enthusiasms as they do today. The "Journal" editorialized on the Phillips House ball to this extent: "The ladies were elegantly and richly dressed and *all* (that word italicized—he had no mind to get into trouble) looked very beautiful." Of the gentlemen he recorded that they were "polite and attentive and mirth, good cheer and good humor reigned supreme throughout the evening. The dancing was kept up until a late hour, or rather an early hour, in the morning and old and young participated in the festivities with a hearty good will. Five hundred guests filled the dining room and presented a most enlivening appearance as the gay company threaded the mazy measure of the dance." (Oh, that reporter used the whole dictionary to tell the story of the Phillips House ball) "and displayed the elegance and grace which lends attraction to such a scene" (not forgetting the caterer and the band, he sends two bouquets flying in their direction). "The supper arrangements exhibited a perfect acquaintance with all that was required and no expense was spared to make this part of the entertainment a fitting accompaniment to the other arrangements. The tables were loaded" (why not "groaned"? He must have forgotten himself) "with the choicest viands and delicacies. The cotillion band of Monsieur Ernest gave gayness to the fete."

"Threading the mazy measure" meant something in those days when square dances were the vogue. The cotillion first came and ten years later the quadrille. They were danced to four-step time and the leader "called the measures." "Choose your partners," caused some palpitations on the part of young ladies not so sure that a black coat would be seen coming their way. A square, two facing two both ways, was formed and repeated all around the room. "Salute your partners" (but he always said "pardners"). Extreme bows on the men's part and low courtesies from the girls whose billowy skirts rose around them as they sank to the waxed floor. "Right and left" "Ladies chain" (but he meant ladies change) and each lady crossed over and swung the partner of the girl opposite. "Allemand left" meant to turn to the left and go hand over hand from one partner to the other until you came to your own partner and place again on the floor. It was a contraction of "A la main," but the callers did not know it and the Phillips House dancers did not mind. "Chassez all," when each couple joined hands and skipped to the measure of the violins until the caller shouted "Places!" and it was all over until next time.

Of course there was the waltz but the less said about it the better, those days, for it had been imported from Paris and was considered "fast." For thirty or forty years round dances were forbidden by proper minded parents and thundered at from pulpits, but it was evidently included at this festivity because the paper speaks of "the dance and the waltz."

The list of managers and the executive committee* included the names of everybody, men that is (ladies' names were not seen in print in the 'fifties) who was socially eminent in the city. Merely to read the list recalls the Dayton of the past. At the time of the destruction of the Phillips House (1926) it was humorously suggested that another party should be held to commemorate the fall of that one-time popular hostelry and that the only guests should be descendants of those who attended the 1852 ball. Colonel Edwin A. Parrott's name would be the card of entrance, for all the Parrotts still form quite a numerous clan in Dayton. Henry Perrine was in the heyday of his society life at that time but he lasted full forty years afterwards and was always an indefatigable party-goer, the "perennial bachelor" of the smart set. He was, when I emerged from school into the social ring in the 'seventies, much more solemn and ponderous but still dancing with every society bud that came out, for by that time he had learned to waltz—or thought he had. A part of his procedure was to get himself hopelessly entangled in his partner's long train and have to stop in the middle of the floor and disentangle himself. I speak from personal and painful experience. The Perrine descendants are still numerous and would make a party in themselves.

Samuel Craighead was one of the beaux of the 'fifties and, with his wife, led in much social gayety. They both lasted until my day, when Mrs. Craighead had become a dowager with a seat along the wall which she filled like a throne and kept the tone of the young people what it ought to be. Alas! there are no Mrs. Craigheads now and too few of her descendants.

Daniel Beckel was another gay young buck of the executive committee whose own home with its four daughters, when they came along a generation later, was a center for the club dances of the 'seventies. The big house on lower Jefferson Street is empty of girls and dances and will soon go the way of all dignified old homes when business pushes on them.

John G. Lowe's name as leader of ceremonies would let into the modern party several of the same name, all with the charm of manner which came as a heritage partly from him and partly from his wife, who was Marianna Phillips. There seems to have been little going on in the 'fifties and 'sixties, either social, civic or military, that Colonel Lowe and his

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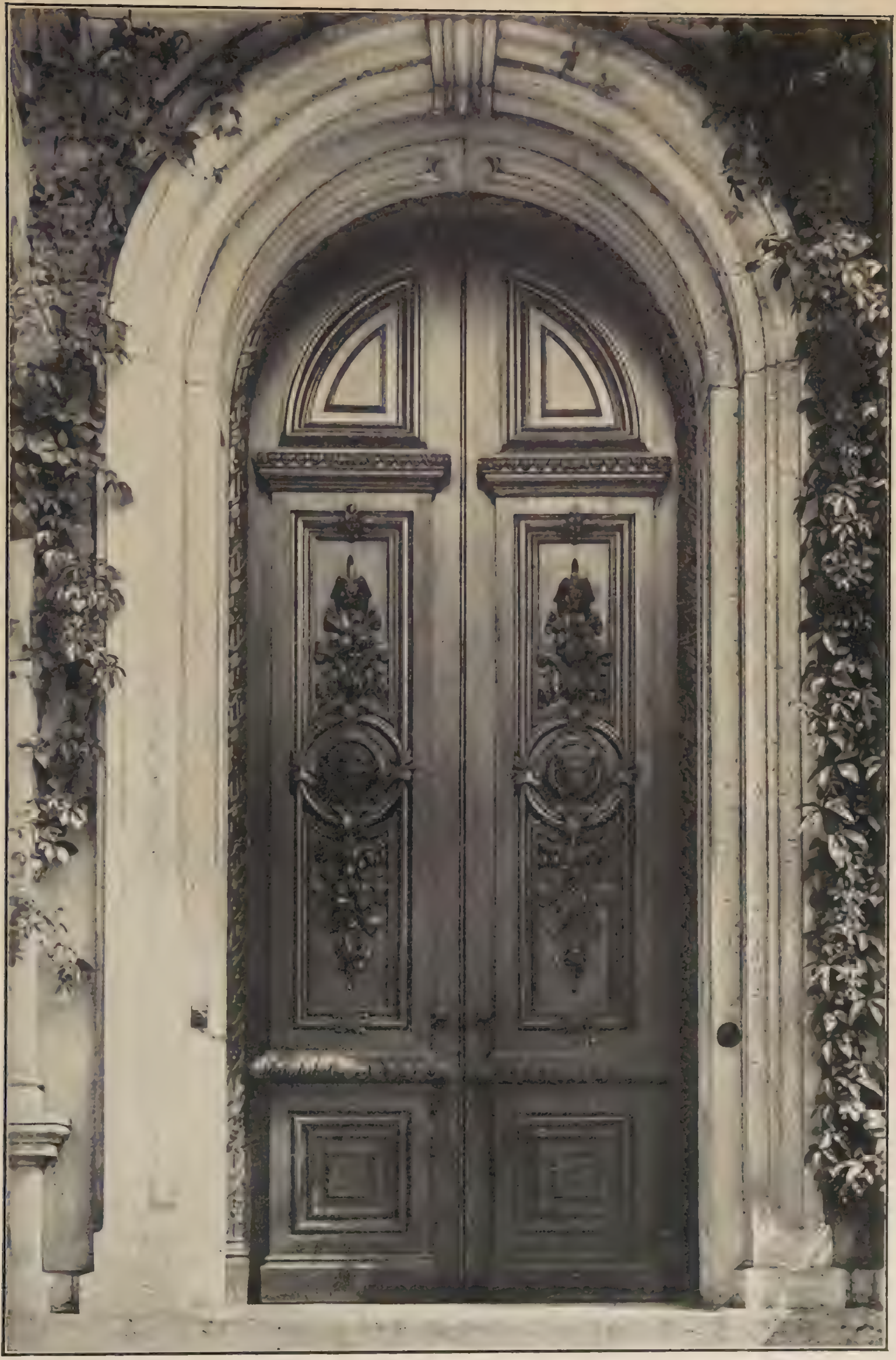
*See "Story of Dayton," Conover.



THE CARVED DOORWAY OF THE DANIEL MEAD HOUSE ON WEST FIRST STREET.
NOW DESTROYED

wife did not have a hand in. The same must certainly be said of one granddaughter now, Mrs. H. E. Talbott, who with her flock of children and grandchildren would make an overwhelming party if nobody else came.

Charles Harries and Daniel Mead were both active in the Phillips House opening, and many other things beside, at that day. The Mead House on First Street with its carved woodwork and spacious rooms has now given place to a four-story garage. The early Meads would not have known what a garage is, let alone a "ramp," but the modern Meads do and drive up it too. The Meads, the Harries and the Lowes have all intermarried in the eighty years since the Phillips House party and their descendants would surely be in any festivity to continue the social life of Dayton.

Among the list of directors it is painful to observe, considering the strict principles which we have elsewhere chronicled, the names of some good and leading Presbyterian elders. I do not refer to the lighter and more worldly variety of church members represented by names like Valentine Winters, Peter P. Lowe, T. A. Phillips and William Harries, who valued their social obligations and observed them. But what about deacons like Henry L. Brown, William Barnett and Peter Odlin? What were they doing with such frivolities as "ladies to the right, gentlemen to the left" or "promenade all?" There seems a discrepancy somewhere. We can only account for such a lapse from grace by explaining that the Phillips House was a big municipal affair sure to reflect credit on Dayton and they felt it their duty to support such a worthy undertaking. I have frequently heard such special pleading and doubtless it has its logic. Anyway the deacons were there, all of them.

It is interesting to speculate upon where the things came from which made the Phillips House so "well-appointed and chastely elegant" or where the dresses were purchased that "graced the ladies' fair forms." Across the street was the dry goods store of Keifer and Conover. In the advertisements of the day we find they called attention to "rose-colored silk for ball gowns, also taffetas and velvet ribbon." Again we find this: "V. Winters is now receiving and opening the largest and best selected stock of dry-goods in the city." (So the Keifers and Conovers had competition.)

Then Van Ausdal advertised "lace curtains, carpets and bedding"; G. W. McDaniel, "Fall and winter stocks of clothes, vestings and cassimeres; also shirts and collars. Under the Phillips House fourth door from Third." Here, evidently, is where the showy and dashing young gentlemen—our grandfathers—got their frippery for the Phillips House ball. Now the store, after the vicissitudes of eighty years, is dust and bricks and mortar. So is the Phillips House and everything in it—gone into the past to make way for a modern Dayton which we fear will neither remember nor care about those lovely, leisurely, fastidious, courteous and friendly days that are gone.

It was on a Saturday afternoon in warm September, the 20th, 1858,* that Abraham Lincoln stood on the steps of the courthouse and spoke to the citizens of Dayton. Slavery was his main topic and he kept a big crowd listening to him for fully two hours. The framers of our government, he said, found slavery existing but looked forward to the time when it should cease. The word slave is not found in the Constitution. He made an eloquent defense of the rights of free labor—no white laboring man should be compelled to toil in competition with a slave. (There were enough Abolitionists in the audience to greet this declaration with a cheer.) The free white man had a right to claim that the new territories into which their children might go to seek a livelihood should be free from the incumbrance of slavery.

Hon. Lewis B. Gunckel wrote (in 1902) of this historical occasion:

> In 1856 at the first Republican National Convention, an Illinois delegate nominated Lincoln for President. . . . Some two years after that Lincoln came to Dayton to speak. I was on the reception committee. When we called at his room in the Phillips House and knocked at the door there was a hearty western response, "Come in." Opening the door we were surprised to find him in his shirt sleeves and his wife brushing his hair. She afterwards put on his collar and cravat, he talking to us meanwhile without any apology for his undignified appearance. His speech was a surprise to every body; a close logical argument without anecdote or illustration and yet so clear and so intensely interesting that although the audience stood upon the Court House steps and pavement not one person left until he closed.

In commenting upon this occasion the newspapers differ slightly. The "Journal" reported that there were five thousand people to listen to him. The "Empire" (Democrat) said editorially: "Instead of tens of thousands of persons being assembled in our city to hear Mr. Lincoln and the streets deluged with people as one of our morning contemporaries prophesied would be the case, a meagre crowd of barely two hundred was all that could be drummed up, and they were half Democrats, who came out of curiosity. Mr. Lincoln is a seductive reasoner but his speech was a network of fallacies and false assumptions."

It was during this, his only visit to Dayton, that the now famous Nickum portrait was painted. Photography had but lately come in and the one photographer in Dayton was Mr. Cridland who had a gallery on Main Street in the building with pillared gallery, the only one now standing in that block which was there in 1850. The business in hand being

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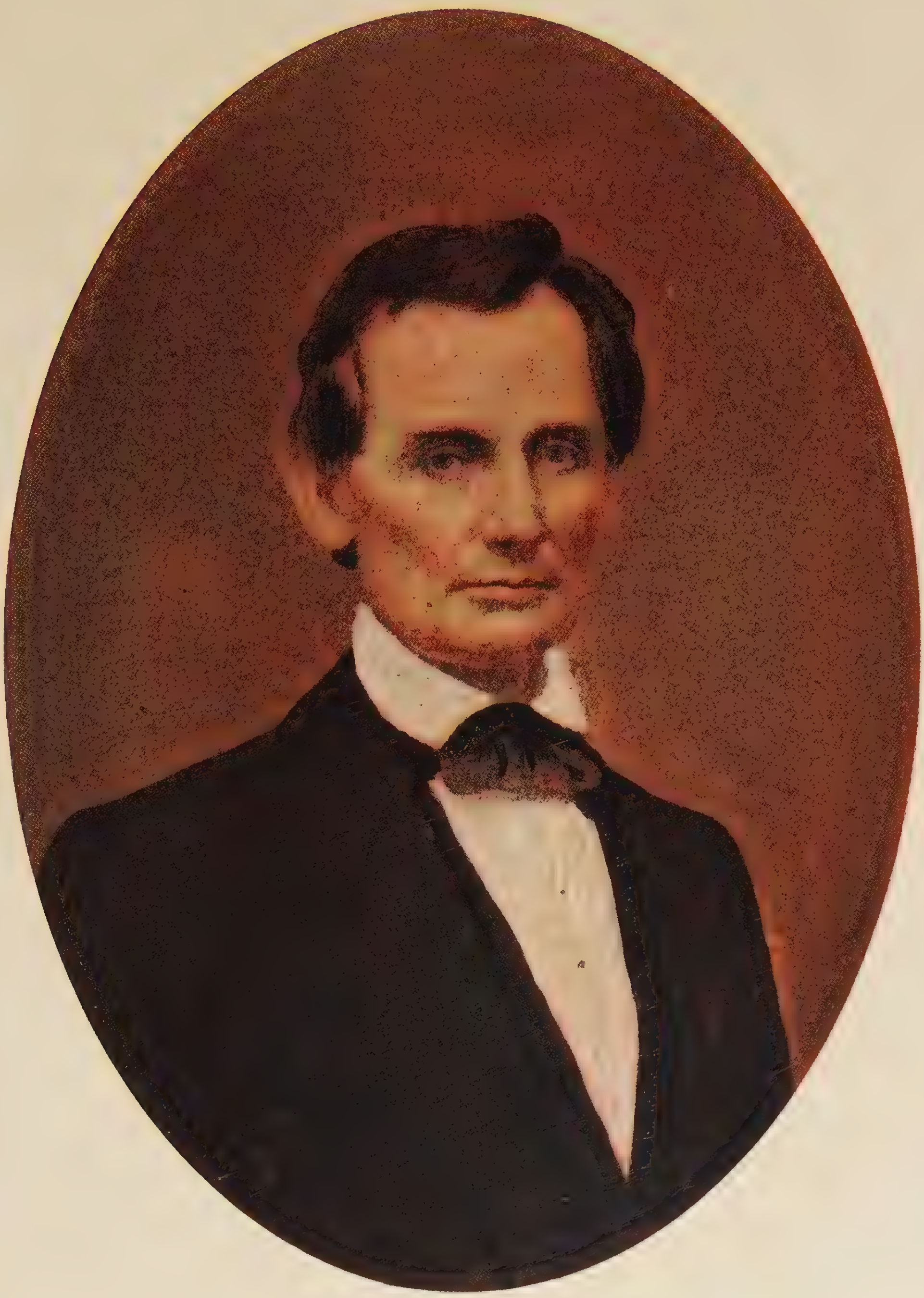
*Or the 19th, 1859; authorities differ.—Ed.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A PORTRAIT PAINTED BY CHARLES W. NICKUM
SEPTEMBER 18, 1859
WHEN LINCOLN SPOKE ON THE COURT HOUSE STEPS IN DAYTON

finished, Mr. Cridland bethought himself of two young artists who were working in a studio across the hall. The younger, Charles W. Nickum, he summoned to bring his brushes and paints and make a sketch of this stranger whose virile face so strongly moved him.

Mr. Samuel Craighead, who was present, told the artist that his subject was leaving for Cincinnati on the four o'clock train so he must work fast. So it was begun. Mr. Lincoln, amused that anyone should want to paint his portrait, remarked to the young man, "Keep on; you may make a good picture but you'll never make a pretty one." The result shows a portrait with which we all are familiar, the one most often reproduced, and the only one without a beard.

In June the following year Mr. Craighead met Mr. Nickum on the street and asked if he had ever completed the picture of the friend whom he brought to the Cridland gallery. "Yes." "Where is it? I want it. That is the man nominated for President. That was Abraham Lincoln!"

"Then," writes Mrs. Nickum, "the little portrait was hunted up, framed and carefully cherished ever since. It has many admirers. The first offer to purchase it came from the editor of the Philadelphia 'Public Ledger.' An article in the 'Ledger' bewailed the fact that so few good paintings from life were made of Lincoln. Mr. Nickum wrote to the editor of his portrait and was offered to name his price. But the portrait was not for sale." "At an examination of the Lincoln portrait at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City one critic said he believed it recently done and mellowed by a new process. But when a revenue stamp was discovered on the back, put there when it was framed, in the 'sixties, he was silenced." It now hangs in the Dayton museum in the same frame made for it in the 'sixties by Mr. Cridland.

CHAPTER VIII.

DAYTON IN THE 'SIXTIES: THE WAR YEARS.

The 'sixties were the war years—the Civil War years. No one who lived through them will ever forget the scenes then enacted in our quiet streets. The great drama was played out many miles from Dayton, in the halls of Congress and on the battlefields of the South. Here in Dayton we were behind the scenes, so to speak. But our share was as vital to us as the greater action of the war itself. The story as a whole has been many times written in the different histories of our times and much valuable data as to events and personalities is to be found in the local histories. It would seem therefore pardonable if I should put the story down as it appeared to me, a child of seven when the war broke out.

Our little city nestling in the valley with its surrounding belt of river and green hills looked serene and quiet in those days, but there was a seething undertone of which I was only dimly conscious. Men came and talked with my father and I knew there was something ominous in their talk. New words were being heard that had never been heard before: "Rebels," "Secession," "Union," "Traitor," "Red, White and Blue." The flag seemed to take on a sudden new significance. People took sides. Even the children were drawn into it and I sensed a certain hostility because my father was known to be an anti-war Democrat.

It was a warm April day in 1861. The streets were suddenly rent by a cry that came from newspaper boys with an extra issue, which said, "Sumter fired on!" What was Sumter and why was it fired on? I ran into the house to seek my father and found him sitting with head bowed in hands before the fire in the sitting-room, an attitude of the deepest sorrow. "What is it, father?" I cried. "What has happened?"

"It is war," he replied. "Civil War! Brother against brother."

I was a little girl; I had read no history; I knew nothing of politics or slavery or the great issues of the day, but the bowed shoulders told me more than books. It was the impact of sheer tragedy that we were facing and which I only dimly understood. I was to understand better and better as time went on.

The excitement grew with each dispatch from Washington. Higher and higher rose the sentiment for war. If you were an abolitionist you were all right. If not you had best bury your head and keep still. Recruiting offices opened and the older boys at school began to enlist. There was a great deal of the hurrah side of war manifested—flag raisings and marching with banners. New songs were on everybody's lips—

"The Union Forever, Hurrah Boys, Hurrah!" "The Red, White and Blue," "We Are Coming, Father Abraham, Three Hundred Thousand Strong." The bands played them and we sang them. Everything centered on the Courthouse steps. Boys in blue, girls in big hoops and little round hats atop their curls, filled the streets. I know now that in less than two days after Lincoln's call for troops Dayton had answered it by sending two companies of militia. I saw them march to the depot and one would have thought they were going to a festival instead of to a war. Indeed, I well remember how sure people were that the South would be put down in no time, and that in a few weeks the boys would be back home again. I know now too, that it was the sagacious foresight of Salmon P. Chase, then Governor of Ohio, that made possible the quick response of Ohio with its well organized and finely equipped militia. As a State we were far and away ahead of other states. Dayton likes to live up to big promises and she did then.

Two regiments were equipped here and at Camp Chase on the Springfield Pike, three miles east of town. Every time a contingent of forces entrained, there were the same scenes of excitement and patriotism. People worked themselves into a frenzy. The two newspapers: the "Journal," Republican, and the "Empire," Democratic, were vitriolic in their attacks on each other. We began to know what the mob spirit was. One night we awoke to hear hoarse voices and to see the light of flames in the vicinity. It was the "Journal" office on Main Street and just back of our house. From a bedroom window I watched it with a younger brother. The glare, the shouts of men, the terrified neighing of horses taken from a threatened stable and tied in front of our house, all filled me with terror. A fire is a fearful thing, but when combined with political hatred and partisan bitterness it is indeed something to appall the soul.

Fear and antagonism did not stop with incendiarism but led to actual murder. My father was called to attend the editor of the "Empire," who was shot as he was coming home from market. There was nothing to do for he died almost instantly, a war casualty that had no glory in it.

Longer and longer grew the war story. The months dragged on. We heard of Chickamauga, Bull Run, Stone River, Chancellorsville. Notices of the dead were posted at the Courthouse corner and we feared to look. War funerals wended their way out Brown Street to the cemetery, with the dead march as an accompaniment and flags at half mast. More and more we saw women in black. Then came a piece of news that took us as a family in. There had been a great battle at Pittsburg Landing and my father as a surgeon was called to minister to the wounded. It was not a pleasant time for a wife to be left alone with three little children.

Nothing but the assurance that doctors were safe because their work kept them behind the lines was any comfort to me. I am afraid I was not much of a patriot. He came home to us safely, in time, with awful tales of the horrors of war, and then we moved into another home. And always the bitter hatred of anybody that thought out of the stream of common opinion pursued us as a family. Because my father was a personal friend of Vallandigham I was subjected to a sort of persecution from my schoolmates. A State election was on hand, with Brough the Republican candidate, and processions and meetings in order. I was jerked to the scene of one public demonstration and was told to say at the top of my voice:

Hurrah for Brough and Abraham!
And a rope to hang Vallandigham!

Well, I wouldn't. Wild horses could not get it out of me. Whereupon I was shut up in an empty outbuilding and the girls all went home to supper. Rescued by a frightened and irate father I told him I had stood up for our side. He kissed me and laughed.

My mother had her own particular ordeal. Late at night. Father away on an all-night case in the country. Mother sleeping with the children in the sitting room downstairs. Fanny Stacey (otherwhere described) in an adjoining room. Steps and voices outside. Through a lifted shade a group of men could be seen pointing towards the house. The door bell and the curt question: "Is the doctor home?" No answer possible except the true one: "No." "When will he be back?" "I can't tell." Then quiet for a time. Then voices and steps sound from the side porch and it was thought best to waken Fanny to be what moral support a very deaf, very timid, person could be. Her immediate reaction to the situation was to crawl under the bed where her hair catching in the bed springs kept her a prisoner. At last the crowd dispersed and the last remark heard by my trembling mother was "We'll burn this hell-hole down next."

Other less personal occurrences crowded the next few years. A bazaar was held in the Beckel House for the benefit of the soldier families. A cantata was given in Huston Hall, directed by James Turpin for the same purpose. Patriotism grew as the news indicated that the North would be victorious. And at last it was. Another event to hold the attention of childish minds. At two in the morning our doorbell was rung, not to ask about the doctor but to tell us that Lee had surrendered. The war was over and won! Then again we heard the guns of victory fired, this time from the Commons; again heard the bands and saw the red and white and blue bunting covering buildings. Great rejoicing, and then—great sorrow. The wires spoke again and they told us of the assassination of President Lincoln. Decorations came down, the music changed to a minor key, everybody was seen in tears and crape, America had lost her best friend.

This was how the Civil War seemed to one who had no idea of its meaning—a faintly colored sketch that the bigger and better histories do not give. Dayton was, during these war years, as for some time after, a small middle-western city, or rather, a mere country town, past its village life and not yet emerged into cityhood. Then, as now, the corner of Third and Main streets was the center. To me it was more. It was the center of the universe. My imagination could impossibly picture anything more portentous than the buildings that graced that locality. There was the courthouse with the pillars, the Phillips House, then in its pristine magnificence. Busses were always backed up to the sidewalk in front of the Third Street entrance, embodying in themselves a hint of far-off places like Cincinnati or Cleveland. There was Keifer and Conover's store on the southeast corner and the Harshman and Gorman bank on the northeast, with Odell's bookbindery above it. How imposing it looked to my eyes and how meagre it really was!

The business section of Dayton, in that day, began and ended in the two squares between Second and Fourth streets on Main. A few stores spread out on Third each side of Main. There were dwellings between the Phillips House and the church on the corner of Ludlow, and between the courthouse and Ludlow. The section west of Wilkinson was entirely residential. Miss Eaker lived in the big box-like house on the corner which afterward became the Young Men's Christian Association and now has given way to something else. The imposing pillared home of Valentine Winters graced the middle of the block but no one remembers it when looking at the Federal Building on that site. The Youngs lived on that block and the Gebharts, the Loomises, the Keifers and, in the house not yet occupied by the Bicycle Club, dwelt the Willey Smiths and later the Craigheads. Perry Street was the last real cross street, and the Brady home on the corner the last good residence on Third. Beyond that the houses were small and scattered, interspersed with vegetable gardens and corn patches. The street led on to the levee where it went up and over the top and down into a gravelly river bottom before it again rose to meet the bridge.

This bridge, a dark, covered, timbered structure, the only kind they knew how to build in those days, only crossed the main current of the river. As soon as the river rose, as it did regularly spring and fall, it swept over the roadway between the bridge and town, making an impassable thoroughfare. It could be forded, of course, and always was, the horse plunging along in and out of the holes in the gravel bottom. If the river rose to any considerable height the people on the west side of the river were quite cut off from town until the river went down. There were not many of them. Cornfields began immediately as one crossed the bridge. One building only remains in my memory and it is not a fragrant memory. On the levee opposite the end of Fourth Street stood Finney Sprague's glue factory, supposed to be too remote from civilization to trouble the noses of Daytonians, but I can smell it yet. On Third Street proper I remember field after field on either side of the soft dirt road, but no dwellings except farm houses. On the corner of Summit was a blacksmith shop.

So much for the west side of small old Dayton. On Main Street, stores ceased and homes began just north of Second. The roadway, wide, empty, muddy in winter and dusty in summer, plunged into the dark mouth of the old wooden bridge. Once across this bridge one was again in the country, except for a handful of small houses on either side of the road called McPhersontown. Beyond that, nothing but cornfields, unless they were wheat fields, until one reached West Milton, Covington or Ludlow Falls, for this was the Covington Pike of dear memory to those who wanted a drive in the country.

Just over the bridge a mud road slanted down to the left (now Riverview Avenue) and followed the curve of the river. It was a pleasant drive, sunny, quiet and warm, the huge sycamore trees that lined the bank leaning out over the current and holding on to a precarious roothold in the soft loam. Long ago they were carried down in a flood and no one thinks to plant more. Along that bank in the 'sixties was the only rope-walk in Dayton. It was owned by a man named Kilworth. His starting point was in a shed near the bridge from whence he carried the strands of hemp to a point at some distance, twisting as he walked and slowly manipulating the strands. When they had been twisted long enough and hard enough and suddenly released they formed, of their own accord it seemed, a nice smooth rope. This was an operation watched with extreme interest by bystanders.

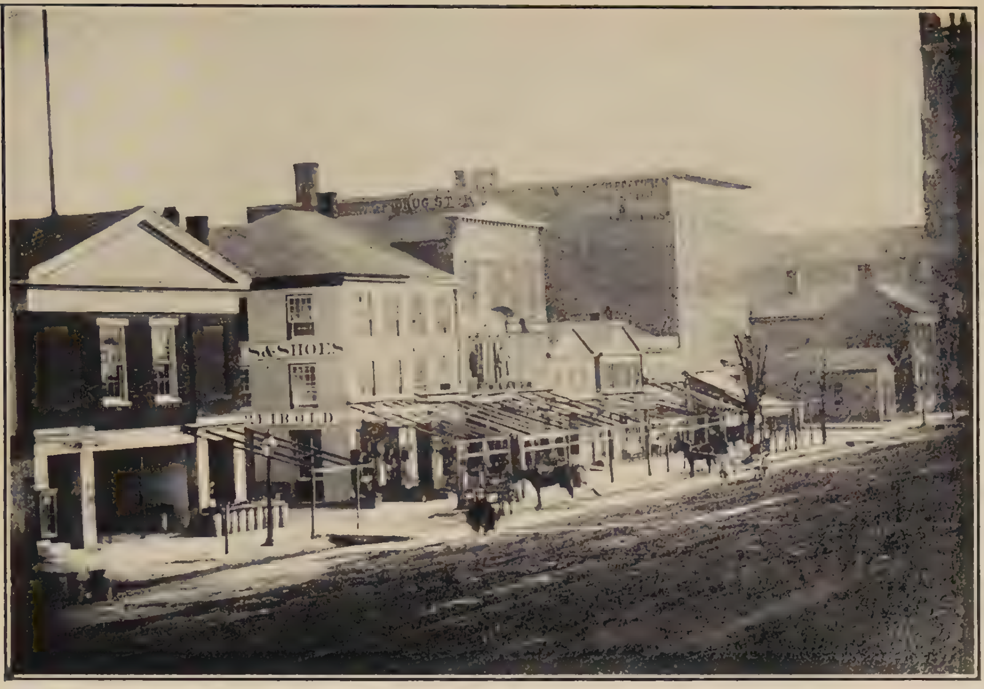
Main Street toward the south stopped being a business street suddenly, and at Fourth came out frankly as a leading residential section. On the west side were four large homes with shady yards and pleasant entrances. They belonged to the Peter P. Lowes, the John G. Lowes, the Lytles and the Coblentzs. On the east side, the Lutheran Church presently raised its beautiful tower to heaven but has now been scattered to the earth, to give way to commercialism.

Jefferson Street for its full length was a thoroughfare of stately old mansions. The Cleggs lived there, the Beckels, the Parrotts, the Voorhees, and the Gormans. First and Second streets, from Main West, presented an unbroken vista of lovely well-kept homes. From east to west one could count the names of families who have made Dayton what it is: Harries, Simms, Walters, Bimm, Parrott, Bunstine, Steele, Phillips, McDaniels, King, Smith, and the old Cooper Seminary, where all the girls went to school; then Crane, Barney, Babbitt, Rench, and others down to the levee; after these came the rise to the top of the levee and the green pastures along the river. Second Street held Gebharts, Greens, Perrines, Peases, Edgars, Neals, Gumps, and so on again to the river, always the end of everything as far as Dayton was concerned, the boundary beyond which was Montgomery County.

An old resident of Dayton, having moved to California, and having heard that a business building then lately erected on the corner of Ludlow and Second streets was probably the precursor of more, exclaimed in dismay: "But where are Dayton people to live?" Her idea was that being forcibly exiled from a home on the blocks bounded by First and Second, Ludlow and Perry streets, a Daytonian would fall off the earth into oblivious space.

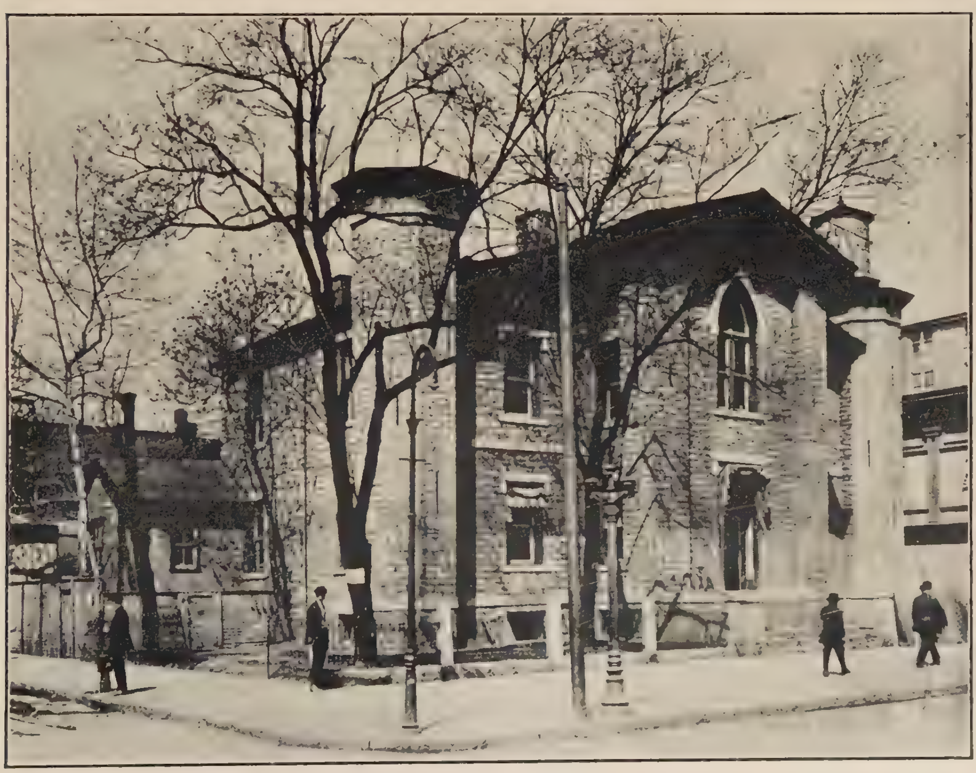
Let us return to the perhaps dry enumeration of what constituted Dayton in the 'sixties. East Third Street soon left behind the buildings of the center of town and led to open spaces, beyond which were Harries Station and Harshmanville, five miles away. Fifth Street crossed the canal (yes, oh Daytonian of the present time! there was a canal right through the middle of things) and reached a semi-suburb called Oregon, of which there was nothing much, except the Darst mills, a fire engine house, some small stores and then the inevitable wide-spaced "commons" full of gypsum weed, dandelions and rubbish heaps. One thing I must not forget. A German baker named Wolf, in his little bakery on Fifth Street, manufactured a delectable cracker sold for years as Wolf's crackers. They are a strictly indigenous product and not found anywhere else. For at least seventy years Daytonians have eaten them with oyster soup and with cream cheese, and it is hard to imagine a substitute. The name has been changed to the "Dayton cracker" but, being made by the original formula, they taste the same. Dynasties may rise and fall and so may the Miami River, and all our old landmarks may be replaced by skyscrapers, but as long as we have the Dayton cracker we can carry on.

South of Dayton, Main Street ran out into the country soon after it passed the fairgrounds. Ludlow Street had no buildings of any account below the railroad tracks. There was indeed a schoolhouse, known as Campbell's school where a good many of the town boys went, also a stone yard to which the limestone from the quarries on the Beaverton Pike were hauled for cutting and where chisels and hammers of the workmen made a musical din on the summer air.



MAIN STREET AND CITY HALL IN 1860

(Courtesy of Mrs. Grace Tattershall)



OLD COUNTY JAIL AND WORK HOUSE, BUILT 1845, CORNER OF MAIN AND SIXTH, NOW DEMOLISHED

Then more open spaces, with Irish and darkey cabins, potato patches, cow pastures and weeds, with this difference that, whereas there were commons between the ends of all the streets and the river, the Ludlow Street expanse was known as "the Commons." My single concern with the Commons was to go there on errands for my mother relative to household help. There lived a muscular and vociferous Irish woman whose brogue resounded whenever she came to do the family washing. Her name was Shea, but we called her "She-hee," although not in derision, as most of our conversation was. When she hung out the clothes it was our treasured habit to sing "No Irish need apply" at her, that being a popular song brought into fashion by the minstrel shows that came to Dayton.

The railroad tracks going west crossed, as they do now, the Miami River upon the last bridge of the four that connected us with the country beyond. If one had an errand on the other side, one drove up over the levee and down straight into the current which was pretty deep and swift just at that side. To me it was always a perilous adventure, the buggy seeming to swim upstream and the water not seldom sweeping through the buggy bed, forcing us to put our feet on the dashboard.

As I remember the Dayton streets of that time, my first impression, colored by the condition of our present traffic, is that of solitariness. Old pictures will bear me out. Two buggies to a block covered the traffic of 1865. Drays were a familiar feature, although they since have completely disappeared. Not even a picture of one survives. Turned, with tail to the sidewalk from which barrels were rolled up onto the sloping floor, pushed forward and held in place by stakes run through holes in the floor, they were a useful vehicle for the transportation of freight. The streets themselves became a problem early in our city life. The underlying gravel upon which our earliest citizens prided themselves proved less of a blessing than a curse. For superimposed loads of it piled the middle of the street so much higher than the gutters that only the vehicle in the middle of the road kept an even keel. The ones on the side tilted at an uncomfortable angle. Our limestone deposits made a sort of mortar bed when the rains came and, when the winds followed, it was transformed into an alkali powder very trying to throat and nose. Pigs and cows roamed at will. Almost every family kept a cow and either used or sold the milk. At evening the cows were driven home from across the river by little boys hired for the purpose. A mother pig with her brood could nestle comfortably in a puddle on the corner of Jefferson and Fourth streets without menace from her human neighbors. Geese squawked their way across our principal thoroughfares without molestation.

The first citizen to suggest, through the papers, that this bucolic state of things cut us off from competing with the leading cities of the Nation was bitterly denounced as entirely unworthy of being listened to. Indignant letters from "Pro Bono Publico" and all his family demanded: "How can we get along if we have to shut up our livestock and go to the expense of feeding them?"

For perhaps two blocks north and south and east and west from the municipal center there were stone sidewalks, none elsewhere; of curbing and guttering there was none. An ordinance printed in an early edition of the "Centinel" forbade people driving across the sidewalks "unless absolutely necessary," but there being no traffic policeman the phrase "absolutely necessary" was left to the individual to define.

Lest I convey the impression that the life in Dayton of that day was rough and primitive, let me hasten to say that there was in the decades following 1840 and 1850 a not by any means small amount of what they used to call "genteel" living. That is, there were social coteries where fine old silver and delicate china made entertaining a joy. Domestic living, if not on the precise scale of values known today was still lavish and generous. Wives had so little to do outside of keeping house that they did it superlatively well. If it be asked, "who were the moneyed men of Dayton of that day?" the mind will unconsciously travel in a different direction from that of the present. The palatial homes of Dayton are now south of the city in Oakwood, and Hills and Dales, but at that time those hilly acres were nothing but a part of Montgomery County. The Dayton "Journal," for May 3, 1869, lets some light into the subject with its list of taxable incomes. It is interesting to find that the thousand dollar exemption was in force then as now; also all funds invested in certain classes of corporations were taxed in corporation returns and not by the individual owner. By taking these items into calculation one may ascertain the incomes of the leading men of financial standing in Dayton at that time.

Several things are to be noted: First, that fewer than seven hundred men in Montgomery County paid any income tax at all; second, these men paid a total income tax of only $62,347; and third, only fourteen men had incomes running to five figures. They ranged all the way from E. E. Barney at $10,713 to Alexander Gebhart at $30,493, subtracting, of course, the thousand dollars exemption. The twelve remaining names on the golden list were: John C. Dunlevy, $15,004; W. K. Eckert, $11,000; Joseph Clegg, $12,688; Edward Brennan, $12,045; E. G. Beck, $19,304; Preserved Smith, $11,191; T. A. Phillips, $11,981; D. E. McSherry, $11,914; George W. Harshman, $17,960; J. H. Peirce, $12,050; Alfred Pruden, $14,839; Adam Pritz, $12,957. So those names comprised, in 1868, "richest Dayton."

The above noted belonged to the millionaire class of that day. Other rich men were: Isaac Van Ausdal, $1,326; Eugene J. Barney, $4,369; Samuel Craighead, $3,465; William P. Callahan, $8,000; R. R. Dickey, $5,075; Charles B. Clegg, $4,265; Dennis Dwyer, $1,720; J. H. Winters, $1,283; J. A. Walters, $2,031; Ezra Bimm, $3,200; R. W. Steele, $1,873; Mary Belle Eaker, $2,673; John W. Stoddard, $6,900; John A. McMahon, $3,185; H. V. Perrine, $1,748; William P. Huffman, $6,286.

It gives one, as the French say, "abundantly to think." Here was life carried on, families brought up, social affairs conducted, charities maintained, on individual incomes that would today mean nothing less than poverty. The key to the puzzle is, of course, in the reduced purchasing power of the dollar. Money went farther in the 'sixties than it does in the nineteen-thirties. The Dayton of 1868 was not a meagre Dayton; it was as full of the graces and amenities of life as today, although on a different scale.

The names on this list represent the contributing forces that built up the city. The Lutheran Church. for instance, was constructed and financed largely with Gebhart money, and they were not all Alexanders either. He was the richest brother but the rest did their bit nobly.

People lived well, gave big parties, set overflowing dinner tables, carpeted their parlors with gay Brussels carpets, and graced windows with long lace curtains. They drove carriages with high-stepping horses and did these things on incomes which today would not keep a working man in comfort. To take single instances: Dr. Reeve, a plain medical practitioner, was never even on the fringes of Dayton rich men. Including the exemption he had a little over $3,000 a year income on which he reared four children, sending them to eastern schools or to Europe, or both, for their education; kept two, and sometimes three, horses; and lived, the six of them, comfortably and happily on such a stipend.

The John Stoddards across the river, maintained a house that even to its last day when it was demolished to make room for the Masonic Temple, was an example of carved wood, ornamented ceilings and gorgeous hangings that represented money and money and money. Down the magnificent stairway I have seen Mrs. Stoddard come, to greet her guests, in a blue velvet with a two-yard train, her white neck glittering with pearls and diamonds. The house and everything in it were proof that the Stoddards had everything that money could buy in that day and yet they had it on about eight thousand a year. Those days are gone—the names, the families, the big houses and the carved lintels. *Sic transit gloria Stoddard!* which may be bad Latin but allowable as sentiment.

That ogre of present-day life, the H. C. of L., had not raised his horrible head amongst us. One could rent a pleasant house on a nice residential street for twenty dollars a month. One could boldly carry a market basket down town with only a dollar in one's pocket and get by, too. That sum would secure the Sunday roast, a week's supply of butter and eggs, and vegetables enough to fill it up to the handle. A housekeeper would be shocked at having to pay more than a dollar for the Christmas turkey. A general housework girl could be had, in 1865, for three dollars a week including the family laundry. You put ten cents into the plate at church and hoped such generosity would be counted against your transgressions. You gave a party and paid the musicians five dollars, and you got a baby for the same figure. Elihu Thompson was a well-to-do lawyer, but he got along on an income of a little over a thousand dollars and, if I am not mistaken, he drove a buggy on it. Most people did, and took care of the horse themselves. Valentine Schaeffer brought up seven good Methodist children on $1,700 a year. Since a two thousand-dollar income made a man feel rich he looked and acted rich if he had it. To see Thomas Babbitt walk down Main Street (a real Main Street and a real Babbitt) was to see Rockafellerean prosperity personified. He looked like a millionaire, he walked like a millionaire and yet the assessor, Ashley Brown, has him for only about $3,500, less the exemption.

In no single way have we progressed more astonishingly since the days of which I am writing, as in health. I am not thinking of advanced surgery or antiseptics or anæsthetics, but of the ordinary everyday measures which we now take to keep well but which were not even whispered in the 'sixties. One common ailment was sick headaches. They were recurrent. Everybody had them at intervals and always expected to. The outraged stomach and nerves rebelled once every so often and sent the owner to bed to sleep it off and learn better if he could. Fresh air, fresh water and green vegetables were almost unknown considerations. The daily diet included meat three times a day and most of it fried. Windows were not only shut all winter but the cracks filled in with selvage from the tailors. No one ever slept out of doors, even in summer. No green vegetables were eaten until they grew in the market gardens near Dayton. Oranges were luxuries. In any family there was always one member of it collapsed with either malaria or migraine or both. The doctors did nothing but prescribe drugs, mostly violent purgatives, and quinine.

It was the popular belief that children's contagious diseases were inevitable and necessary. All children took their turn at having measles, chicken-pox and whooping-cough, and they always would have them, so "the sooner the better," said the mothers. They were even sometimes exposed to contagion so as to get it over with. Typhoid fever, scarlet fever, went the rounds of a neighborhood with tragic results. No one had yet connected the fact of a cholera epidemic with open sewers; no one saw death in an unsanitary milk supply; no one suspected that mosquitoes had anything to do with a high death rate. It was a better day for the children, and for their mothers as well, when doctors succeeded in impressing upon people that when sickness occurs it is generally some one's fault and can generally be prevented.

When a comparison with the past induces us to "count up our mercies," as the old woman did who was charmed to find that although she only had two teeth they did meet in the middle, our blessings emerge with added lustre. This brings us to the modern dentist and his works of mercy and skill. In the 'sixties many a vigorous man or woman of forty was as good as on the scrap heap from decayed teeth. No one gives us more length of working days and joy in them than the dentist and he seems never to get any credit. What use are money and good clothes if you have no teeth? The art which gives to men of eighty the use of their digestion and their enunciation is a great one and insufficiently eulogized.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LATER F. F. D.'S.

It is something to be thankful for that the F. F. D.'s could not all go into one chapter. The influence of Israel Ludlow and John Cleves Symmes, who were the first to stimulate western emigration in our direction, did not cease at their death. It was current opinion among leading and thoughtful men in the East, particularly in New Jersey, that, if a young man desired to go out into the world and try his fortunes, Dayton was the place to head for. The character of our citizenship had been fixed by such names as Van Cleve, Phillips, Schenck, Crane, Perrine, Conover, and it was most natural that it should continue in the same strain. The exodus from Kentucky was started by the Pattersons and continued by the Steeles, the Browns and others. The whole Gebhart clan came from Somerset County, Pennsylvania, and everybody knows what they brought to Dayton.

It is pleasant to discover that most of the later F. F. D.'s marched right along in the paths marked out by their fathers. Jefferson Patterson followed his father, Robert Patterson, in the Rubicon Farm home where he raised a family of eight children, carried on both mills, went to the Ohio Legislature and, into the fourth generation, served his city. The Phillips' sons brought with them the culture of their ancestor, the first president of Princeton University, Jonathan Dickinson. The Steele sons, Dr. James and Robert W., carried on as loyal citizens as their father did before them.

John Van Cleve, eldest child of the marriage of Benjamin Van Cleve and Mary Whitten, was a remarkable man. His impress upon the lives of Daytonians was more vital even than that of his father, for he was a graduate of Oxford, a "born scholar," inheriting not only his father's love of books and learning but an extraordinary facility as well. At the university he not only had no trouble in keeping up with his class, it was the class who could not keep up with him. At sixteen he was teaching Latin and Greek and as for mathematics he wrote, "I consider Euclid the most pleasing study I ever undertook." Robert Steele has left the record that John Van Cleve went through Colburn's "Intellectual Arithmetic" in one day, when it first came out to Ohio. Interested in agriculture, he introduced many improvements on his farm and his beautifully kept minutes of the Montgomery County Horticultural Society testify to his love for flowers. The elder Van Cleve's methodical, industrious, and persevering habits were amplified in the son who fulfilled every expectation of his father.

John Van Cleve's life in Dayton was a solid benefit in more ways than can be told. After leaving college he studied French and German, translating a number of plays and stories from both languages. Are we telling the story of a pedant who made the most of his learning that it might set him above his fellows? Read Mary Steele's beautiful tribute to the essential humanness of the man. He loved children and was a born teacher, he gathered the little folks around him and told them about flowers and stars and foreign countries. On free Saturdays he took them into the woods—long walks, full of interest in everything in nature. Women, whom the writer only knew when they had passed the Psalmist's limit, used to be roused to an almost juvenile enthusiasm when telling of those walks with Mr. Van Cleve, and gave him credit for all they knew of poetry and flowers and books.

In 1851, in contradiction to the habit of business men of today, Mr. Van Cleve retired from active work and, like a European gentleman, began to live. Study, art and music, and above all an absorbing devotion to all things that would benefit his native city, were the things that occupied Mr. Van Cleve's days. He was musician (organist at Christ Church), painter, botanist, civil engineer, engraver, geologist, collector of fossils and curios for the Dayton Library and Museum, edited for a short time the "Dayton Journal," a correspondent with scientists and noted men of the day. His complete herbarium of plants indigenous to the Miami Valley as well as his collection of fossils have been lost sight of.

There is no need for the stately shaft of marble which, on the highest point of Woodland Cemetery, marks the resting place of John Van Cleve, for the whole cemetery is his monument. Two other cities in the United States had, at that time, beautifully laid out resting places for their dead. He determined that Dayton should be the third, which, under his expert and loving guidance, it became. It was he who selected the site, high above the roofs of the city. It was he who laid it out, ran the lovely curving roads, planted the trees, often with his own hands, set out dogwoods and redbuds, maples and beeches, kept the books, and exercised all the duties of superintendent, all entirely without compensation.

He found the levee an ugly shapeless hill which encircled the town to keep the encroaching waters of the river from our streets and headed a list of subscribers for the purpose of beautifying this parkway. With his own hands he put out saplings of elm, maple, and silver-leaf poplars; and a little girl who loved to work in the dirt, went with him and put down in his book the date at which each tree was planted. They call it Robert Boulevard now and forget, when they walk under that noble row of branching trees, who, it was that so long ago took the pains to make it the most beautiful walk in Dayton. With the vision of making our city like the elm-embowered towns of New England Van Cleve surrounded the courthouse with elms, and when they got to the age when the green limbs lifting to the sky framed the classic pillars in their foliage, an editor, who thought that to have trees in a city made it look countrified, kept at it in his paper until the elms fell victims to a municipal axe and are no more. Sad enough to forget such a man as Van Cleve, but to undo his work is worse.

Van Cleve's official positions should be recorded but are not so interesting. He was one of the founders of the Dayton Library Association, promotor of many public benefits to add books to the library, he was city engineer and member of the volunteer fire brigade, he compiled a map of Dayton, helped edit the "Log Cabin" and wrote campaign songs for the Harrison rally in 1840; was an enthusiastic Whig and promotor, with James Turpin, of the Whig Glee Club.

It would be pleasant for an historian to present a portrait of this man who did so much for Dayton, but there is no such thing in existence. Being somewhat over three hundred pounds in avoirdupois he was sensitive about it and never sat for his picture. It was said of him that when he went sleigh-riding in one of the little compact cutters prevalent in that day there was no room for anyone else. The lack of his portrait is a profound loss. Also, it would be gratifying for an historian to record the names of Van Cleve's descendants and to call attention to the benefits they were conferring upon the city for which their father did so much. There are no descendants, for John Van Cleve died unmarried. All there is of tangible memory we find in Mary Steele's "Early Dayton," a beautiful tribute from one who knew him well.*

Jogging up through the woods from Lebanon there came to Dayton, in 1831, a young man described by those who knew him at the beginning of his career as slim, pale-faced and light-haired. This is not at all as he appeared to us who knew him fifty years later, when he was plethoric, dignified and imposing—in fact General Robert C. Schenck. At the time of which we write, he was on his way from the law office of Tom Corwin, "the wisest lawyer in Ohio," where he had read law for a year and from whom he carried a letter of introduction to Judge Crane. Previous to his Lebanon experience, Schenck had graduated with high honors at Oxford and, previous to that, he had come west from New Jersey with the rest of the Schencks whose name was then legion and who settled, some in Franklin and some in Lebanon. Dayton, then the largest town north of Cincinnati, was an attraction partly social, from the prominent families there residing, and partly professional from the prestige of Judge Crane's large practice.

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*"Early Dayton," p. 79.

In the saddle-bags of the traveler in search of his future was a sealed letter from the distinguished Mr. Corwin to Judge Crane, which the latter read, slowly raising his eyes from the paper to scan the features of the young man facing him. At the close, he immediately invited Robert Schenck to be his partner-in-law. The association thus formed lasted for many years and proved to be one of the most extensive and lucrative in the State.

The logical and original mind of the junior partner made its prompt impression upon the town and the State. In politics he was an ardent Whig and contributed both by money and personal prestige to the election of William Henry Harrison. It is safe to say that not a public enterprise in Dayton but felt the impact of Robert Schenck's personality. Intellectual and public-spirited, a lover of books and the fine things of life, he lent his influence to both civic and cultural enterprises in Dayton. The documents of the time show him to have been either a founder or promotor in the hydraulic enterprise, that great power source in our first manufacturing interests; in the turnpikes which reached out from Dayton like the spokes of a wheel and brought to us all we had from the outside world; and the railroads, when they came in, owed much of their impetus to his industry. The Mechanics Institute was his pet project, not only as manager but as actual lecturer. His free lectures —free on his part—were one of the sources of the finances which supported that institution. At the courthouse one evening, he aroused public opinion by his eloquence in favor of the Mad River and Lake Erie Railroad and headed the list of stockholders himself. Together with John Van Cleve and others he fostered the necessities and beauties of Woodland Cemetery.

What more natural than his emergence from these merely local interests to outside and national affairs? In 1841 Robert Schenck was called to represent his district in the Ohio Legislature. In 1843 to do the same in Congress where he remained for eight years one of the foremost workers in his party. It was during these years, Judge Crane having died, that he associated himself in partnership with Wilbur Conover, a young lawyer and graduate of Oxford. Mr. Conover took charge of the large practice of the firm which became from then on one of the commanding law firms in southern Ohio.

In 1851 Robert Schenck's attributes of statesmanship were further called upon; he represented the United States as Ambassador to Brazil where he remained for six years and rendered important service. His letters to his law partner during these years are models of wit and brilliancy, as well worth reading now as when they were penned more than seventy-five years ago. Returning to Dayton he entered into the Lincoln-Douglas campaign and was said by Lincoln himself to be the first one who ever spoke of him for the Presidency.

In 1861 came the outburst of the Civil War when Schenck made a prompt offer of his services to the government; they were accepted and rewarded with a commission as brigadier-general. That he was not a mere carpet-knight was shown by the fact that after the disastrous battle of Bull Run he was commended for "gallantry in action and coolness and discretion in retreat." Two more advances in rank made him first major-general (when no longer fit for active service), then commander of the Middle District.

However, not only his military services which were great, but his statesmanship was what endeared General Schenck to his party and his country. Elected again to Congress in 1863 he resigned his commission in the army to take his place again among the law-makers of the Nation. Mary Steele, in her "Early Dayton," says that "a history of the career of Robert C. Schenck in the thirty-ninth and fortieth congresses would be a complete history of the military legislation of the United States through the most eventful war to its close." He had not a mere academic view of military methods and principles but a grasp born of actual personal participation in the great war.

Upon the accession of General Grant to the Presidency, one of his first acts was to appoint Robert Schenck as Ambassador from the United States to the Court of St. James. In England the recognition of his mental stamina and personal prestige won him many friends, and throughout the six years of his residence in London, he and his three daughters maintained a hospitality open alike to their own countrymen and foreigners of position and power.

Robert Schenck will be chiefly remembered in Europe as well as at home for his efforts in bringing about a peaceful settlement of the problems confronting the Joint High Commission at the Geneva Conference of which he was a member. The closing years of his life were passed in Washington but he was held by Daytonians to be one of their number—our most distinguished citizen, the crowning achievement of whose life was that he used his best talents in the service of his city, his State and the Nation, putting public interests always before his own. He was buried from Christ Church and carried out to the Woodland Cemetery which he had so loved.

There was another member of the Schenck family, Admiral James F. Schenck, who began life as a midshipman in 1825, and ended as an admiral. Between these two phases in his life, the beginning and the end, came almost as many distinguished adventures and services as in those of his cousin, the general. He enlisted in the navy in 1825, became a citizen of Dayton in 1836, went on frequent long cruises, rising meanwhile rapidly from rank to rank, visited the West Indies, Japan, the Mediterranean, Africa, China, Brazil, all in years crowded with active service and rich experiences. Throughout all his naval record was a fine one. As captain of the "Congress," in 1845, he served in the Los Angeles, the Santa Barbara and the San Pedro battles; he participated in the capture of Guyamos and Mazatlan in Mexico. In 1862 we find him in command of the frigate "St. Lawrence," and joining the blockading squadron at Key West. In 1864, as commander of the "Powhatan," he led a division of the squadron at the bombardment of Fort Fisher.

Upon his retirement from the navy, in 1869, and after his appointment as rear-admiral, Admiral Schenck came to Dayton as the pleasantest place among the pleasantest people he could find, to end his days. There, in his home on the northwest corner of First and Wilkinson streets, he and his daughters lived and entertained their friends. The entertainment consisted not only of a famous punch brewed in the big Canton bowl known and revered by Dayton housekeepers of the old school, but by the stories told by the admiral from out his long life on the sea and in foreign lands. He was a racy teller of racy anecdotes such as are not forgotten until all the hearers of them are at rest in Woodland. My only personal recollection of the admiral was of passing, as a schoolgirl, his side gate on Wilkinson Street and seeing him sitting in the yard under the shade of his trees telling stories to his friends. He wore white duck and a naval cap with gold lace, a costume effectively novel to us inland Daytonians. He died in 1882.

James Steele (treated in a former chapter) married Phoebe, daughter of Isaac Peirce, an officer of the Revolutionary Army, and thus allied himself with another First Family of Dayton. He died in 1841 and left two sons, Dr. James Steele who practiced medicine for years on the corner of Third and Ludlow, and Robert Steele for whom not a chapter but a whole volume would be necessary to chronicle his services to his native town. The merest list of his interests and activities will tell the story of loyal devotion to Dayton hardly equalled either then or now. He was founder and director of the Dayton Library Association, member, for thirty-three years of the Board of Education, trustee of Miami University, one of the incorporators of Cooper Seminary, president of the Woodland Cemetery Association, member of the Ohio Board of Charities, trustee of the Montgomery Children's Home, elder in the Third Street Presbyterian Church, stockholder and promotor of nearly all the railroads entering Dayton, member and president of the Montgomery County Horticultural Society; during the Civil War on the Sanitary Commission and interested himself actively in the families of enlisted soldiers. A lover of books and trees and flowers, it was he whom that earlier lover of books and trees and flowers, John Van Cleve, called to his bedside in the Phillips House and passed on to the younger man, as a sacred legacy, the promotion of all these things in Dayton. And they say that not long before Robert Steele passed away himself, he stood on the corner of his home at First and Ludlow and exclaiming how beautiful Dayton was, wished that he might come back from death in future years to see it grow more beautiful.

It is both necessary and seemly that such unsalaried public service should be kept in the minds of Dayton citizens by the building which rears its head at the end of Main Street—Steele High School. The six children of Robert Steele have long since passed away. Two grandsons, each bearing the honored name, survive, Robert Steele, of Berkeley, California, and Robert Steele, of Rocky Ford, Colorado.

It was Robert Steele who said of Henry L. Brown that he was "one of the best and most useful men who ever lived in Dayton," which is warrant, if it were needed, for putting the Browns among the first families of Dayton. It will be remembered that the first Henry Brown served in the War of 1812, married the brilliant Kitty Patterson and lived in the first brick house ever built in Dayton. Henry Brown 2d, lived on Ludlow Street in a large house with a large family, a large relationship and a large interest in everything pertaining to Dayton.

Those who have a personal recollection of Henry L. Brown, count it a pleasure to remember him, for he was always glad to see you. His hand grip was one of real friendship. Blue eyes, a strip of sandy hair, a slight limp from a hurt in his youth, a linen coat and his genuine cordiality made Mr. Brown a figure one did not soon forget. His real business ability had built up a flourishing stove foundry at the foot of Ludlow Street and a stove store on Main Street. But commercial affairs were not the chief end of living for Henry Brown. Like his friend, Robert Steele, he busied himself about the educational interests of Dayton, was president of the School Board for twenty-five years and all that time not a week passed but a part of it was given to the schools. He was especially active in investigating the claims of applicants for teacher positions. His knowledge of business made him valuable when there were new buildings to be erected.

Another, perhaps the first of his dear interests was the First Presbyterian Church. For a whole long lifetime he was a pillar and a prop in all recorded ways. At one time he was superintendent of the Sunday school, at another, the teacher of a vigorous class of young men and women in the study of the Bible. During the cholera epidemic Mr. Brown was as much a hero as if he had striven on the field of battle, though he would have been the last to suspect or acknowledge it. Right into infected houses he went with food and medicine and prayers. All through that terrific summer of 1840, with the mercury at nearly a hundred, he plodded on his self-imposed errands of mercy with no thought of his own safety.

My own remembrance of Henry L. Brown was merely that of a pupil in his class and of the entertaining parties which he gave from time to time in his home—candy-pullings in winter, watermelon parties in summer, and picnics in between. He married Sarah Belle Browning and had nine children of whom none are now living.

A repulsive "bus station" painted hideously, mars the one-time beauty and dignity of Second Street west of Ludlow. No modern Daytonian could imagine it the stately home of Miss Martha Perrine, the last of the family of that name. She had in her possession an old account book with this record: "My wife and I began housekeeping on Sunday morning, July 17, 1831." It was signed by James Perrine. The bride was Julia Darst. The Perrines were of French descent and came to America some time after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1686. The family scattered as was usual in immigrating families and a part of them found their way to Middlesex County, New Jersey, near Freehold. In this town there is still a pew in the old church marked "Perrine" with a date early in the last century. It was the same neighborhood from which came the Schencks, the Huffmans, the Conovers, the Woodhulls and the Cranes.

John Perrine was the ancester who came west, and his four sons were James, Henry, Johnson and Garrett. The latter moved to New Carlisle, but the other three identified themselves with Dayton and became F. F. D.'s. The first business venture was a store on the corner of Second and Jefferson, it was known as Perrine, Lytle and Shaw and maintained for many years the leading trade in dry goods in Dayton. The Perrines had daughters, Sarah, Mary, Martha, Julia, and Louise. Mary became Mrs. George Shaw. Louise married Edward Barney.

James Perrine died January 22, 1864, and as a mark of respect to a man whose name had stood for strict integrity, every business house in Dayton was closed when they carried him out to Woodland. He had established high standards and served his city. Besides his business interests James Perrine was connected with several public enterprises, as president of the Dayton Bank, trustee of Woodland Cemetery and director of the first life insurance company of Dayton.

The brothers of James Perrine, Johnson and Henry, never married and survived him for many years. Henry Perrine had a retail dry goods store on Main Street in the Phillips Block (Mutual Home Building) for many years. Both brothers were socially popular and made large fortunes. Survivors of the first Perrine, children and grandchildren and living in Dayton are: Mrs. E. E. Barney, Mrs. John Bradley Greene, Julia McCoy, Mrs. H. G. Carnell, and Mrs. Harry Munger.

No man's life, belonging to the plain and sturdy class of pioneers, ever deserved recording more than Thomas Brown. He was another of the New Jersey emigrants to the west, this time from Monmouth County. He was born in the first year of the century and died in Dayton in 1894. At the age of twenty and starting from his New Jersey home Thomas Brown took a walk. He had a friend with him and they hoped to occasionally get a ride in some of the wagons that were continually on the road towards Ohio. But luck did not come their way and it had to be done by sheer pluck. On and on they kept until they reached the village of Lebanon. From there to Xenia and from there to Dayton, where the Odyssey ended. Immediately he began to be a good citizen and a leading one. He founded the S. N. Brown corporation of which he was president but he was much more than a mere business man. He was at several times a member of the State Legislature, director of the State prison at Columbus, member of the first school board organized in Dayton and one of the lessees of the public works under the law of 1861. A devout member of Grace Methodist Church Thomas Brown led an upright life and a long one. On one of the pages of his diary are still to be found these words: "That man is rich who has a good disposition, who is naturally kind, patient, and cheerful and has a flavor of wit in his composition." Which description accurately fitted the man who wrote it.

There were two sons, Samuel and Charles, and two daughters, Ellen and Caroline, all now deceased. S. N. Brown carried on the business, and all forwarded as best they might the fine ideals of their father.

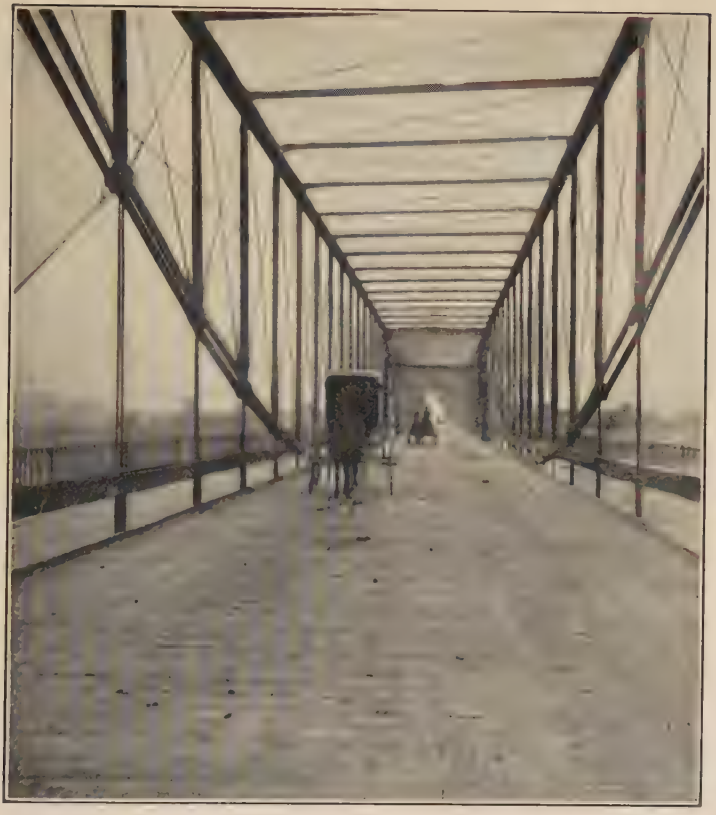
When a man begins his career by earning ten cents a day and ends with hundreds of thousands of dollars it makes an interesting story. In 1825, Valentine Winters worked in a brickyard in Germantown at the above mentioned salary; in 1870, he was giving birthday dinners with a check for ten thousand dollars under each plate around the table where his sons and daughters had gathered to do him honor. His first earnings in Dayton amounted to fifty dollars a year, but five years later he was establishing the Winters National Bank, and the present Winters National is the fruit of the seed he sowed in 1830. All the banking interests during that hundred years centered around the name of Winters.

Banking is in itself a science and rarely leaves room for activities of other natures, but Mr. Winters was an organizer of railroads and insurance companies and promotor of both in Dayton. It is told of him that he went into debt for his wedding suit and at the end of the year had paid for it and deposited thirty-eight dollars in the bank to his credit. He was an indefatigable worker and so was his wife. Both were up early in the morning making every hour do its sixty minutes worth of work, keeping the out-go always inside of the income, he busy with ledgers and she with household affairs until, long before their golden wedding day, they landed in the big house on West Third Street where most of us still remember them but which has long since gone the way of too big, too old mansions and will never be seen again.

During the Civil War, Valentine Winters loaned money to the government and gave it to support the families of soldiers at the front. He held his wealth as a stewardship and gave to any demand, either private or public, that came his way. This is the record of a rich man but rich not only in money but in friends, health, family, reputation and public confidence. The golden wedding of Valentine Winters and Catherine Harshman was celebrated by them and their eleven children in 1879. Among the descendants of the name in Dayton are V. Winters, R. R. Dickey, Mrs. Harry Loy, Clara Winters, Mrs. Louella Winters Thomas, Mrs. J. E. Bimm, Dr. Charles McGregor, Harriet Winters Gebhart, and Jonathan H. Winters.

One of the most versatile men that ever came to Dayton was a school teacher by the name of Eliam E. Barney. Just graduated from Union College he was attracted, as so many were, by the cultural demands of this small city and longed to do his share. This share was first the principalship of the old academy on the corner of Fourth and Wilkinson, and later when Cooper had given the ground for a girls' school and the citizens had subscribed the money to build Cooper Seminary, Mr. Barney was unanimously elected to be the head of that institution. One of his pupils said of his work, "He made everything so interesting one could not help learning." . . . a born and inspired teacher. He began with nine pupils and ended with eighty-five.

Nothing seems to be so far from teaching as manufacturing, but after a couple of decades of this work Mr. Barney saw the demand for railroad cars and built up the Barney and Smith car works, for years the leading industry of Dayton. Manufacturing is a long way from foreign missions, but being a fervent Baptist Mr. Barney gave of his time and money to forward the work of the Gospel in other lands. One of the founders of Denison University, he transferred to it the fervor for learning that he wielded at Cooper Seminary and built it up with money all his life. He was a passionate arboriculturist and his cultivation of the catalpa tree and introduction of it for commercial purposes was a real contribution. The Young Men's Christian Association felt his helping hand and soul. The Cooper Hydraulic Company was conducted under his efficient presidency as was also the Second National Bank. Among his descendants now living in Dayton are: J. D. Platt and family, Mrs. Bertha Platt Thacker, and Miss Julia McCoy.



MAIN STREET RIVER BRIDGE

The Bridge and the Buggy of Yesteryear

(Courtesy of Mrs. Grace Tattershall)

A sewer system is not a sentimental monument to a man's memory but there could hardly be a more practical one. When a city has outgrown itself and wastage becomes a menace, when city funds are low and anciently-minded members of the city council think that what was good enough for their fathers is good enough for them, then is the time for a prophet to arise that has a vision and knows how to externalize it. Such a man was William Huffman. There were two F. F. D.'s under this name. William, the father, who came from New Jersey in 1812, and William P. who was born in 1813. William the first established a store on the corner of Jefferson and First, since occupied by the Beckel House. They say the first meeting to form the Baptist Church was held on his porch. He had four daughters one of whom married into the Winters family and one into the Harries family. The children of William P. Huffman were: William, Charles, Samuel (died an infant); Frank T., George P., Lizzie (Mrs. Drury); Mrs. E. J. Barney, Mrs. James R. Hedges, and Anna M.

In 1889 there was a bill passed authorizing the probate judge (then Judge McKemy) to appoint three commissioners for the city of Dayton. They were William Huffman, Galen C. Wise and Dr. Hooven. It was William Huffman's work on this commission that makes citizens who know of it now raise their hats in his honor. The sewers and street paving he was determined to have, and against untold odds, of private opinion and newspaper opposition, he carried the day and Dayton was delivered from the threat to public health and the misery of mud and dust. William P. Huffman lived for a time some miles east of town where he owned a large tract of land afterwards known as Huffman's Prairie. It was upon this level land that the Wright brothers made their first experiments in aviation. Later, Mr. Huffman moved to Dayton and built a fine residence on Huffman Hill where he lived for many years and brought up a family of ten children. He married Anna M. Tate. The living descendants of the original William Huffman living in Dayton are: Charles H. Simms, Colonel Frank T. Huffman, Mrs. Evelyn H. Patterson; Susannah, Geraldine, Charlotte, and William P., the children of Torrence and Annie B. Huffman; and George P. Huffman.

It is difficult to imagine what the commercial side of Dayton would have been without the Gebharts. Sturdy, honest, thrifty and efficient they were; Frederick, the head of the clan, and his brothers, George and Herman, who came to Dayton in 1838. On Third Street west of Main he built a three-story building and established a general store. Seven children he brought with him and two more were born in Dayton. They were Alexander, John, Josiah; the daughters who were Mrs. Joseph Newcomer, Mrs. Isaac Haas, Mrs. H. L. Pope, and Mrs. Cahill; and the Dayton group, Walter and Annie. In a room in his Third Street store, Frederick Gebhart gathered a group of men who were the founders of the Lutheran Church. His two contributions to Dayton were business organization and church organization. Both prospered. The hydraulic in its progress through the middle of town turned more wheels for the Gebharts than for any other firms. Flour mills (Simon Gebhart and Sons, East Third, 600 barrels a day); Cornice Works (W. F. Gebhart); the Gebhart White Lead Works; Gebhart Pope and Company, Linseed Oil. These were the sons and the grandsons of the Gebhart who first came out from Pennsylvania. Gebhart descendants at the present time are Mrs. Harry Turpin, Mrs. Kate Mathiot, Mrs. O. B. Brown, Mrs. Kate Haas Kennedy, Alexander Reed and family, Mrs. Isabel Reed Edgar and family, Dorothy Gebhart Carl, Miriam Mathiot Brown, Mrs. Annie Gebhart Norwood, Harry Gebhart and family, Mrs. Grace Gebhart Kinnard, and Mrs. Joseph Turpin.

In the 'seventies and 'eighties, the square on East First Street between Main and Jefferson was mostly in the possession of the Harries family whose "emigrant ancestor," as the genealogists call it, was John W. Harries from Llandovery, Carmarthenshire, South Wales. He came to America in the early 'thirties and to Dayton not much later, bought a lot in the locality mentioned and lived there all his life. A brewer by profession he established a brewery on Jefferson Street north of First, where he manufactured an excellent quality of real old English ale. The refuse from the brewery ran into the deep gutters where the cows going to or coming back from the pastures across the river were said to imbibe too freely and get fancy on their owner's hands. Back of the brewery was a shed said to have been constructed out of the timbers of the pirogue in which the first settlers came up the river to Dayton.

Mr. Harries was first and last a Briton; in his personal appearance he would have made a good cartoon for "John Bull" and in his characteristics of individuality and mastery in his own family. No modern ideas of independence ever got very far in the Harries family. His children were Thomas, William (who married Mary Huston); John, David, and Ann—these of the original English family. His American children by a second wife were: Charles (married Lizzie Riggins); Caroline (Mrs. Young); Mary (who died at sixteen); Rosetta (Mrs. J. H. Gorman); and Emma (Mrs. William Simms).

Mr. Harries celebrated Christmas after the wholesale English custom, with a barrel of cider and a washboiler full of doughnuts to his employees and a table set with forty-two places for the family near and far. Children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren sat down to roast beef, suckling pig, roast ducks, and a dainty known as Welsh potpie.

The last member of the original family was Mrs. Rosetta Harries Gorman of beloved memory, who died not many years since and left the town poorer for want of her. For many years she lived in the home her father had built. It had been many times rebuilt, but the stairway which as a girl bride she had descended to meet her lover had remained the same through four generations. In the Charles Harries family, who lived on the opposite side of First Street, there were seven children. They were John, Carrie (Mrs. Houston Lowe); Ella (Mrs. Harry Lowe); Charles, Harry, and Emma (Mrs. Ernest Jackson). Nothing went on in Dayton that did not have a Harries in it, of one age or another. The parties they gave and the parties they went to could not be cronicled in one chapter. The secret of it was that they were individually handsome, and collectively a most attractive family, possessing much of what the French call "allure." The Harries house was the rendezvous of the gayest set in Dayton during three decades.

Owners of the name still living in Dayton are: G. Harries Gorman, E. J. B. Gorman, Mrs. Ernest Jackson, Harry Harries, Charles H. Simms, John G. Lowe, Mrs. Robert Dun Patterson, and Mrs. Caroline Patterson Bush.

In this same locality of Dayton, on the northwest corner of First and Jefferson, lived the Walters family, whose ancestors go back six generations to an Ephraim Walters who was murdered by the Indians in his Pennsylvania home, and his wife and children carried into captivity. A son, Ephraim Walters, having escaped and grown up, was a captain in the Revolutionary War. His son was the father of Dr. J. A. Walters, a graduate of Jefferson College and well known for many years in Dayton. He lived at first in the corner house but later built one in the next lot; he married Lucetta Brooks and their children were James and Mary. For many years Dr. Walters engaged in the drug business and was all his life a member of and contributor to the Third Street Presbyterian Church. He died in 1898, greatly mourned by the community. His son married Welthy Sheets and his daughter married Morris Woodhull. James Walters had two children, Jefferson and Edith. Edith became Mrs. George D. Harper of Cincinnati. Jefferson is known in musical circles as a beautiful musician on the violin and a composer as well. He will have further notice in a subsequent chapter. Mrs. Morris Woodhull is the only surviving child of Dr. James A. Walters, and lives in her beautiful home in Oakwood where her friends are always happy to find her.

This does not by any means include all the F. F. D.'s who have graced Dayton but it does include the most prominent who came here as early as the 'thirties. To go on through the later years of the last century would be to make a whole directory, so many have there been of the sons and daughters of Dayton, who have worked to build up her business and social life, her factories, churches, and her place on the map of the United States.

CHAPTER X.

THE RAMBLINGS OF AN ANCIENT DAYTONIAN.

Haec olim meminisse juvabit, sang the old poet. A pleasure to have remembered these things! And such a pleasure that I am loth to lay it down. The 'sixties were such charming years! Therefore I am going to take it upon myself to continue, excusing the prolixity by the argument that it is a moral obligation to let young people of today know something about the adventures of their forebears. Historians are too apt to deal exclusively with the major facts of living and forget about the subtler undercurrents.

I have hinted at the hospitality of the 'sixties as exemplified in the house parties at the Patterson farm and the constant tide of visitors and parties at the Harries and Harshman homes on the Springfield Pike. It is, of course, a shining virtue, but there is no doubt that in those days it was apt to be over-done. Hotels were not patronized to the extent they are now, even by people abundantly able to afford to do so. If you desired to visit another city and were so fortunate as to have an acquaintance living there, that made it easy. You wrote him you were coming, or you didn't, and just came. It was all right with him for it was what he did when he got the chance. There is no record as to what his wife said (or thought).

The first intimation you were likely to have that six extra people would be your guests for dinner was when you looked out of the front window at eleven-thirty and saw them climbing out of the surrey at the horse block. *Semper non paratus*—never unready—had to be the motto of the housekeeper in those days, for there were no telephones and writing was too much trouble. A modern hostess can meet unexpected emergencies by ordering from a well-stocked store with a delivery system. But in the 'sixties there were no well-stocked stores and no delivery. It was "cash and carry" right through the existence of our mothers and grandmothers. I have described in a former chapter the markets of Dayton as furnishing supplies both cheap and good, but those markets were held only on certain days of the week and at certain hours of the day. When a child I have been sent on an errand of mad emergency to scour the backyards of our neighbors or of the dwellers on "the Commons" to buy a chicken because the one we had had for dinner was eaten up and another needed for unexpected company. If the chicken was found (unlikely enough) it had to be run down, decapitated, picked, drawn and cooked in *rigor mortis* for no such thing as a dressed chicken was to be had, even on market days. And any cook will agree that feathers are in the way when serving in a hurry.

The casual guests being provided with the *pièce de résistance,* other things were needed. No canned goods of any kind were to be had. Such a thing had never occurred to the mind of man—or woman. Pause, oh twentieth century housekeeper and contemplate such a situation! The tinned fruits and vegetables which have made possible the conquering of the Arctic regions did not come in until thirty years later than the date of which we write. If it was June and tomatoes were growing in the back lot, so much to the good, but if it happened to be February (and chance visitors came any old time of the year) the hostess confined her efforts to potatoes, parsnips and turnips. A pipe dream to the 1860 housekeeper would it have seemed to buy lettuce all the year round.

Grocery stores were depended upon for flour, sugar and spices—the "dry ingredients" as the cook books called them, but not for fruits, meats or vegetables. I don't remember a butcher's block in a Dayton grocery previous to the 'seventies. I suppose that is why families bought sugar and flour by the barrel and kept a whole ham against the times when the Assyrians came down like a wolf on the fold. The only canned fruit was what our mother put up herself, standing over a hot wood stove in the middle of summer, ladling the cooked fruit into the jars and pouring sealing wax around the edges to keep the air out. These jars were deposited in a cellar way against our winter needs where they invariably exploded and decorated the ceiling.

Bread was, as a matter of course, the product of each home kitchen. If the chance guests happened to exceed the supply on hand there was a waxy product smelling of pipe-smoke to be had at the corner grocery where all the loafers in the neighborhood sat around the stove. No desserts could be purchased. Ice cream one could indeed find by the small dish to be eaten on the premises, at Kemper's store on Main Street, but it was never sent home in bulk.

I used to wonder why these persistent relatives did not choose market days when there were supplies in the house instead of the between days when the larder was apt to be empty. But who can explain human nature?

Our house was large, but not large in a practical way. Much space there was to be heated and kept in order, but not much available space for visitors. As I remember, our family of six quite filled it up, yet I have seen another family of four descend upon us uninvited and stay for weeks, knowing perfectly well that "help" was next to impossible to get and that we children were "doubling up" in the other part of the house. To remember what such visitations meant to my mother fills me with hot indignation to this day and yet I never heard her complain. It was all an inevitable part of the scheme of living and had to be borne.

One case of "lending to the Lord" in the matter of giving of house and food and care will scarcely be credited in the present day. The story goes back to an epidemic of incendiary fires that occurred with distressing regularity sometime during the late 'sixties; the work, evidently, of an insane firebug which the police did not succeed in rounding out. Blazes burst out nearly every night and heads of families went to bed with the expectation that the hoarse cry of "fire," so much more horrifying than a fire bell, would wake them from their beds. Since it took some time for tired business men to rouse out of deep sleep, get on their clothes and run to the nearest engine house to man the hand pumps it will not be found surprising that every fire got a good headway before it could be checked. Dwelling after dwelling was consumed with great resulting loss and hardships. Turner's Opera House, on the corner of First and Main, was the biggest fire in the history of Dayton, and it did not lessen the terror of citizens who did not know but their homes would be the next to go.

One night the usual alarm woke us and the glare of the flames lit up our rooms. The fire this time was in a frame dwelling on Ludlow Street called the Witherup House, midway between Third and Fourth. It was a well-kept boarding house and always full. I, with the children of the neighborhood, watched the fire with terrified fascination from the attic windows of the David Morrison house on the corner of Fourth and Ludlow. We saw the firemen fight the flames, one of them emerged from the blazing building with a dead body in his arms and another with a body still living. This sufferer was taken, in a matter of course, into the nearest available place which was the house we were then in. What else could be done? There was no hospital or any place of any kind except a private home for hurt or sick people. I have heard my father bemoan the fact that a man patient with a broken leg from the quarries was obliged to have as bed-fellow his own small restless son. It was fully twenty years later than the time of writing before the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis established the small beginnings of the present St. Elizabeth's Hospital.

This unconscious and unwilling visitor from the burning house was put in a small bedroom off the dining room in the Morrison home and here he stayed—an addition to a family of ten for many weeks—helpless, suffering horribly, with no bathroom, no public nurses, the stench of burnt flesh filling the house. The sight of his marred face and the offensive dressings made the whole thing a horror to a sensitive child. I have wondered who took care of him; the family in turn I suppose, with the neighbors to lend an occasional hand. The point to my story is, that in such a demand on human kindness nobody complained. It was accepted as all in the day's work or laid on the shoulders of Providence. A good deal has been taken off the shoulders of Providence in these days.

Casualties were not always unwelcome to children in that day, nor since. They varied the monotony of existence and made endurable the hour we had to spend in school or helping mother. Not for worlds would I have acknowledged it then but there was a distinct impression in my mind that the perennial floods with which the Miami Valley was visited were sent for the special delectation of the children. I did have, it is true, a dim impression that digging out the tacks in a reluctant carpet to get it out of the way of the inrushing water, or dragging bedding and cooking utensils from where they belonged to where they didn't, that getting tired and wet and dirty through whole days and nights, were not occupations which my parents would have preferred.

But it was a great game for us. First we hied us to the river bank at the head of Main Street to see the yellow flood piling higher and higher against the bridge piers. The whole town was out, standing under umbrellas and watching the flotsam and jetsam of the current—hayricks, pigpens, logs and fences, hitting the lower edges of the bridge and being sucked under by the current. Sometimes a little house went careening by and was knocked to pieces under the bridge. Once an old blind white horse stood, already in the current, on the top of the levee on the other side of the river. He did not know which way to swim out and probably was not of enough value to be rescued by the owner. Patiently, hour after hour he stood, the water rising higher and higher toward his head, and was so when we reluctantly left to go home to supper. The next morning he was gone.

A part of the joy of flood times was that we children were held to no rules. Nobody cared whether we went to school or not, if indeed there was a school to go to, which I doubt. Nobody told me to wash my face or to practice. Eating a beefsteak cooked over the grate fire in the sitting room was a sort of picnic. Fun, too, to help pack a basket of food and coffee for father to take on horseback to families down on the Commons who were on lower ground than we and consequently in worse circumstances. It was fun to watch old ladies with no seafaring experience being taken home from prayer-meeting in a skiff which tipped and bumped against the trees and made the passengers scream. All so unusual, so thrilling, so free from the monotony of other days—we would have welcomed a flood several times a year.

And when the high water went down out of the streets it still lingered in the cellars, three or four feet deep, where, in a washtub with a clothes pole to navigate with, we progressed from room to room, dodging barrels and playing we were Robinson Crusoe on a voyage of discovery.

No denying that the much vaunted Flood Prevention system, however beneficial from the point of view of property owners, has certainly put an end to most entrancing experiences which the children of today do not miss because they know nothing about them.

All ancient Daytonians, whether they agree to it or not, will remember the old Fifth Street graveyard, the land for which had been given the city by D. C. Cooper in the childhood of our municipal years. It occupied the block bounded by Ludlow, Wilkinson, Fifth and Sixth. A solid board fence shut in the area for its entire length, broken only by a wide gate for the hearses to drive in and by a set of steps, up and over. I liked to climb the steps for the emotion of looking into the peaceful tangle of moss rose bushes, briers and tall grass. The graves were sunken, the gray mossy stones leaned over. I interested my childish soul in reading the inscriptions and marveled that all the really good and fine people that lived in Dayton were buried beneath them. None so good seemed to be alive and going about among us. It was such an utterly quiet place. Even the movement of trains at the other side of the graveyard seemed only to make the silence more intense. Outside, the busy world, distant noises of boys and trains—inside, all hot, silent, summer sunshine and memories of the dead.

It occurs to me as I write how much more talk there used to be about death than there is now. And how much more devotion to lost friends. One of our neighbors used to go, not often, but every single day by the calendar to place flowers on her husband's grave. Summer, spring, fall, and winter, it was a part of her daily duties. Today the funny paragraphers in the newspapers would find, somehow, a joke in it. Ghost stories were current conversation and in spite of the fact that my sensible mother flouted the hair-raising tales they did still remain in my sensitive brain. One real historical fact was that one minister buried his entire congregation of forty-two in that graveyard during the summer of 1833. Cholera, of course.

Two subjects of gruesome attraction circulated among the children I played with: First, that of being buried alive, and second, of what were called "body-snatchers." The former subject, often embellished with tales of graves being opened to find the occupant had turned over in the coffin was probably the cause of much insomnia in my later life. The latter, that of unholy diggings in the dark of the moon by masked men whispering in hoarse voices while they plied their ghastly task, the burden carried off to sell to the medical schools, will still raise the hair at the back of my neck when I think about it. Impossible as it may now seem there was a very real basis, if not in Dayton then elsewhere, for such tales. In time they came to my father's ears. Moved by the *esprit de corps* of his profession he took me on his lap, on the big porch at the side of our house, and explained an aspect of the situation that had never occurred to me and which he meant I should understand and repeat wherever necessary.

I knew that doctors were expected to help people when they were sick, didn't I? That sometimes in order to help them there had to be an operation, and cut into the body? Yes. Well, how could they do it if they had not studied the human body both outside and in? And how could they operate on living bodies if they had not operated many times on the dead? As well expect doctors to educate themselves without books as without the human cadaver. That sometime, he hoped, the law would provide subjects for hospital research and put a stop to the unfortunate incidents that made such stories possible. Which, thank heaven! it at last has.

Patently manufactured hair-raisers about headless ghosts surrounded with blue luminosity stalking the aisles of the graveyard did not take much hold on me, but I have known simple literalist lives made frightful by them. We may deplore the over-emphasis at the present day on the movies as a recreation, but it must be said for them that they impart a healthier emphasis than the one I have been describing.

There came a time when the Woodland Cemetery trustees announced that no more interments would take place in the Fifth Street graveyard. The poor old ghosts had to go out of fashion in that part of town. Then began the removal of bodies to the new quarters out on the hill. Ah, that was a chance for real thrills. The top of the board fence was like a crowded balcony on a benefit night. All the boys in town were there taking base advantage of their sex to get the best seats. Talking not long ago with a man who as a boy of ten assisted at that process he recalled that two heads of long hair, one black and the other red, were acquired surreptitiously from the excavators and passed around as cherished trophies.

We took trips away from town in the 'sixties but how differently from now: The first excitement was to see one of the old busses that plied between the Phillips House and the Union Depot back up to the sidewalk for its passenger load. The very climbing in and disposal of our hand packages was the open gateway to seeing the great outside world. Very ramshackled they were, those busses, which rumbled along the uneven streets with great straining of mechanism and clatter of harness. The seats went from front to back along the side and were very high—to my short legs at least—very hard and round and covered with red Brussels carpet. If going around a corner slid me off the seat my feet were plunged into a deep straw which covered the floor of the vehicle and was not changed as often as it should have been. The driver always hoisted on his shoulder the Saratoga trunk which held our belongings and slammed it on the roof of the bus, convincing me that we were to be crushed to a certain pulp.

Down Ludlow Street we went, over the tracks to the old depot where the busses lined up at the entrance with their tails to the walk, ready for the next load. Right there was a pump with a shallow iron dipper chained to the trough so as not to tempt the acquisitive tourist. And the cars of the 'sixties! How primitive and scanty—bare floors littered with peanut shells, and dirty plush seats. The noise of transport drowned any attempt at talk and the hot sun and flies and cinders sweeping in at the windows made the ten-hour trip to Cleveland a long horror. And yet my clear remembrance includes the reminiscences of older people of the trials of a two-days stagecoach trip over the same ground twenty years earlier.

The houses of the 'sixties and the 'seventies deserve a part of our attention. Builders of that day lacked both originality and imagination. They built solidly and well, as they hoped and thought, to last forever. Heavy oak beams and thick walls entered into all the old dwellings torn down in late years to make place for business blocks. With the exception of about a dozen big houses with halls in the middle and rooms on either side the plan of the general run of well-to-do homes was to string the rooms along in a row without regard to convenience downstairs or privacy up. Large double parlors with ceilings ten or twelve feet high occupied the front of the house. They were entered from a wide hall which ran the length of the front rooms and then opened on a porch running the length of the back of the house. Dining-room, sitting-room and kitchen opened onto this porch which was commonly draped with Isabella or Concord grapevines and was a pleasant place to sit in the summer. In fact the homes of that day could not have been more delightful in the warm months. It was when the cold weather came that their deficiencies became manifest.

No such thing as a furnace existed in the 'sixties and, for many people, far into the 'seventies. Large air-tight stoves for burning wood or coal grates in each room furnished the heat, such as it was—torrid in front and glacial behind. Except in sickness, bedrooms were not heated. The consequence was that, whether their names were Lowe or Stoddard or Phillips, they dressed in installments around the first fire in the house that got to going—generally that in the sitting-room. Their descendants may say they didn't but they did. Comfort knows no concessions and when the frost makes etchings on the window-pane and when the snow creaks under foot outside one makes one's self as comfortable as circumstances will permit.

A bathroom was just as unknown as a furnace. A washstand with pitcher and basin, utensils scarcely to be found in these days, were the only means of ablutions. Other necessary adjuncts to the bath were placed at a remote distance down in the rear of the lot, where, rain or shine, frost or snow, the family repaired individually when occasion required. Their descendants may say they didn't, but they did.

To go back to the big parlors. The mention of them recalls two periods in my life, that of little girlhood and young ladyhood. Some I looked into with awe contained ancestral mahogany still preserved by the family with love. Soft velvet carpets covered the floor, and long lace curtains reached the carpet and were spread out upon it in fan-shaped glory. But the upholsterers of the day saw no farther than horsehair cloth which sometimes came loose and tickled my legs as I sat on the sofa. The center table was sure to hold a kerosene lamp on a mat of fringed wool, the family Bible, too big for anybody to read and with colored prints of Joseph and his brethren and a stand of wax lilies. There was a craze in the 'sixties for making wax flowers. Materials were bought at Miss Kemper's fancy store—sheets of wax with vials of coloring powder and wire to hold the petals together. This was before the advanced days of the 'eighties when we learned what real art was and decorated the inside of a chopping bowl with a snow scene in all the versimilitude of powdered mica and hung it on the wall with a blue ribbon.

The grand parlors of Dayton were lighted by gas chandeliers hung with glass prisms, the second best parlors imitated it by hanging a similarly decorated coal-oil "bastard" from the ceiling at a convenient height to bump one's head upon. It thus happened that a faint odor of kerosene filled the air, mingled with that of oilcloth with which the floors of most halls were covered.

If my memory is aged ten, it peeps into these formidable rooms with a certain degree of trepidation. Would I remember all my mother told me of the polite things to say and do? Was my dress right? Would anybody ask me to dance? The dancing school boys huddled in a segregated group by the door filled me with sardonic excitement. Some of them I knew, would step on my toes and their hands were sure to be warty! Although probably the grate fire had been stoked generously since morning the room was invariably cold. The temperature of those parlors in the 'sixties was befitting nothing but a funeral. The musicians tuning up in the space under the stairs gave me thrills, and I still wonder why the tuning is so much more enjoyable than the playing.

If the party was at the house of a good Methodist I knew what would happen. We would not dance, we would play games. And how I loathed games! There was one called forfeits and a part of it was that each boy would "bow to the wittiest, kneel to the prettiest and kiss the one he loved the best." No one ever kissed me nor knelt to me. The most I ever got was a frosty nod from across the room and I wanted to go right home. Supper was some diversion, except that following the fried oysters and chicken salad we had ice cream which reduced my interior to a section of the Arctic regions, and the chattering of my teeth threatened competition with the band.

It was at this part of the evening's entertainment that Carrie Dudley, afterwards the famous Leslie Carter, danced the Highland Fling. She had sashes wider than any others and skirts shorter, and in spite of inevitable envy in my soul I had to confess that she did dance well. The linen covered floor, the violins, the light from the crystal chandeliers and Carrie in the middle, waving her scarf and keeping pretty feet in time with the music, is a picture quite plain after over sixty years.

In recalling the embellishments of the parlors let us not forget the whatnot. One turns up now and then in an antique shop, and I remember what it used to hold in its pristine importance: A large sea shell, a piece of white branched coral, a glass paper-weight with a view of Niagara Falls inside, and the stereoscope. Everybody had a stereoscope, and in the order of the entertainment of a chance guest it followed close on the family photograph album. You first turned the pages of the album explaining the relationship of each picture figure to yourself, and then you offered the stereoscope, pointing out the cleverness with which the photographer made it appear that the object in the view was really there. Perhaps I am out in my chronology and stereoscopes did not come in until the sophisticated 'eighties, but anyhow they were always on the whatnot.

In our own home there were no velvet carpets nor long lace curtains but there was an open piano, plenty of sheet music about and plenty of books. We rejoiced in a few treasures in the way of Swiss carvings and colored views of the Alps which gave us a certain prestige in the neighborhood because they showed that father had been to Europe. But they were as nothing beside the large framed photograph of the Roman Forum which hung in the John G. Lowe hall, or the gilt and silver labels marked "Cognac" or "Sherry" hung around the necks of Bohemian glass decanters in the Lowe dining room.

There was about all these parlors of my childhood a close, dusty smell, comprehensible in winter because they were never aired. Heat, so laboriously arrived at, was too precious to waste through open windows and the gospel of fresh air was never preached. In summer it was to be accounted for by the fact that carpets were tacked down and covered the entire floor. The laying of them was such an exertion, accomplished only by Dan Bush with his kit of carpet tools, that housekeepers avoided the job as long as possible. When, in the spring, they were taken up and beaten on a line in the yard, the floor under them held a layer of fine dust that could best be dealt with by a broom and a shovel.

Blame them not, these long-ago housekeepers for shutting up their living rooms from light and air. There was another reason—flies! a feeble idea would be given of the difficulties of that day which omitted mention of the flies. Nearly every family owned a horse and carriage, at least a buggy. The stable was on the back of the lot and just behind it, in the alley, the ever-growing manure pile. This arrangement was a fly factory with mass production going on all the time. There was no city garbage disposal. Colored men who lived below the railroad used to collect it for their pigs when they did not forget. Between the neglected garbage pails and the uncovered manure piles, the flies multiplied by the million, their first duty in life being to seek out the dinner tables of the neighborhood. Fly screens not having been invented, they had free access to kitchen, bakeries and dining rooms. This necessitated the "help" of one of the children detailed for the service, standing at the head of the table swinging back and forth over the eatables a long-handled arrangement made of cut newspapers tacked onto the end of a broomstick. In more sumptuous homes it was a peacock feather duster which, for all its elegance had no more permanent effect on the flies than the humbler utensil. If the fanning stopped for a minute the flies settled back on meat platter, bread plate and pies. Nobody seemed to mind. What was the use? There they were and there they probably would always be. Why criticize the arrangements of Providence? No room was dark enough nor cool enough to keep the ravenous insects away. Every cake or pie that was put on the pantry shelf had to be covered with a dome-shaped screen of metal netting. It was very likely this protection which finally suggested the idea of making frames to fit in the windows. When they were first used the flies would settle on the outside, attracted by the odor of food, so as to really darken the room. It would be interesting, if possible, to ascertain what the almost entire elimination of flies has to do with the lowered death rate of the present day.

An altercation often heard in our household took place on the eve of our mother's semi-annual shopping expeditions to Cincinnati. My father said she should stay in Dayton and buy of merchants who patronized him. Mother agreed entirely with the argument but retorted that there was nothing to buy in Dayton stores. She was far from wrong. Although I was too young at the time to discern the difference between Dayton hats and Cincinnati hats, I did feel that we were somehow limited in our selection of many things we wanted.

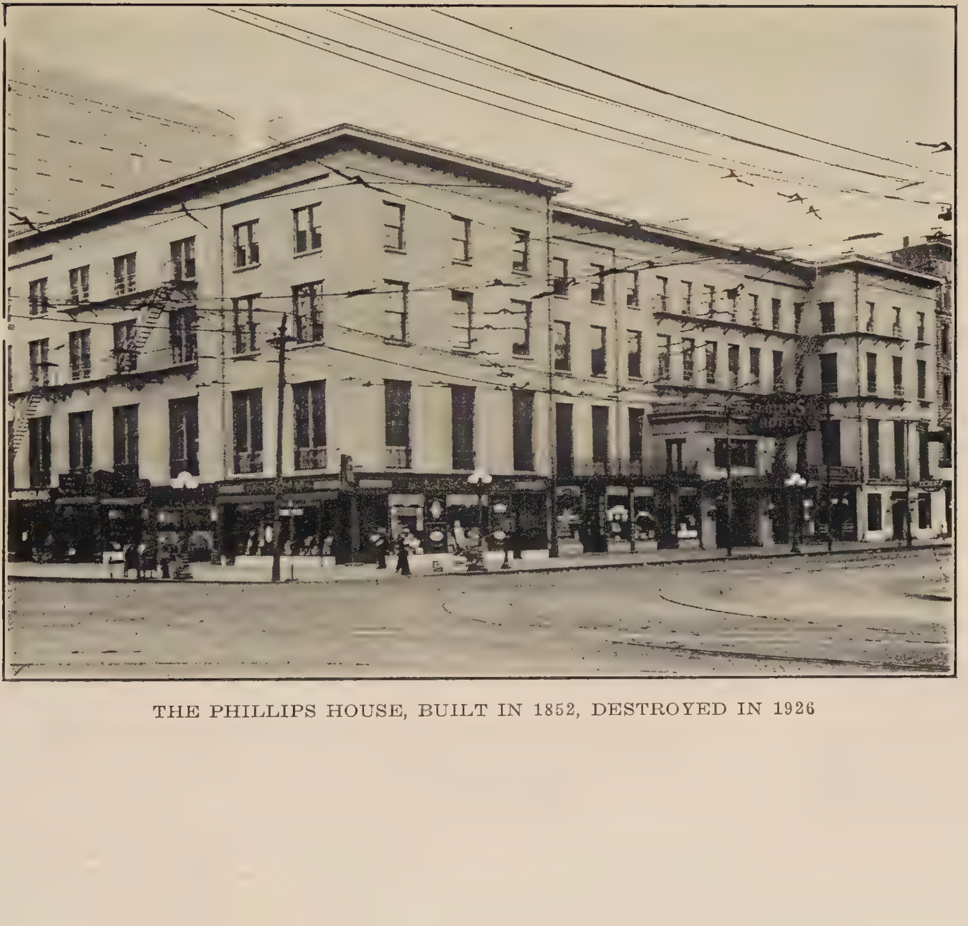
Our leading dry-goods store (no one at that day dreamed of a department store) was kept by Henry Perrine in the Phillips Building on North Main Street. In the two shallow windows opening toward the street the only temptations to passing customers were several papers of pins, some lengths of calico or barege (a thin woolen material of incredible roughness used for "best dresses") and perhaps some spools of thread, all next to invisible from the fly specks on the pane. Inside two clerks lounged over the counters while Mr. Perrine read the paper in the back of the store. If business was really heavy he took a hand himself in measuring cloth or matching samples. One advantage of this store over those of the present day was that you could always match a piece of goods. If the dress made of it was worn out and you wanted to make it over, the same bale of material from which the dress was made was still on the shelves. Colors were crass and unimaginative. Green was green in those days and the same tint used to paint the pump was to be found in ribbons, and no other. Muslins were incredibly heavy and close in texture. A nightgown made out of "Fruit of the Loom" was almost warm enough to go sleigh-riding in. A whole bolt of this material was used up every spring on the sewing-machine in our house because nothing whatever was to be had ready-made in Perrine's store. In fact the term "ready-made" was held for years to denote something cheap and unworthy. It was much worse than the word "ready-made" for men's clothes in the present day.

Buying a "dress pattern" was an event in my mother's life and I infer in the lives of most of the ladies of that day. How many yards would be needed to make the skirt held out by voluminous "hoops" and what kind of trimming (either "gimp" or velvet ribbon) was fully discussed among the neighbors, all having different advice to give. It is recorded that merchants of that day "threw in" the "findings," *i. e.,* the linings, whalebone, tape and buttons. There was no woven underwear to be bought, and that which we wore was made of rough red flannel and occasioned much torment for sensitive skins. When nice old ladies came tiptoeing across the street to call on mother holding up their skirts in front to avoid the mud, I always expected to see their red flannel drawers and always did.

It was at Christmas time that I personally felt the paucity of choice in the offerings of the Dayton stores. Something for father, something for mother, something for baby sister, was what we were after. A scanty imagination added to a scanty pocketbook made a problematic situation. Dayton merchants seem not to have waked up to the fact that people would buy things during the weeks of December that they would not buy the rest of the year. At any rate I never remember the least catering to the wants of customers. In the matter of skates and sleds I will make an exception, for every boy expected one or both of these treasures and the hardware shops hung them out in front of the door as a bait. In passing (this to the deniers that seasons change) how many merchants do that today? In the 'sixties and 'seventies we expected the Miami to freeze over soon after the middle of November, and it generally did so.

In the middle 'seventies Payne and Holden's was the leading bookstore in Dayton and there you could buy books of poetry, inkstands and paper cutters; but previous to that, what despairing searchings for the proper present to offer on Christmas morning! Lacking shopping facilities we were thrown back on our own resources, that is to say homemade presents. What horrors of decalcomania, wax flowers and wool mats we perpetrated would give us chills today. Everybody was either crocheting or poking a blunt needle in and out of the spaces in canvas work. Slippers were the only thing to give one's minister and many were the newspaper jokes about his attic hoard from admiring members of his congregations. Slippers for father and a pincushion for mother was as far as childish imaginations reached. The basis for these works of art were gaudy patterns of impossible roses worked on coarse canvas in cross-stitch, our contribution being merely to "fill in" with a background of colored worsted.

More ambitious workers at that time sought to embroider the design themselves and for this purpose borrowed a "pattern" from the store, but I never heard that such efforts came to fruition. Once, last year's slippers lasting perhaps longer than they should, a daring thought struck us to buy a china cup for father to drink his breakfast coffee from. There were but two places offering the least chance of finding such an article, a Smith's "queensware" store on North Main Street and Welty's toy and candy store on South Main. Search we did with scanty results. There were small cups with a gilt edge and pink roses marked "For a Good Child"—manifestly inappropriate. There were gaudy shaving mugs with an equally banal tribute. At last a large cup, with "For Father" on the side was discovered, but alas! it was a moustache cup, the kind we had seen "drummers" at the hotel table manipulate with such dexterity that very few drops fell on the cloth. Father wore a smooth shaven face! To this day I can sense the disappointment and the feeling that if father would only cultivate a moustache he would eliminate one of the problems of our childish years.



THE PHILLIPS HOUSE, BUILT IN 1852, DESTROYED IN 1926

The toys of that day were limited to dolls with china heads and glossy painted curls (real hair was not thought of), tin engines that disintegrated the second time they made a trip and a monkey on a stick whose paint came off and made the baby sick. Children's books went no farther in that day than Mother Goose and Robinson Crusoe. When you had graduated from the latter there was nothing for you except grown people's books—Dickens and Scott, which perhaps was not such a privation as it might have been.

Christmas trees were not as plentiful as now, never for sale and hardly ever seen in private houses. To get one for the Sunday school meant that somebody had to cut down a cedar on his lot or find a farmer who would do so. Christmas tree ornaments were also lacking, but the teachers in the Sunday school met and strung yards and yards of popcorn to loop over the branches or cranberries to give the Christmas color. Oranges were still rare enough to make desirable decorations and if a child got a sticky popcorn ball, an orange and a cornucopia full of peppermints he was happy as a king.

The joy of Christmas was not so much in the kind of gifts we got, but in the glamor surrounding the season. Once, in our neighborhood a family of children made their own tree, stripped cedar from the big trees in the yard, shaking the snow off so as not to spoil the carpet, and tied the branches of evergreen on to the branches of a dead bush pulled up for the purpose. The result left something to be desired—for a botanist, but we were not exacting and didn't mind if the cedar grew both ways on one branch. That tree was a joy as long as it lasted and illustrated what modern education experts are trying to teach parents, that the real pleasures of a child's life are the things he invents for his own amusement.

The paucity of purchasable articles reached far beyond luxuries like Christmas presents. Small occurrences make me recall the things we did not have in those far-off years. How would a modern mother of a family carry on without safety pins? When they were invented I have no means of ascertaining, but it is quite plain in my memory the difficulties we had making common pins do their duty. There were no containers of any kind. Groceries were sold in bulk with no attempt to keep them clean. That we did not all die of contamination is probably due to the fact that there were not as many chimneys as now pouring out coal soot. Butter was exposed openly on market stands; oatmeal sold in bulk from open bins; spices measured out on a scale at the druggist's; meat wrapped in thick heavy brown paper that melted at a touch and had to be scraped off. Not a sign of the neat boxes that keep our eatables clean and wholesome. It therefore happened that an empty bottle was to be put away on a shelf until somebody needed one, spare string wound on a ball and kept in a drawer, writing paper hoarded and used economically and lunches put up in shapeless packages, all for want of the results of the wisdom of modern boards of health and the coöperating manufacturers, all of whom have helped educate the public in what makes for health.

CHAPTER XI.

OTHER DAYTONIANS AND SOME THINGS THEY DID.

Not all the Daytonians of the 'sixties were Princeton patricians who inherited ancestral mahogany and lived on First Street. Some were quite humble folk, but if they had less of the world's goods they did not lack the compensating qualities of native wit and pungent comment. I like to think that no other town possessed such interesting people, and it is people and not institutions that make the soul of a city.

In how many dim sitting rooms have I sat, as a girl, to listen, by the light of one kerosene lamp to reminiscences told by one who had never read a book in her life and never been as far as Cincinnati, but who rejoiced in imagination and insight. Universal education has standardized these interesting old people out of existence. Newspapers and public schools have dug their grave. If, here and there, one remains she is thought to be "different" and as it is only one step from "different" to "queer" she is kept out of sight by judicious snubs on the part of grandchildren and so lost to the world she might have been happy in.

I would like to know where modern social classification would put Aunt Sally Davis.* They would see in her only an ignorant old woman who wore big hoops and tended her garden on the corner of Fourth and Wilkinson. They would not see the qualities of mind and soul that we did. They would not sense the quick wit, the warm sympathy, the clever characterization of people and affairs that illumined her talk. If she had been educated it would have spoiled her. As it was, her low-ceilinged "settin'-room," with its one little window on the side street, was a kind of "salon" where she held forth and we listened. She was never alone. But if her talk was necessarily of people because her horizons were narrow, it was not therefore ever malicious. She extracted the pith of a story and left the acrimony—if there was any—to evaporate.

How different from Mrs. Davis in her blunt honesty and plainness, was another neighbor of ours whose name I will not mention. She entertained us too, but not in the way she thought she did. Her one topic was Detroit. She had a married daughter living there whom she occasionally visited. Her return was marked by the determination to exalt Detroit at the expense of Dayton and make us feel our nothingness by the side of one who had participated in its glories. Our stores, our clothes, our best furniture, were compared to the same things in Detroit in a withering manner meant to reduce us to despair. It only reduced me to rage, for even then I was a passionate Daytonian. I defended Dayton against every other city in the United States, but as I had not been anywhere I was soon crushed and defeated, whereupon she enlarged upon girls of my age in Detroit all of whom, it seemed, were models of good behavior and never contradicted their elders.

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*See "Dayton Saints and Prophets," Conover.

I meditated revenge and was upheld by the other girls in the neighborhood who were smarting under the black insinuations. If she had had any flowers I fear we would have pulled them up. If she had owned a porch we would have thrown sand upon it. Foiled in these plans I could only resolve to go to Detroit myself at the earliest opportunity and come home and contradict her. I did, in time, accomplish the first, but not the second, for by the time I became sufficiently informed to do the subject justice, the old lady had passed away, and I hope she found Heaven equal to Detroit!

Sometimes when I walk on modernized Ludlow Street I seem to see a tall ungainly ghost with a red shawl and a basket. It is Mrs. Kilworth taking home the week's wash. Wherever she takes it the children (if they have not been deceived into thinking that washerwomen are not interesting) will gather about her while she lets her arms drop down between her long grasshopper legs and will tell them, while she sways back and forth in a low chair, all about when the Indians lived on Dayton ground and how her father shot a deer on Main Street. Education had not spoiled her either, for this was before disorganizing general information began its leveling process. Ugly past belief, awkward and ungainly, Mrs. Kilworth still remains one of the figures that come out of the Dayton past to give my soul unimagined pleasure.

Uncle Tommy Morrison might qualify in the millionaire class if he lived today, for he owned both sides of Ludlow Street from Third down to the railroad, which, to one who knows real estate values in the Dayton of today is impressive. Mr. Morrison was an ever-present figure in the Dayton of the 'fifties and 'sixties. His chief claim to eminence lay in the fact (attested by his relatives but unsubstantiated by data) that he—a Harrison enthusiast—had vowed if the election of 1840 was successful, to walk to Washington and hurrah for his candidate from the top of the Capitol. He did go, on foot, and he did come back, but how he was engaged in the interim was never fully disclosed. The only contributing factor toward the truth of his adventure was that everybody knew that what Mr. Morrison said he would do he always did. There never had been any difficulties which his will could not brush away.

They say he talked very interestingly of his travels but I, a child, saw in him only a white-haired, pink-faced ogre forever preaching temperance and a hell-and-damnation variety of religion much in vogue at that day and interfering as much as possible with our fun. All play and pleasure was sin in his eyes and all modern improvements the work of the devil. Continually in pursuit of some boy who had trespassed on forbidden backyards or of some girl who wore ribbons in her hair, Thomas Morrison was the self-appointed guardian of town morals of that day.

Since we have touched on the subject of human peculiarities among our early Daytonians we must not forget their perennial interest in each other's affairs. Not a fact of their neighbor's existence nor an incident in their lives was unknown to any of them. Who was doing her spring sewing, who was having her hall repapered, who was putting up cherries, who was expecting company, was known and discussed all up and down the street. One elderly spinster may have thought she was concealing the fact that the thumb of her left hand glove had been torn off by holding it in her right hand when she went to church, but she didn't. We knew!

And when old Mrs. Martin went out of her gate to get her cent's worth of milk from the milkman we got out of ours in time to hear her tell him it was not a fair cent's worth and make him pour it back into the can.

Hanging on a gate to watch Sol Puterbaugh move a family from one house to another was a favorite recreation of my own. Sol was a mastodon of a man, nearer seven than six feet tall, to whom a piano was nothing in a day's work. It was no job for him to get a heavy bureau through a doorway alone but it was some job to get himself in. After the invariable irony of circumstance he lived in the smallest house on our block, around on Wilkinson Street near the alley. Into this tiny domicile he ducked and edged around the door frame every time he went home to dinner. Mr. Puterbaugh was as good natured as he was big and gave us rides in his express-wagon on its return empty trips.

There was a lady whose curiosity about her neighbors might partially be condoned because she watched their activities from a sickroom window. But her identity must be withheld, first on the Gampian principle of "no names being mentioned no offense can be took," and second, because the window from which she pursued her researches belonged to an imposing stone mansion in the aristocratic row of residences on the west side of Main Street just below Fourth. Her semi-invalidism prevented activity of every sort except that of investigating to the least item all that her neighbors did, thought, hoped, bought, borrowed or built. The morning market baskets, going by under her window on their owners' arms, offered the first interest.

"A four-rib roast for Sunday dinner when they generally buy only a two-rib! That must mean the Worthingtons driving over from Chillicothe." "Raspberries? They're going to make jam. But where are the currants?" "It's early for sweet corn but they've had green beans twice this week." "Liver again! Well, it's only ten cents a pound."

And so on, *ad libitum.* In this way she could visualize the dinner tables of the Lowes, the Rogers, the Lytles, the Gebharts and the Davies.

It was the latter family which unwittingly gave this lady censor her most bitter disappointment. It will be remembered that Samuel Davies had his law office on the corner of Fourth and Main with his residence adjoining. Later he occupied a house in the middle of the block on Main Street. A moving was of interest to everybody, most of all to a house-bound observer across the street. She ensconced herself at the upper window with an uninterrupted view of the household furnishings that were going to be taken out of one house and into the other. Here she would be able to discover if that table leg still waited for repairs, and if it should happen that a mirror were broken in transit she hoped it would occur between the two front gates so that she would be able to testify just how it happened.

The clock on the mantel ticked on and on and no signs of activity across the street. Could Sol Puterbaugh have had a stroke or could she have been mistaken in the day? Both equally unthinkable. What then? The fact was that the Davies found it more convenient to move by the back way—out of one alley gate and into the other. Perhaps the Gormans or the Voorhees' on Jefferson Street with their back windows looking out on the alley might see something. She couldn't. It was a blow never quite recovered from.

Fanny Stacey sewed. Every spring and fall she made the rounds of her customers. They were all the "best people" in Dayton in the 'sixties. She was a transplanted English woman whose misplaced H's were a source of interest to us children. She was deaf—very deaf—with a face whose blankness was that of soft pale dough but with a mind behind it and a sense of humor that fairly sizzled when she opened up on the foibles and frailties of her customers. Gossip? Of course. What do you expect in a day when the papers lacked a personal column, when there were no movie shows, small chance to travel and few books?

Fanny's talk, however, was never malicious—my mother would not have allowed that—but it was funny, and I have reason to believe was confined to our family circle which offered an appreciative and a secretive audience. And say what you may, it was interesting, after Fanny had explained how she had "let in" a new breadth to Mrs. Loomis' best brown silk where it got stained with preserves, to carefully check up on the repairs the next time we saw that skirt go walking down Third Street. Sewing? Does anybody now remember what that meant in the 'sixties?

I can see Fanny, sitting close to the table which was close to a small window shaded by a wide porch, her near-sighted eyes fixed on the seam she was hemming. It was held by a sewing-bird which was screwed to the edge of the table. This ornithological specimen had a spring in its tail which, when pressed upon, opened its beak to receive and hold the seam. There was also a receptacle for holding spools.

The needle must be set in the seam exactly back of where the thread came out of the preceding stitch, presenting when finished a row of stitches—minute, exact, delicate and not so different from a seam made by a sewing-machine. In this way Fanny's needle went in and out, hour after hour, day after day, in our house and others on father's shirts, mother's petticoats and the baby's long gowns. Every garment worn had to be made in that way. Fanny's left fore finger was rasped by the needle point into a nutmeg grater surface, her eyes grew more and more nearsighted as the years went on. Who is there that will begrudge her narratives of remodeled dresses, small pants made out of long ones—the little and big economies that everybody practiced in those frugal days?

A good housekeeper as well as seamstress, Fanny took charge of the house and the children when father attended the conventions of the American Medical Association and took his wife with him. Fanny lived with the Lights on East Monument Avenue—then Water Street. Peace to her whimsical soul!

Some of the familiar figures on the streets of the Dayton of my childhood were colored people, and Joel Chandler Harris is classic witness of their perennial interest in point of character.

A daily visitor from the "Commons" below the railroad was an ancient negro whose shabby clothes and peculiar gait marked him as far as the eye could reach—and it reached far on the unobstructed sidewalks of that day. Standing by our gate on the corner of Fourth Street, I could plainly see him crossing the tracks down by the depot on Ludlow. Each leg, as he put his weight on it was accompanied by a teetering movement—up and down—up and down, before he decided to try the other. How the directory specified him I do not know, if at all, but the boys called him "Springbottom." The nickname was inelegant, but highly descriptive. Only a moving picture camera could do it justice, and they did not exist in the 'sixties.

Springbottom seemed to have but one aim in life—to get filled up. From house to house he went, teetering past the lilac bushes and the pump to the kitchen door where the amount of cold potatoes, ham bones and derelict fried eggs he consumed must only be hinted at by an historian with claims to accuracy. I don't remember how he came to be such a perennial free boarder or that there was any pretense of work done to equalize the value of the eatables. I only know that Springbottom flits in and out of my childish memories—a black wastrel, always on the go, balanced on his two shaky legs, vibrating between kitchen and kitchen—always stoking—never full.

Another gentleman of color there was who made up in personal elegance all that poor Springbottom lacked. Any warm sunshiny day in spring would bring "Professor Brooks" out from whatever he called home south of the depot. So regular was he as to seem as much a part of the festal season as the crocuses or Easter Sunday. If I am right he made it a point to appear for his annual debut on that holiday. First it was his raiment that attracted the eye, as he meant it should, then his phraseology which was as gorgeous as his dress, and finally the expression of sublime self-admiration that graced his black features. Clad sometimes in a Prince Albert coat and sometimes in dazzling white duck, with a rose or lily in his buttonhole, holding with mincing gestures a green silk fringed parasol against the rays of the sun, Professor Brooks paced the length of Ludlow Street sure of being the center of interest, as he invariably was. Whatever jeering the small boys hurled at old Springbottom they withheld from Professor Brooks. His very magnificence was his protection.

The picture here painted is not complete until you had heard him acknowledge a salutation which he frequently did, for he had many acquaintances of both colors. "How does your corporosity sagashiate this mornin'?" he would inquire solicitously of one, with a wave of his hat and a deep bow. "A lovely morning for pergrinations, madam" to another. The picture was complete. The necktie equalled the buttonhole bouquet, the bouquet equalled the parasol, and "pergrinations" bound them all together in a transcendent whole.

Never could the professor be caught napping; always was he ready with a reply. Once a loquacious and very Hibernian washerwoman met him and poured upon him a torrent of brogue. With lordly gesture he waved her aside saying "Madam, your language is too copious for my comprehension."

Why Professor Brooks played this part of a masculine Queen of Sheba no one ever knew. How he attained all his luxury was never disclosed, for one could never associate carpet beating or any such base and lucrative activities with Professor Brooks. More authoritative sources of information than myself have hinted at whitewashing done "on the side" as it were, but I prefer to think of Professor Brooks as a lily of the field who toiled not neither did he spin but remained for years a part of the entertaining street life of Dayton.

Auctions were a free source of amusement in those days. For hours

"PROFESSOR" BROOKS

before the performance the streets were patrolled by a white-haired negro named, I don't know what, but called "Nigger Ed." With a huge brass bell and a voice as clamorous as the bell he advertised to the public that at a certain place would be held an auction. A red flag hung in front of a house indicated the place. It was a sign that we might go in without knocking, wander through the rooms, see the family treasures spread out to view and then stand and listen to the stentorian appeals of the auctioneer (it was generally Mr. Huber) on behalf of old clocks, nicked dishes and framed chromo-lithographs as bargains which, if we did not buy, we would regret to the end of our days. In the background of the flag and Mr. Huber was always Nigger Ed. His official position, so to speak, was that of town bell-ringer. His brass bell and his own loud voice assailed our ears whenever there was a sale of cow, horse, or house, a lost child to be recovered or anything that required prompt public attention.

All the pictures in my mind's eye of those far-off days do not give pleasure. Some of them gave the "creeps" both then and now.

On Jefferson Street, between Fifth and the railroad crossing, stood a low, dingy, frame house with various signs hanging on the outer wall. At times a gangling old man with very stooped shoulders—almost humped—appeared at the doorway looking out on an uncordial world. His sign said:

DR. ROSE. DISCOVERER OF A POSITIVE CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

If, as Molière puts it, "A beard is the biggest part of a doctor" then Dr. Rose was well equipped, for his fell down over his shirt front nearly to his waistline. This unvenerable, pompous, grease-spotted old imposter "had it in" for the medical profession and as for the doctors he was their perennial source of amusement. Handbills from the Rose dispensary scattered through the streets implored the public not to give themselves up to the tortures of the operating table or into the hands of the bloody doctors, but to consult Dr. Rose who, out of his love for mankind, had invented a mild remedy which cured every known disease from toothache to fits. One of his signs read:

NO POISONING OR TORTURING DONE HERE.

Another:

NO BURNING OR DISSECTING THE LIVING.

A third:

SLAUGHTER PENS FARTHER UP.

NO ONE HAS DIED UNDER MY TREATMENT IN TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

Sometimes he dropped into poetry:

No Cure, No Pay;
Half Cure, Half Pay.
Full Pay Work Well Done,
And Cures Performed that are Done by None.

The *chef-d'oeuvre* of them all was a hinged sign, displayed only when a funeral went by, for Jefferson Street was one of the routes to the cemetery. The operation of this placard was watched for by the initiate in the funeral carriages—I fear with distraction from the consideration of the virtues of the deceased whose mortal remains they were following. As the procession passed, the sign clicked and turned over. On the obverse side were the words in very black paint:

This is Not My Patient!

It is the irony of fame that the only existing record of Dr. Rose, either verbal or pictorial, has been preserved by Dr. Jewett in whose "slaughter house farther up" were preserved two photographs of the house and its occupant, as well as the wording of the signs.

"When I first saw him in 1860," wrote Dr. Jewett, "his beard was as white as snow. He wore a steeple-crowned hat and long dressing gown with cabalistic figures, presenting a perfect picture of an ancient magician."

In my own memory the magician's hat is replaced by a very shabby "stovepipe" which he wore constantly—in his office fussing over his bottles, to market and, I presume to bed.

Second Street had, during those years, a dentist who laid some claims to idiosyncracy if not to necromancy. He was lame, a crutch being necessitated by a withered foot which hung short and always sported a dirty white sock. The doctor was evidently not troubled by an overplus of patients because he was generally to be seen out of doors leaning against the hitching post from which vantage point he watched the goings on up and down the street. Bald-headed and fat-stomached, clad in a gay-figured and much soiled dressing gown which nearly touched the ground, Dr. Pease was even less an ornament to his profession than Dr. Rose.

Only one patient did I ever hear express herself upon her experiences in his operating chair. Her bitter complaint was of the dirty fore finger he introduced into her mouth. Her objections were not I think, based upon sanitary consideration, of which we then knew so little. But she was a fastidious lady and did not like the taste of it. Of course, seventy years ago there were good dentists, or at least better dentists than Dr. Pease, but this one was left to pursue his career of squalor undisturbed by modern standards or over-particular patients until death carried him off and past Dr. Rose's office where he was undoubtedly "not my patient."

In the days when a four-story office building made us feel metro-

Dr ROSE DISCOVERER
OF A CURE FOR
CONSUMPTION
BRONCHITIS CATARRH

DR. ROSE

politan, when street-cars were innovations and getting into them an adventure complicated by mud, when buggies joggled in and out of ruts in the streets and cows were driven the length of Third Street on their way to the slaughter pens, a voice could be heard most any time of the day on most any downtown corner: "Shine! Shine! Shine!" And that was Al Shartle.*

And now, in another century, when the courthouse is over-shadowed by skyscrapers, when the Phillips House has disappeared into the past, when traffic officers try to keep the public from destruction and when electric lights and street-paving proclaim Dayton the metropolis that it really is, the same voice is heard—Shine! Shine! Shine! And the voice belongs, as always, to Al Shartle, as much a part of Dayton and getting as old as the courthouse.

Once, some years ago, he met a disturbed looking gentleman walking slowly along Main Street as if not quite sure of his surroundings. Shartle made his usual plea: "Shine, Sir; Shine, Mr. Conover!"

"Yes," was the pleased reply. "You may. And when you have shined them once do it right over again and keep on doing it until dinner time. I have been out of Dayton for thirty years and you are the first person who has called me by name."

From which it may be rightly inferred that Al Shartle's acquaintance was a wide one and his memory for names phenomenal. For over sixty-three years this original character has walked the streets of Dayton with his shine-box and his greeting of every customer by name. He has blacked the shoes of four Presidents of the United States: Hayes, Garfield, McKinley, and Harding; and of many governors, senators, congressmen and lesser lights. His hobby is politics of the Democratic variety and much valuable support has he given to candidates in election time. All his life he has kept both eyes and ears open and has absorbed a large amount of general information.

In 1920 Al Shartle and his wife were members of the Ohio Boosters Club which went to San Francisco by special train, determined to make James M. Cox the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. While there Shartle made a personal plea for his friend to William Jennings Bryan.

His quick gait from office to office around the streets of Dayton makes Al Shartle seem a part of the city's life, which indeed he is. Many of our leading citizens do not think their shoes are shined quite properly unless Al does it and they appreciate not only his work, but his comments on the affairs of the day.

At this point in my narrative the spirit of an original Daytonian looks over my shoulder and whispers "Where is Billy Wolf?" I am indebted for the reminder, for no chronicle would be complete without a description of that short, hurried figure which lasted nearly as long in the annals of the town as Al Shartle did. He walked as many miles in his day's work of carrying papers as the shoeshiner—some say from twenty-five to thirty miles a day. He carried the Cincinnati "Enquirer" from door to door, a familiar figure to all on his beat. The day began for many a business and professional man when Billy Wolf mounted the steps of the porch and handed in the morning paper. The weight of his canvas sack hanging from one shoulder gave his body a bent attitude and the heat of it on summer days marked his back with the X of crossed suspenders. He had a stentorian voice and always a pleasant word for children.

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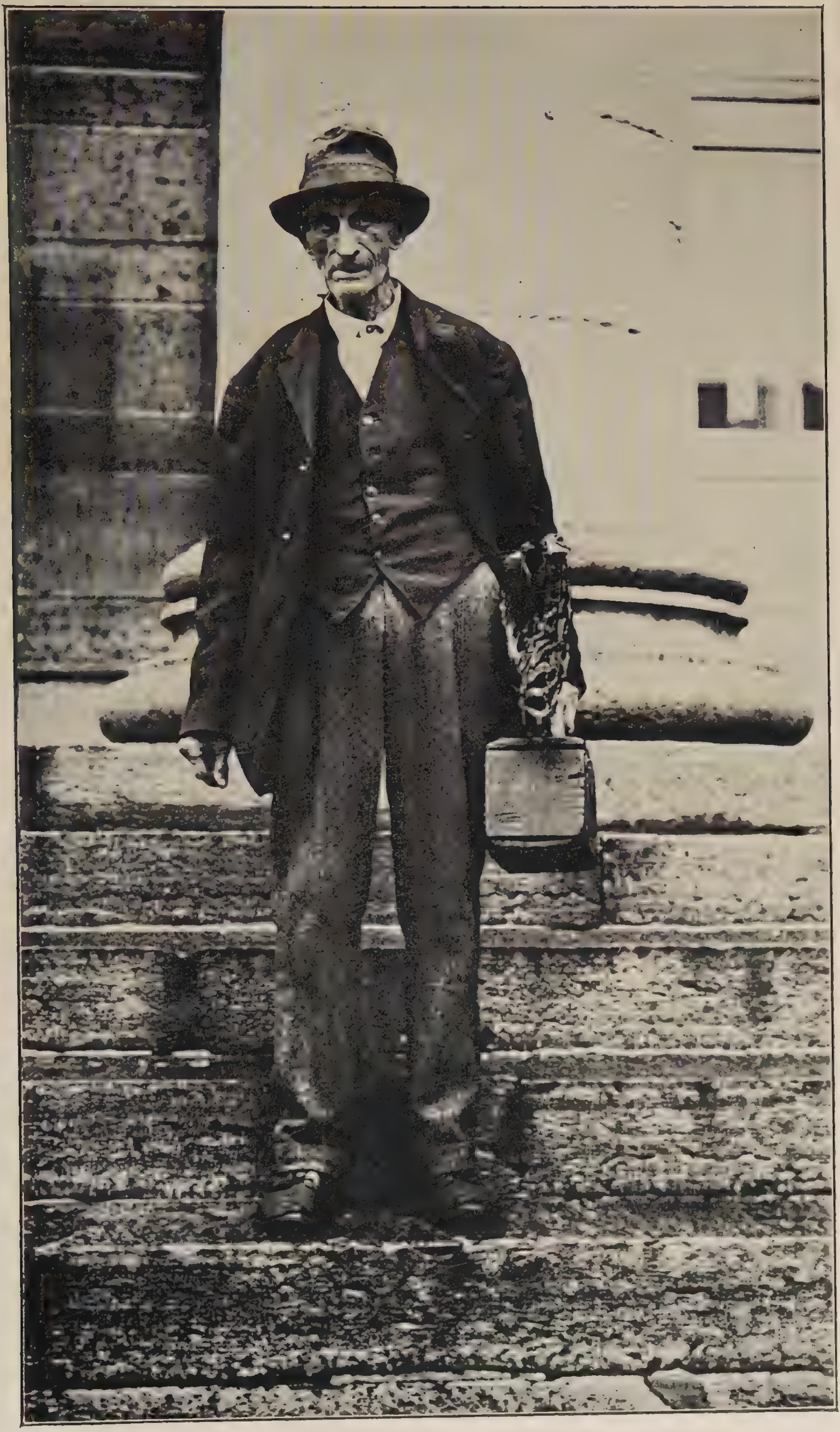
*Al Shartle died in 1930.

Life was not always a rosy path for Billy Wolf. Politics he loved and pursued until a fateful day when he bet a lot of money on Republican victory. The party went out of power and with it about all that Bill had saved. It made him bitter and he turned Democrat, though it is to be guessed not a very enthusiastic one, for his Republicanism was bred in the bone. Whatever his affiliation Billy was one of the best informed men in the city on local politics, knowing the factional leanings of everybody and much of the record of virtually every man in public life. He knew how the United States senators and representatives voted and was keenly alive to all public issues. Having bought space at alley entrances and on blank walls, he established a bill-posting business of which he was president, secretary, board of directors, janitor and actual paste wielder. But luck was once more against him. The field was entered by a company with more capital than he could command and Billy went out of business very bitter against trusts and powerful combinations. His comments were pungent and expressed with conviction and heat. Nevertheless his listeners were always impressed with his sincerity and knowledge.

For over half a century Billy Wolf had been a familiar figure in my eyes and I thought I knew that loquacious, dogmatic peripatetic little news vendor with his papers, his handbills and his working clothes. But I was to have a surprise.

It was at a confirmation service in the Synagogue, a most moving occasion. Among the candidates on the platform was a sweet rosy-cheeked girl with clustering brown curls and bright eyes. At the conclusion of the ceremony and without waiting for the congratulations of the congregation this girl detached herself from the rest of the class, as if she could not wait, and came running down the aisle. With a happy sigh of triumph she threw her arms about the neck of some one in a rear seat. Did my eyes deceive me? It was—no, it couldn't have been—yes, it was Billy Wolf! Dressed in a black suit and minus his Cincinnati "Enquirer," there he was, the light of fatherhood in his eyes and a loving smile of greeting to his beautiful daughter. It should not have surprised one who knew as well as I did the affectionate family life of the Jewish people.

Billy Wolf



AL SHARTLE

Blacked shoes on the streets of Dayton for sixty-three years, as much a part of the life of Dayton as the Court House steps upon which he stands

CHAPTER XII.

THE GAY 'SEVENTIES—A DECADE OF BEGINNINGS.

By the year of our Lord Eighteen Hundred and Seventy, Dayton was beginning to be ashamed of being small and unimportant and was developing aspirations toward cityhood. She was in that state of emergence which every community goes through on its way to cosmopolitanism. We had left off the hoop-skirts of the past and were assuming the habiliments of sophistication. There was a gulf, however, between our ambitions and their full realization. Much building was going on. The "Commons" were closing up into streets; we were pointing with pride to one street-railway and several four-story business blocks, but the streets were still quagmires of limestone mud spattering the vehicles which lurched in and out of abrupt holes. Men and women still in complete control of their faculties do not have to dig so far into their memories of this era to recall their annoyance when a sow with a litter of pigs was ensconced in a puddle in front of the Phillips House and had to be ejected when a bus from the depot wanted to back up to the curb. It held perhaps, passengers from the East, and it was plain they would never see a sight like that in New York City. That was in the early 'seventies. By the later years of the decade public opinion had shut off live stock from the streets, but the mud persisted. One youthful suitor whose home was on First Street, threatened to break his engagement with a girl who lived south of Third and find a wife farther north where there were less muddy crossings to pollute his Sunday shoes.

It is always interesting to trace beginnings, and many things that give us pride at the present day had their inception in the 'seventies. In spite of the Panic of 1873, and following the period of inflation, some important new manufacturing projects were established. The Ohio Rake Company, the Barney and Smith Car Company, the Stoddard Manufacturing Company, the Farmer's Friend Company all built large factories and put out products that were known far and wide. We had a new jail built west of the courthouse at a cost of $87,500. West of the city, a good four miles in the country, a smaller city was beginning to rise on the brow of the hill to shelter the soldiers who helped save the Union. This was the National Asylum for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers, commonly known as the Soldiers' Home. Dayton citizens raised $20,000 towards the project and commended Mr. Gunckel, whose influence as a member of the board, guided the selection of the site. It was a noble undertaking and nobly carried out. Buildings, drives, lawns, the view, all were a lesson in themselves as to how public beautification should be accomplished. It became our one attraction to sightseers from outside, but when they arrived the only way to reach the home was by little sawed-off street cars drawn by mangy mules on a single track the length of Third Street. Not seldom the car ran off the track when the passengers had to get out and push it back.

Every Saturday night the band played, and it was a good band as all military bands are. Dayton people ordered out their buggies, or hitched them up themselves (the best of them drove surreys or landaus), and started for the Soldiers' Home. Over the river by the dark covernous wooden bridge, past cornfields on the way to Summit Street —more cornfields—then up the long hill to the gates which stood open on the pike. Round and round the band stand on the parade ground they circled, bowing to acquaintances while the old blue-coated veterans sat on iron seats at the side, and when the band played "The Star Spangled Banner" we knew it was over and we drove home until the next Saturday night. It all seemed very gay and cosmopolitan, and created the impression of Rotten Row or the Bois de Boulogne.

During the winters of 1869 and 1870 a wave of religious fever swept over the country. Churches organized revivals bringing many accessions to their ranks. Every summer camp-meetings were held in the beautiful woods along the Miami, the woods first called Embury Park, then Idlewyld, still later Triangle Park, and now to become a part of our city-wide system of parks and boulevards. Tents and wooden cottages housed the worshippers who, during the month of August, met to praise and pray and sing under the oaks and elms then in their summer glory.

These meetings were both social and religious, taking the place of much that now goes on under the name of recreation. People came from all over the county and beyond. They put up tents or rented cottages and settled down to a month of combined picnicking and religion. The cottages faced a square in the middle of which was a platform where the preacher-exhorters and the evangelist choir-leader stood.

There might be a melodeon and there might not. At any rate the leader was equal to carrying on the whole musical program by means of his resonant voice and his religious fervor. Meetings were held day and night, but the night meetings were the most impressive.

The dark woods, the reverent people on rows of wooden benches, the foreground lit by gasoline flares nailed to tree trunks, the rising and falling waves of melody as voice by voice took it up and added to the whole, all made a scene which has forever gone out of our national religious life. The Moody and Sankey hymns, bad music as they are, were good religious propaganda and brought more than one sinner to the mourner's bench. "Shall we gather at the River?", "What shall the harvest be?",

SOLDIERS' HOME

"Rock of Ages," "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood," "Beulah Land, Sweet Beulah Land," "In the Sweet By and By" woke the echoes along the river and drowned the chirp of the katydids. As the prayers and hymns continued many were affected to tears and to action. They crowded up to the preacher's desk and knelt in the sawdust of the ground. Those who were undecided were kept in almost silent persuasion in the rear shadows by exhorters who knew the psychic steps by which conversion was accomplished. Meanwhile the music increased in fervor, the exhortations grew in force. "Almost Persuaded" carried the weak of faith outside of themselves and straight to the mourner's bench, "When the Roll is Called up Yonder I'll be There" finished the work and the cottagers went to sleep that night with the happy conviction that many had been added to the fold in that one day's work.

Did it last? There are opposite opinions, but the fact remains that those fervent experiences meant for many souls a new view of life and human obligation.

It was perhaps because of this renewal of religious faith that a meeting was held one Sunday afternoon in 1870, at the Lutheran Church on Main Street, which had far-reachng results. John H. Thomas presided and Francis W. Parker was secretary. The aim of the meeting was to perpetuate and determinize the unity of sentiment developed through the church revivals and turn it towards the benefit of young men. A committee with Thomas O. Lowe as chairman, was appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws; the formal meeting to ratify the organization was held on March 2, 1870, and thus was the Young Men's Christian Association born. Its history and object are well known. "To provide physical, intellectual, social and spiritual improvement for young men." The first home was on the second floor of the building on the north side of the alley near the courthouse, then occupied by the Dayton "Journal" (now the Union Trust site). Later the Dunlevy residence on Fourth Street was purchased and occupied; that being replaced by what was then considered a fine building. More expansion followed and another move made to the northwest corner of Third and Ludlow on ground presented by Miss Belle Eaker. This home lasted only thirty years and now, on the bank of the Miami, rises a noble structure whose upper floors dominate the sky-line of Dayton and whose activities minister to the welfare of young men. At first the Young Men's Christian Association activities were exclusively religious—holding meetings, establishing Sunday schools, etc. Gradually were added the attractions of a gymnasium, evening classes, a restaurant and sleeping rooms. Not their first secretary but their best, was David Sinclair of beloved memory, who, for twenty-eight years, held the post of leader and inspirer of young men. He had a passion for boys; to be in his Bible class was an education and training for life that was both a treat and a privilege. The citizens most responsible for the establishment of the Young Men's Christian Association were: Robert W. Steele, E. M. Wood, G. G. Prugh, J. E. Gilbert, J. H. Winters, Josiah Gebhart, J. C. Kiefaber, J. H. Thomas, H. E. Parrott, E. T. Sweet, T. O. Lowe, W. K. Eckert, Eugene Wuichet, J. A. Shauck, and G. W. Hoglen. Their names should never be forgotten.*

Inspired by the example of the Young Men's Christian Association, the women of Dayton decided to express on their part, the new birth that had come to the churches. In the fall following the organization of the men's society the wives and mothers met, planned and carried out not the first but the largest and most active association that Dayton had ever had, under the leadership of women alone, the Woman's Christian Association. Their efforts differed from the first in that they undertook no more than the relief of the poor in the most obvious ways, visiting the sick, sending supplies to the needy and offering what help they could to people in trouble. The use of rooms in the Young Men's Christian Association on Fourth Street were offered and remained for a time their only corporate home.

A more complete history of the Christian association movement in the hands of women will be found elsewhere. It is only necessary to point to the building on the corner of Third and Wilkinson to see what good will and generosity have done for the girls of Dayton.

The aims of the association have changed with its name; now Young Women's Christian Association instead of Woman's Christian Association, and according to the new ideals of human helpfulness, but the early organizers should be remembered. They were Mrs. J. H. Winters, Mrs. C. L. Hawes, Mrs. Preserved Smith, Mrs. Abia Zeller, Miss Joan Rench, Mrs. George Hoglen, Mrs. David Gebhart, Miss Ellen Brown, Mrs. E. A. Daniels, Mrs. W. D. Bickham, Mrs. John G. Doren, Mrs. E. E. Barney, Miss Carrie Brown, Mrs. Leonard Moore, Mrs. G. W. Rogers, Mrs. J. B. Thresher, and Mrs. J. A. Robert.

Still another effect of the religious awakening of the 'seventies was the effervescence of the temperance cause which swept over the country like a moral epidemic which, indeed, it was. The leading figure was a woman by the name of Carrie Nation who lived in Kansas but ended by becoming a nation-wide heroine. Her story was one well known to all communities and in all ages—the suffering of a wife and mother from the intemperate habits of her husband. Being a woman of grit and determination she gathered about her similar victims and led them to

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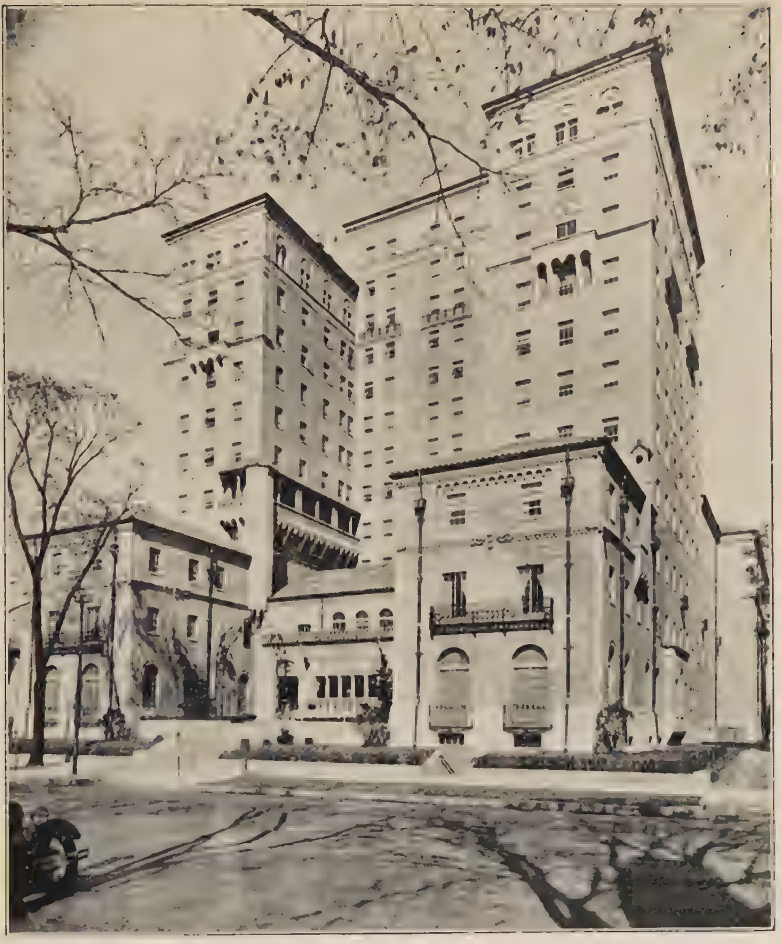
*See Steele, Drury and Conover: "Dayton Saints and Prophets."



THE NEW Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, DEDICATED IN SEPTEMBER, 1929

the source of their sorrows, the nearest saloon. There they held a prayer-meeting on the sidewalk, kneeling on the stones and calling down the wrath of God on the proprietor. When he was sufficiently intimidated which did not take long, they marched in through the shuttered doors and taking every bottle from the shelves carried it outside and emptied it into the gutter. Barrels and kegs fared the same way and when they left, there was not enough drink left in the establishment to hurt anybody.

The news of her exploits spread, and town after town took it up. Direct action was a new thing for women who had suffered and prayed in private. It had the hurling force of a crusade and also perhaps the stimulus. Its full force was felt here in Dayton. Many a drinking place on Sixth Street began the day with an abundant stock and after a visit from the Temperance ladies was left with nothing on the shelves. The excitement had its day and faded out before other interests, but it undoubtedly had its effect on later prohibition legislation.

Speaking of the beginning of things, there was another in the 'seventies which meant much to Dayton. One summer afternoon in 1878 a long black vehicle drew up to the office of Dr. Reeve, then on the corner of Fourth and Ludlow, and from it descended, with the deliberation taught by their order, four Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis. To the doctor they said, "We hear you have long wanted a hospital in Dayton. We are here to help you." And that short parley between people who believed that serving the Lord was a practical as well as a spiritual concern, resulted in the founding of St. Elizabeth's Hospital. In a disreputably dirty and wretched house, on Franklin Street, those devoted women established themselves. It had been a saloon and perhaps worse. It needed scrubbing and disinfecting. Both were done. And when all was immaculate and cheerful six iron beds were put up and the Sisters were ready to take care of the sick of St. Elizabeth's Hospital. The doctors of Dayton rallied gallantly to the enterprise, giving of their professional time and skill gratis. It was not long before the demand made increased space necessary and a frame building was added on the same lot. Here forty could be accommodated and the beds were always full. No discrimination was made between the religious faiths of the patients, but all who came were cared for.

The first medical staff of St. Elizabeth's Hospital consisted of Dr. Reeve, chief of staff; Dr. John Davis, Dr. Thomas L. Neal, Dr. E. Pilate, Dr. H. S. Jewett, Dr. J. D. Daugherty, and Dr. W. J. Conklin. Sometime in the 'eighties six acres of ground was purchased on the west bank of the Miami River in what was then called Browntown, and a commodious brick structure erected on the old Patterson Brown farm.

It was imposing as a building and people wondered if so large a hospital were really needed in Dayton. But it has grown with the years and what was built in the 'eighties is now merely the small core of a vast building that stretches north and south along the river bank with a chapel and large wings extending to the western side, its comfortable wards and rooms containing four hundred and forty beds.

In 1873 a metropolitan police force of thirty-five men was organized, and an ordinance passed for the election of two constables and one or more watchmen a year. There are now two hundred and three patrolmen at work keeping Dayton in order. In this decade of beginnings we must also list the Holly Water Works, probably the most important civic enterprise undertaken up to that time. The porous gravel sub-soil under Dayton might have been a good filter when only four or five thousand people lived over it but when the population doubled and trebled it became a disturbing thought to dwell upon—the number of cesspools in juxtaposition with the wells. A pump in the backyard was the best water-works our ancestors boasted in the 'fifties and the 'sixties. In the spring election of 1869 the question was put up to the people of a complete system known as the Holly system. It was started in 1870 with a very few miles of service supply but has increased with every year of the extension of the boundaries of Dayton until it now has reached the extent of over three hundred and eighty miles of water mains. A full account of the system will be found elsewhere in this history.

Whoever invented the expression, "The Gay 'Nineties" was too young to know how gay the 'seventies were. The Gay 'Seventies! The far-off gay 'seventies, laid away in the memories of fast-growing-old people amid the wrappings of over sixty years! We were gay but we were sentimental. Oh, how sentimental we were! If we had our photographs taken, we posed leaning on the back of a chair in an attitude of contemplative despair with finger to forehead and downcast eyes indicating the recent loss of our only remaining relative by a violent death. If we sang songs, they were always about death—the death of the young we seemed particularly to enjoy. "Darling I am Growing Old." "Oh my darling Nelly Gray, they have taken you away, and I'll never see my darling any more." "Where are the songs that we once used to sing? Long, long ago, Long ago." They dealt with graves and tears and weeping willows. "I am dreaming now of Hallie," (tinkle tinkle in the high treble) "Sweet Hallie," (more tinkles), "Dear Hallie; and the mocking-bird is singing o'er her grave."

We always sang at picnics or around the piano at one of the homes. Saturday afternoons on a canal-boat or perhaps in a leaky skiff—anything that was available to take us beyond the city limits—in buggies up the Covington Pike to Lovers Lane which crossed Stillwater River in an old covered bridge, a grove down the River Road, the Glen at Yellow Springs—all resounded on moonlight nights to our chorused voices. "We're Tenting Tonight on the Old Camp Ground," "Way Down on the Suwanee River." "Old Black Joe"—lugubrious and mournful but punctuated by sudded bursts of laughter that belied our sombre sentiments, and impressed the fact that that we were eighteen and not eighty. The very titles of the old songs carry with them memories of the blessed 'seventies. "Sweet and Low" brings back a straw ride out to a farmhouse on the Salem Pike, now well within the city limits; "Maryland, My Maryland" of the Soldiers' Home when it was the fashionable resort for horseback people every Saturday night. Sometimes we came back by the Germantown Pike or farther, by the Cincinnati Pike, singing "Dixie" or "My Old Kentucky Home," the horses' steps on the hard road putting queer stops in the music.

We were not trained singers, except as Mr. Turpin and high school morning singing made us, but it was music—let one dare to deny it! It puts "canned music" to shame for it thrilled with thoughts that a phonograph never gives—youth, and hope, and foolish yearnings. There is more to music than mere figures on a staff.

It will be put down, I have no doubt, to the usual delusions of age when I say that I do not think—I know—that young people in the 'seventies had gayer times than those in the 'nineteen thirties. For one thing the winter sports have quite disappeared, due to what unscientific people think is a change in seasons. Meteorologists claim that they have not changed; it is we who think they have. I bow to the dictum but maintain my points, and they are several: First, that every horse-owning family in Dayton had its sleigh, either the trim little cutter for the fast trotters, or the big family-sleigh to hold a crowd. These sleighs had their place in the barn along with the buggies, surreys or family carriage, just as necessary for getting around in the winter and more so, than wheeled vehicles. Second, that from the first of November on, every hardware merchant had a string of shiny steel skates hanging outside his door, sign positive that the river might freeze up any day, when the rush demand would come. The school pupils watched the ice, reporting on it every day; that it was "freezing smooth" or "not quite thick enough yet to bear." If snow came and spoiled the skating, it only offered another joy, that of sleighing. An icy storm that coated the streets was welcomed because it made a "good bottom" for the sleighs. Two hours of good business-like snowing and one began to hear the bells on the streets, a rapturous jingle of which no child or man now knows the charm.

The Miami River for the major part of the year was a great nuisance, breaking over the levees, drowning out farms, messing up our streets and filling our cellars with refuse. But when the mercury went down to zero it mended its ways and became the greatest playplace in the world. When word came that the ice would bear, with every boy's cap and every girl's coat on the hall racks in the schoolhouse hung a pair of skates, ready to grab and run for the river when the bell rang at the close of school. Woe to him who had not scanned his Cicero correctly or to her who lacked one necessary problem in geometry! For, making up lessons after school was an iron rule and apt to cut playtime short in the skating season. Those who did get there promptly found the river frozen from bank to bank and from bridge to bridge. In exceptional weather one could skate from the mouth of Mad River almost to the mouth of Wolf Creek—one glassy shining sheet of ice.

Everybody seemed to be there; young and old, girls and boys, for in those days everybody, except the paralytic, knew how to skate; they had plenty of chance to practice. The good skaters kept to the middle of the river, the beginners hugged the shore to keep out of the way of the long lines, who, with interlocked hands, swept up the river with swift graceful strokes. When we got skilful enough to join one of those groups what ecstasy it was to get into motion! Holding fast to hands on each side, starting with a good purchase on the outer edge of the skate-runner we swept grandly to the right as far as our combined impetus would carry us; then to the left, with each new departure getting more and more momentum from the weight of our combined bodies until, in gradually increasing curves, we covered nearly the width of the river in each rythmical oscillation.

There were show skaters whom we learned to look for every winter, keeping a place free from the crowd to exhibit their skill. Such a one was Jesse Booher, a carpenter, always on hand at the first freeze and always surrounded by admirers. He wore, not the new-fashioned club skates, but old flat wooden ones with the runners turning up over his feet in front, and on these pre-historic utensils what glories did he not perform! Fancy outlines, "figure eights," circles, back-strokes with crossed feet—every movement graceful, though he was a heavy man and an old one.

If the river failed us, we went to Bimm's Park out by the water works on Keowee Street, where the ice could be kept free from snow and freeze without interference of wind or currents. We walked that long distance from the center of town every Saturday morning, we skated all day, we walked back at night, tired but ecstatic, every nerve tingling with the exercise in the cold, ready for a supper of sausage and sweet potatoes, and for lessons, some music of the family orchestra and then to bed. Movies—say you? Motor rides? Take them all away. We prefer the 'seventies.

In the 'seventies we knew everybody who drove a horse and buggy or wore a seal-skin coat. The term "society" was beginning to be used to designate the frosting on the social layer cake. This was the day when Billy Franz, that Ward McAllister of Dayton, led the cotillions and Stowe Forgy was the handsomest bachelor, when McLain Smith, John Patterson, the Crane brothers and R. I. Cummin organized the assemblies which were held in the third floor of the building on the southwest corner of Jefferson and Second. Nothing, I am sure, in the decade of the 'nineties (mistakenly called gay) equalled those assemblies. Never, I am sure, were the girls so pretty and so imposing in their long trains and big coiffures or the men so striking in their "Burnsides" and dress coats.

How fashionable we were in those days of bustles and trains! How we laughed (politely and surreptitiously I mean) at the sequestered old ladies here and there, who still wore hoops. Our outline was so very different, and of course different meant better. No girl ever wore her own hair but piled on switches, puffs and braids, the whole gathered into an immense "chignon" on the back of the head. The outline, which with hoops had been that of a bell, now resembled that of a pouter pigeon, for with bust-improvers in front and a bustle behind each girl was a fair reproduction of that pompous bird. And what a marvel of dressmaking was the gown of the period! Twelve to fourteen yards of silk went into it. There was the tight-fitting "basque" with darts catching all the fullness below the bust and whale-bones to keep it smooth. A skirt, long enough behind to drag six or seven inches on the floor, (or sidewalk) trimmed with rows on rows of "knife-pleating," an overskirt trimmed with the same and looped upon the sides, the whole tied back underneath to further emphasize the pouter-pigeon effect! Underneath were skirts on skirts, all of them long, some of silk to rustle against the lining of the dress or starched to do the same for summer dresses. This mass of heavy material was dragged behind every woman who walked on the streets of Dayton. If she were cleanly and hated to sweep with her "train" the dirty sidewalks she held it up with her right hand into a huge bunch which much impeded her walking but was accepted as are the rulings of Providence and the dress-makers. One's dancing man, if he were clever, learned to grasp from his fair partner this unmanageable mass of substance and hold its weight himself while the two negotiated the ball-room floor and tried to keep out of the way of other couples similarly burdened. The bustle itself was a sort of bird-cage affair to tie on under the dress behind and hold the train to its proper place. Sometimes it was known to work a little on to the side, when the appearance of the wearer could only be described as an awful warning.

A modern girl might well inquire how, with clothes of this volume and description, we traveled. The question is pertinent and the answer to it is, the Saratoga trunk. It had to be "Saratoga" because Saratoga Springs was the mecca of the fashionables in the 'seventies, and if you went anywhere it was good to create the impression that you were going there. The so-called trunks were created to hold the dresses. Standing, the largest of them, thirty inches high, long and wide in proportion, each was a job for a baggage man. Hence the term "baggage smasher." To treat those trunks rigorously was their sole retaliation to the vanities of the female sex. Each one held from four to six trays and each tray held not more than one dress, the puffings and loopings held out with tissue paper. With four or five such trunks to accommodate the party dresses of a debutante, traveling was traveling, indeed.

It was in this sort of a costume that we went calling every afternoon. That is, we either went calling or stayed home to be called upon. There was nothing else to do with our time. We tied our tall hats on over our chignons, donned very tight gloves, seized our bunch of skirts valiantly from behind and with a silver or pearl card case started on our rounds. Since it was a purely empty gesture it was not a heart-breaking disappointment to find the ladies out. We could then leave a card with the maid, mark out the name from the list and go on to the next. Or, we dressed in our best and sat in the front parlor from two o'clock until five waiting for the bell to ring and usher the visitors to our plush chairs.

Speaking of calling is a reminder of the habit of New Year's calling, at its height in the 'seventies and a pretty custom while it lasted. It had been for many years the custom for gentlemen to make the rounds of their lady friends on January the first, to wish them a Happy New Year but in the 'seventies it became a formal holiday observance. The men in groups of four engaged a "hack" from the livery stable for the afternoon. Arrayed in silk top-hats (called stovepipes by the irreverent), Prince Albert coats, white vests and lemon-colored "kids" these resplendent creatures made their rounds. Beginning at the extreme east of the residence section with the Andersons, the Harries, the Walters and Kitty Parmely, they progressed from doorstep to doorstep the length of First and Second and Monument Avenue (then Water Street). Just ten minutes was the extent of time offered on the altar of society, unless we may add, things were very good in the dining room, when the call might be somewhat prolonged. The girls put on their best and gathered, also in assemblages of from four to ten, in the parlor of one of the number. There, from behind the inside shutters they watched for the carriages or the sleighs of their guests. Sometimes several equipages arrived at the same time and when this happened it was proof positive that the affair was going as it should.

As the callers arrived they were invited out to the dining-room, where, on a table spread the length of its capacity, were laid everything in the nature of things to eat that ambitious hostesses and clever cooks could provide. At one end a large block of hollowed-out ice held the raw oysters; at the other a vast cake lifted its frosted ornaments toward the ceiling, in the center a confection made of macaroons and candy, and dotted in between these *pièces de résistance* were moulds of jelly, bunches of celery, plates of sandwiches, cold meats and biscuits. A centerpiece of flowers in January would have been unthought of—the florists not having as yet learned to raise the flowers or promote the demand. What quantities of coffee were drunk, what piles of sandwiches disappeared! What numberless little cakes and chocolate drops were consumed, it would never do to tell at this late day.

Once in a while there were rumors that a beverage stronger than coffee was offered and accepted, but this did not happen often and made a scandal when it did. Wine or no wine, the occasion was an intemperate one in its way, for all concerned ate more than they should and had indigestion afterwards. There was rivalry on both sides. The men tried to see how many calls they could get in from noon until midnight and the girls hoped when the visiting cards were counted theirs would be seen to be the most popular group. Besides, finding it so easy to gain entrance into the best houses, men who were quite strangers to all of social Dayton, hired a hack and went the rounds, sure that every door would open to them to swell the total of calls. It was not long before hostesses, by comparing card lists, discovered the imposture and it was this, more than the change of fashion which eventually drove New Year's calling into the social discard.

The men who were the most industrious in New Year's calling, could also be counted on for serenades. A visiting girl was an excuse for the swains with good voices to gather, about one o'clock, moonlight preferred, on the front lawn of her hostess' father's house and sing with a shrill tenor and a booming bass, "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes," "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," "The Old Oaken Bucket," "I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls." Let the modern reader laugh if he will. Girls nowadays don't know the thrill of being wakened by four good voices in the quiet night, getting out of bed, pulling down the shade and lighting the gas, a sign to those outside and below that the music was appreciated. To carry the affair to its logical (and hoped for) conclusion was to have the father get up and dress and invite the singers inside to have something from the sideboard. But fathers seldom rose to such heights of hospitality.

Late in the 'sixties and early in the 'seventies spiritualism had its greatest vogue. Neighborhood parties gathered in one home or another for amateur seances when they were supposed to hold converse with their dead friends. There was much talk of table-tipping and mysterious rappings all of which rather frightened the younger members of the family. I remember one old couple frequently at our house, who thought of nothing, talked of nothing, but their wonderful experiences. The fervor spread until every evening was given up to it. Then as suddenly it died down and the world turned to planchette. This, not being so gruesome appealed to the younger people, who at every small gathering sat around a table with their hands on planchette while the varnished board wrote laborious screeds or galloped wildly over the paper. Queer, how that inanimate thing seemed to be acquainted with so many of our jokes and could even make witticisms of its own. Planchette in turn has gone into the limbo of forgotten and discarded interests, but there is no lack of successors and they appear with every new generation.

No chronicle of the 'seventies would be complete without a story of the First Street racing when snow covered the ground. It was not an era of sports, so-called (how could it be when girls' skirts reached the ground?) but winter brought its own recreations, and of these sleigh-riding and skating were first. When, because of the snow-covered river the crowds of sightseers found nothing to watch from the bridges they betook themselves to First Street which, from Main to the levee, was the scene of the sleighing carnival of each winter. It was wider than the other east and west thoroughfares and less high in the middle so it made a straight and smooth roadway for about eight blocks. On each side the curb was crowded with on-lookers watching for their favorite drivers and the fastest horses. There were not a few of both in Dayton in the 'seventies. John S. Lytle, among the fourteen horses in his stable on South Main Street, had a pair of blacks that could do a mile in three minutes. His was a familiar figure always in the sleighing season. So was his son, H. V. Lytle, who had a gray mare, a good saddle horse, and fast pacer named "Trinket." Charles Harries was a lover of good horse-flesh and drove "Alice" triumphantly to the plaudits of the sidewalk observers on First Street. J. D. Platt's "Busy Boy" was always heralded as one of the best trotters in Dayton; so was "Daisy," owned by Charles L. Phillips. Charles Freeman was a frequent driver but he owned no leading horse of his own. He generally was to be seen behind a gray pacer belonging to Mike Nipgen—a horse that eventually took honors at State and county fairs. Another professional driver was Rube Myers a familiar figure about all the stables in town and the track at the fair grounds as well. He owned very fast horses which he paraded on the First Street track. Andy Makely, another of the same persuasion, had a flyer that passed many another on the long stretch toward the river.

These were the leading fast trotters in Dayton but there were others, not perhaps blue-ribbon horses, but which added much to the gayety of bells, flying feet and glistening snow. Mrs. Edward Rowe was there and made a good time. The historic Patterson sleigh, the property of four succeeding generations, built in 1810, painted black with yellow rings, was always looked for and cheered as a part of our pioneers days. Perhaps in the back seat could be seen the venerable Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, enjoying the scene as much as if she were forty years younger.

Some of the large family sleighs were very handsome, graceful in outline, beautifully painted and with curving dashboards to keep the flying snow from the driver, the back seat hung with expensive fur robes. But First Street will never see that gay pageant again. It belongs to the vanished 'seventies.

Domestic architecture and household decoration, it was thought, took great strides in the 'seventies. We began to be ashamed of the old fashioned houses and had not yet learned how really beautiful they were. People who lived in dignified brick homes talked of "remodeling," and people who were just building put up atrocities called "Queen Anne" cottages, where futile turrets, bay windows and sawed fretwork porches called the public's attention to the taste of their owners.

Inside the houses was also revolution. The whatnots went into the attic; oil lamps on fringed mats followed. A gas drop-light with a long pipe gave illumination to evening readers. Most everybody was putting in furnaces and bathrooms. The advertisements mentioned hard wood floors and hot and cold running water as unusual attractions in their real estate bargains. We did not "do decalcomania" any more, but we learned to make macramé lace and hung it around the marble mantels, varied sometimes by a felt lambrequin with cut edges and appliqued horrors. We pinned Japanese fans onto the wall and hung Japanese umbrellas under the chandelier. The piano was ornamented with a plush "throw" and the mantel held vases holding gilded cat-tails. Lessons in china-painting, wood-carving and Kensington wool-work were the vogue; everything that was gildable we gilded—shovels, bread-bowls and cake-spoons—nothing was sacred.

It is not surprising that, with such aberrations on the part of consumers, producers would show no imagination for beauty. In every article of use or for wear the manufacturers did their utmost for the uglification of life. I cannot remember, in our part of the country at least, that the decade from 1870 to 1880 produced one simple, original, or pleasing design. There were neither artists nor craftsmen, there were only mechanics at a turning-wheel or a fretsaw. Furniture was heavy, over-ornamented and highly varnished. The beautiful old designs of the colonial mahogany were abandoned in favor of gimcrack scrolls and ornaments without meaning. Towering head-boards to beds bore machine-turned melons, peaches, rosettes and curlicues and stood on carpets of brussels roses and lilies. Jewelry was ornate; common silverware was crass, cheap and ordinary. The stimulus given by the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876 was potent in its influence but was a long while in getting universalized. We had not yet learned the charm of genuineness. It was an unblushing era of pretense, of false-fronts on stores and on dowagers, of artificial protuberances of the female figure, of mannerisms and affection of speech. Only our recreations were simple and natural.

Oh, the 'seventies! The gay sentimental 'seventies! the pretentious affected 'seventies! the romantic, ugly, self-conscious 'seventies! The 'seventies when we hung chromos on our walls and read "Lucile" and Ouida and Laura Jean Libby! The forever-vanished 'seventies, how far away they seem—and are!

* * *

CHAPTER XIII.

DAYTON IN THE 'EIGHTIES AND 'NINETIES.

"Fin de Siècle."

The eighteen eighties were notable for several, if not ornamental, then excessively imperative, municipal improvements. In the preceding decade the Holly Company had supplied us with a most satisfactory system of water-works, still functioning acceptably. But for anything beyond that Dayton was a mud-be-spattered, garbage-ridden, rubbish-littered little town. The situation became at last so irritating to all concerned that in the years between 1880 and 1890 we achieved sewers, paved streets, electric lighting and a telephone system. It was high time for all four.

The first suggestion of the advantages of the telephone appeared in a local paper some time during 1878, but it was advanced more as a curiosity than as a practical possibility applicable to Dayton. Alexander Graham Bell, in an attic in Boston, had made his first audible communication with a person at a distance. George L. Phillips, a young business man of Dayton, read of it, was interested and investigated. He went to Boston, was struck with the enormous potentialities of the invention and came home to set the business world on fire. It was not easy. Everyone admitted the advantages, providing they could be put into application, but buying stock was a different matter.

By another year the papers were roused to deadly earnest as they depicted the necessity of getting the doctor or the fire department in a hurry and with no means of communication better than a horse and buggy or a firebell. They declared editorially that if people only grasped the convenience, to say nothing of the saving of time and labor, of conversing with their friends so easily the new contrivance would be quickly available. That it was, is due to the faith, industry and optimism of George L. Phillips. He talked of nothing, thought of nothing, occupied himself with nothing but the Bell telephone in Dayton, and in a second visit to Boston contracted for the necessary equipment and had it sent on.

The first telephone exchange was installed over the business house of Keifabers Brothers, at 118 East Third Street, with the Keifabers themselves as first subscribers. The earliest directory consisted of a single sheet headed: "Dayton Bell Telephone Company" and held the names of ten subscribers: the Kiefabers, three Phillips'—T. A., George L., and Charles A.; the American Express Company, the Beckel House, George F. Rohr, J. K. McIntire, William Sander and J. W. Johnston. Business in the new office did not exactly "boom." Not more than a dozen calls went through the exchange in a day and they not by number but by name. Ten office employees carried all the traffic. The first woman operator was Lily Althoff (Mrs. Arnold Gwinner); the first chief operator, Minnie Glaser (Mrs. Nanendorf). By the fall of 1879 quite a list of subscribers had come in and the telephone system began to look like an enterprise to be reckoned with.

The equipment was primitive. In order to allow entrance and egress for service wires in this first exchange, augur holes had been bored in a wooden shutter. When the number of subscribers mounted up to sixty the attention of Mr. Phillips was called to the fact of the lack of more space. His answer was to ask if there was not another shutter, right there, in which could be bored another sixty holes and when that was used up would be time enough to worry. The widest imagination could not, at that time, picture the possibility of a hundred and twenty subscribers in Dayton. At the present writing there are fifty thousand. Small hints here and there, in the papers of that day reveal the difference between then and now. It was some time in 1880 that we read that the telephone exchange would be closed on Thanksgiving afternoon from two until four, to enable the employees to eat "A fine Thanksgiving dinner."

Of course the telephone system grew. It could do no less when once started. Soon the fire-engine houses were connected, then the police stations, the newspaper offices, the banks, the Soldiers' Home, mercantile houses and finally private homes. In 1881 telephone connection was established between Dayton and West Milton, Piqua, Xenia and Miamisburg. The first long-distance call from Indianapolis was taken and answered one October day in 1881 from the T. A. Phillips home, 24 West Fourth Street, in the room that is now the tea room of the Young Women's League.

The telephone has become such an hourly necessity that it takes one's breath away to read the objections against it, especially from those approached to become stockholders. It was "only an experiment after all"; their money was "safer in the bank than with the telephone company." "Dayton would never be large enough to make it a really paying investment." Boys raised a great outcry because the wire interfered with their kiteflying. People were afraid to have wires installed on account of danger during thunder storms. All of which is the inevitable experience of every new invention.

It was in 1882 that that great servant of mankind (especially of his wife), electricity, came to Dayton. Up to that time our streets were lighted by dim and flickering gas lamps. Little boys with a ladder over their shoulders and a torch in their hands ran from one corner post to another, hooking the ladder on to a crosspiece in order to reach the gas cock, pushing the torch under, turning on the gas, and running on to the next. In our homes we still scratched the immemorial match (on the box if we were well brought up—on the wall if we weren't) and scorched our fingers in the process. The resulting illumination was weak, uncertain and malodorous.

Dayton had heard that other cities were using electricity; it seemed possible, but needed demonstration. On the "Commons" below the railroad some enterprising engineer had erected two dynamos with power obtained from the engines of an obliging sawmill near by, and for the first time these unsightly wastes were brilliantly illuminated. The city fathers came and saw and were convinced. A company incorporated with a capital stock of one hundred thousand dollars soon followed and received orders for a few arc lamps. Merchants saw at once the advantage to their customers of well-lighted stores. Like the telephone, electricity grew under pressure of its own selling power. From small beginnings in 1882 electric power and light has developed into the present twenty-million dollar public utility, embracing seventeen private and municipal plants, serving some fifty thousand customers in eleven counties in southern Ohio. The present power house stands on the river bank two miles and a half south of the center of the city where the C. C. C. and St. L. railway crosses the Miami and from which the power for all these stations is generated.

The list of users of the service in Dayton alone has increased five hundred and twenty-two per cent. in ten years, while the population increased twenty-eight per cent. Current is furnished to operate and light the city pumping station, the paint mill, amusement parks, and factories producing automobile starters, washing machines, fare-registers, and computing scales. Paper mills, rubber factories, bakeries, churches, theatres and schools are further large consumers. The domestic necessities for the "juice" increased with the magnifying imaginations of the manufacturers of accessories. Percolators, sweepers, cooking-ranges, irons, fans, heaters, hair-curlers, and dish-washers all testify that life could hardly go on without electricity in the home.

That it did go on in the 'eighties meant unremitting labor for the housekeeper augmented by the entire absence of any public eating places except the hotels. If the cook left, as cooks had a habit of doing in other times besides our own, the head of the family and the empty-stomached school children appeared with rigorous punctuality at meal time and had to be fed. Schools never imagined the noon lunch hour. The word "cafeteria" had not yet been coined. Tea rooms were unknown. The railroad station, the Phillips and the Beckel House and the free lunch at saloons were the only refuges for the business man. Hence, "Woman's place was in the home" became an iron truth in those days. She was expected to and did employ the arts of a dozen or so trades and professions in her housekeeping but no one thought her capable of selling stockings or using a typewriter. Therefore she was only beginning to penetrate into the business world. In 1880 just six offices had girl stenographers and it is recorded that the head of one of them was seriously argued with by his fellow-lawyers for having yielded to the threatening tide that would surely end in disaster.

It seems incredible that in view of the earlier descriptions of mud in Dayton streets, we should have had to wait until 1889 for paving. The theory supporting us was our confidence in the filtering powers of the underlying bed of gravel through which the river swept at certain intervals. It was indeed a godsend in the beginning but in time the natural question arose: "Why put faith in gravel after eighty-eight thousand people have come to live over it?" The City Council was immovable, as councils were apt to be in those *laissez faire* days. It was criticized in the papers, petitioned, importuned and threatened. Twice, committees were appointed, but never a report offered or even, it is said, a meeting held. Quoting from the minutes of an organization of citizens we find this summing up of the city management of that day: "It is a political football, kicked hither and thither at every municipal election. The winning side is inevitably made the beneficiary of the victory until another election changes the political complexion, but not the character of the government. The Council, the Board of Education, Fire Board and Infirmary trustees are all under the control of the successful political leader designated and the 'boss.'"

Patience under such conditions became a vice. At a meeting of exasperated citizens called by A. C. Marshall on November 11, 1889, A. A. Winters presided, H. E. Mead acted as secretary and A. C. Marshall made the opening remarks. A committee was appointed consisting of the following ten persons: A. C. Marshall, E. M. Thresher, Jacob Linxweiler, Jr., J. K. McIntire, Walter Worman, W. P. Callahan, W. D. McKemy, O. I. Gunckel, Jacob Decker and Samuel W. Davies. This preliminary committee sent out a call to other citizens from whom in turn was formed the Committee of One Hundred with A. C. Marshall as permanent chairman. Six sub-committees followed with chairmen: Executive, E. M. Thresher; city government, G. N. Bierce; legislation, W. D. McKemy; sewers, J. W. Stoddard; street improvement, D. E. Mead; parks and levees, Jacob Linxweiler, Jr.; finance, A. Bauman.

The necessary legislation for accomplishment was secured by Hon. George W. Houk, Colonel D. B. Corwin and James Turner. How the work was accomplished by installing sewers, paving the streets and beautifying the parks is too long a story to tell here. Suffice it to say that these unsalaried private citizens gave their valuable time, held innumerable meetings and used their professional and business influence for the benefit of Dayton, and, as far as is known, there is not a public monument erected to any of them. As for the elected public officials, they sat in the City Hall and industriously drew their salaries.

The first results of the Committee of One Hundred was that when people drove out to East Fifth Street they found, between Wayne Avenue and McReynolds Street, a stretch of good, solid, smooth wood-block pavement. It seemed too good to be true. But that was indeed the beginning of what spread (in spite of complaints that it would impoverish property owners) to the year 1930, when there are in Dayton over three hundred miles of paved streets (and a few less alleys) and more coming all the time. Mud, dust, chuck-holes and hog-wallows are all forgotten. But it must be remembered that we, the citizens of Dayton, might still be wading ankle deep in the limestone soup of the 'eighties if it had not been for the labors of the Committee of One Hundred. The next result was that in 1890 a complete system of sewers was begun in the center of town and from year to year carried out to the extreme limits of the city, delivering us at once from private property cesspools and of consequent sickness and pestilence. By 1909 there were one hundred and fifty miles of sanitary sewers in Dayton and ninety miles of storm sewers. Today (1930) there are two hundred and sixty-eight miles of sanitary sewers and 143 miles of storm sewers.

The eighteen eighties saw Dayton embellished by a number of notable public buildings among them the Public Library erected in Cooper Park, from plans by Peters and Burns. The architectural style is a free treatment of the southern French Gothic or Romanesque; the construction is of Dayton limestone with trimmings of Marquette red sandstone. Frederick Poole, the prominent Boston librarian, was consulted, and advised many of the details of the inside arrangement. For fifty years it has stood among the elms in Cooper Park, a handsome and sufficient building in which to house and from which to distribute books to the public.

In 1881 the so-called "new" courthouse was perpetrated, that anomaly of architecture labelled *"Justiciae Dedicata."* This building is said to have cost Montgomery County $174,945 and it has been jocosely intimated that this sum was $174,940 more than it was worth.

In July, 1880, Myron T. Herrick, afterwards Governor of Ohio and later Ambassador to France, came to Dayton and carried off as his bride, Miss Kitty Parmely from her home on East First Street.

In the middle 'eighties a great addition to the western edge of town was constructed, then known as "Robert Fill." Not many people, when they walk along that tree embowered parkway named Robert Boulevard, know to whom Dayton owes it. Named for its promoter it has become his noblest monument. The arched elms over head were the contribution of another of Dayton's benefactors who has had mention in these pages —John Van Cleve, who planted them in the early 'thirties and converted a bare embankment into a much-prized thoroughfare. Beyond the levee, between it and the river, there stretched in 1880 an area of pasture land on which the family cows of ancient Dayton were nourished; then an expanse of gravel, then the river, at most seasons of the year a thin and harmless stream, at others a raging torrent. Therefore it happened that the levee, supposed to be a promenade on the river bank, was so far from the water as to be a misnomer. This condition existed from Monument Avenue Bridge to Third Street Bridge.

The first to see the advantage of adding those wasted areas to the rapidly growing city was Mr. James A. Robert. He met at first the most violent and outspoken opposition, the public seeing only in the double plan of deepening the channel and adding available building sites, more danger than ever from floods. But Mr. Robert knew what he was about. He got his brother, a practical engineer, to come from the east and look over the situation. The two together worked out the plan but it was James Robert who accomplished the details. A steam-shovel was put in, excavating the gravel from the bed of the river and piling it on to the land, gradually bringing the level of the fill up to the top of the levee.

Thus the whole area now known as Robert Boulevard, and Sunset Avenue, together with the homes upon them, came into existence from the fertile brain of James A. Robert. At first glance it looked like a marvelous money-making scheme, for real-estate values were going up in the 'eighties. It should have been, because human initiative means something and deserves a fair profit. In some hands it might have meant a profitable speculation but Daytonians may accept it on the best possible authority (A. D. Wilt) that James Robert "was not ten cents richer for all his labors of four long years." The investment he put into it he got out of it and that was all, plus perhaps the personal satisfaction of seeing a much-needed improvement realize itself.

On July 30 and 31, 1884, there occurred in Dayton the third of the four biggest crowds in her history. The first was the Harrison campaign in 1840; the second when Goldsmith-Maid ran in 1860; the Wright celebration is yet to be told. The third occasion, of which we are now

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT

concerned, was the reunion of the national Grand Army of the Republic and the dedication of the soldiers' monument which still stands guard at the head of Main Street. Since the intention was to bring to Dayton as many people from outside as possible, the preparations consumed not only weeks but months. A list of the citizens instrumental in making the arrangements and heading the committees sounds like a roster of the social and business life of those Dayton years. Major W. D. Bickham, M. P. Nolan, A. A. Simonds, Harry Lowe, Hon. Samuel Craighead, A. J. Williougby, Hon. George W. Houk, Col. E. A. Parrott, Hon. John G. Lowe, General Gates Thruston, Captain E. Morgan Wood, Col. W. J. White, General S. B. Smith, A. D. Wilt, E. Stowe Forgy, J. K. McIntire, Hon. J. A. McMahon, Charles E. Pease, Captain S. W. Davies, L. D. Reynolds, A. Newsalt, O. B. Brown, A. C. Marshall.

These were the leaders, and there were hundreds of helpers. To most of them, survivors as they were of the Civil War, this celebration was a vital and a personal matter. It began at daybreak of the 30th with reveille and an artillery salute. First in order of the day was an inspection of the Soldiers' Home by the visiting guests with Governor Brown and Chaplain Earnshaw as hosts. In the afternoon a parade formed on Main Street composed of survivors of the war on foot and in carriages, military companies in uniform, posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, children from the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans Home at Xenia, veterans from the National Home, and the Old Guard Post. To the head of Main Street they marched amid the huzzas from a hundred thousand throats, past the grandstand where stood ex-President Hayes and Mrs. Hayes, General Joseph G. Hawley, General Rosecrans, Senator Sherman, General R. P. Kennedy with prominent Daytonians, and came to a halt where the veiled monument awaited its share in the ceremony. Following the usual flowery oratory suitable to the occasion, Hon. George W. Houk presented the monument to the city of Dayton, Governor Hoadly accepted in appropriate terms—then something went wrong. The monument seemed to not care to coöperate. It would not be presented, accepted nor unveiled. The ropes to release the enveloping sheet were pulled and—nothing happened. They were pulled again and yet again, with no perceivable effect. The shrouded figure stood immovable on top of its pillar careless of the agonizing emotions in the breasts of the Grand Army of the Republic and just as careless of the rain which took that opportunity to come down with such whole-souled vigor as rain can only do on occasions of public rejoicing. The crowds were packed so tight nobody could get away and there was no shelter to go to if they had. For one long-drawn-out hour, during which a chimney cleaner was sent for, "shinned" up the pillar, released the sheet and clambered down (to the quite genuine applause of the crowd) that rain continued. It even kept up while the massed choirs sang the anthem and then, having done all the harm possible to uniforms, feathers and patriotism, it ceased, and the sun came out bright and warm. The anthem was written by Mrs. John Hancock, the music composed by W. L. Blumenschein, "Peace to their ashes; their graves are our pride."

In the evening the scene of interest changed from the crowded streets to the equally crowded banks of the river. The thousands that had filled Main Street earlier in the day from curb to curb spread themselves along the north and south banks from the Main Street to the Dayton View Bridge and massed themselves on each. In the rear of the stately homes then fronting on Monument Avenue, the sloping lawns made a sort of dress circle for the honored guests, they being divided between the Bickham and the E. M. Thresher premises.

As the sun sank towards the West in the haze of that summer afternoon the spectators saw, majestically rounding the current of the river, what the papers announced as "The United States Fleet." It consisted of two Mississippi River iron-clads, led by the flagship "Union" under command of (Admiral) E. B. Lyon. Historical accuracy demands the admission that the gunboats were cleverly constructed out of boards, painted black and propelled by side-wheel paddles worked by man-power at a crank on each side. These formidable vessels were each mounted with two field pieces and two mortars. Just below Main Street Bridge there opened up on the fleet a deadly fire from a rebel battery (two small brass cannon hidden in the fringe of tall sycamores that even then remained along the north bank). The fleet came to anchor and fired a broadside in return. Then the troops poured ashore, led by Captain A. D. Knecht. The rebel yell resounded on the air answered by the cheers of the brave Yankee boys. The crowds on the bridges encouraged the Union troops with answering cheers amid which the rebel stronghold was taken. It was an occasion to thrill even the most hard-boiled of observers. The boom of the cannon, the black smoke belching from the stacks of the gunboats, the cheers of the attacking troops made a never-to-be-forgotten scene. As for the flagship the records tell nothing of its ultimate end. Perhaps it did not hold together long enough to be described.

As the dusk fell and the stars came out the crowds still lingered, for was there not a superb display of fireworks announced? And who wants to miss anything like that? Memory tells us it was all the reporters said about it. The set pieces were sent for at large expense and set up on the very edge of the river so that each, as it came into blazing prominence was repeated in the glassy surface of the water. "The Coat-of-Arms of the United States" was the first to elicit the loyal cheers of the populace. Then came "On Guard" (a soldier on duty) "Aladdin's Jeweled Trees," "The Flowering Aloe Tree," "The Star of America"; in addition there were of course rockets—forty-eight of them, with parachutes; aerial bouquets, showering golden rain and colored streamers and twelve pyrotechnic bombs, while all up and down the river on both banks were set off at intervals colored magnesium lights so that throughout the long evening's program there was not a single moment of darkness. A "Journal" reporter, carried out of himself by the splendor of the spectacle wrote that the "grand Stoddard mansion on the hill, partially revealed by the glow of the rockets, was a fine embellishment of this novel nocturnal spectacle."

No Stoddard home any more! No Bickham and Thresher lawns sloping to the river's edge. Big buildings of the new Dayton have pushed the old homes into the past, and of the Daytonians who worked so hard to celebrate in 1884 how few there are left.

Booth Tarkington it was, if I am not mistaken, who first called the last decade of the century "The Gay 'Nineties." Richard Le Gallienne called them "The Romantic 'Nineties" and Mencken the "Electric 'Nineties." All three were more or less right. The 'nineties were gay, they were romantic and they were electric. But most of all the 'nineties were sophisticated, with a sophistication that passes all description. An expression (never to be questioned since it was French) came into the vocabulary of those palpitating years. It was "Fin de Siècle" (called by the ignorant and ribald "Finn de Sickel"). It was used to characterize our clothes, books, manners, opinions, fashions, emotions. Everything was "Fin de Siècle." It carried a sense of things having gotten to a state of perfection hitherto unknown. Some of it I suspect was due to the impact of new impressions brought in by the Chicago World's Fair in 1893.

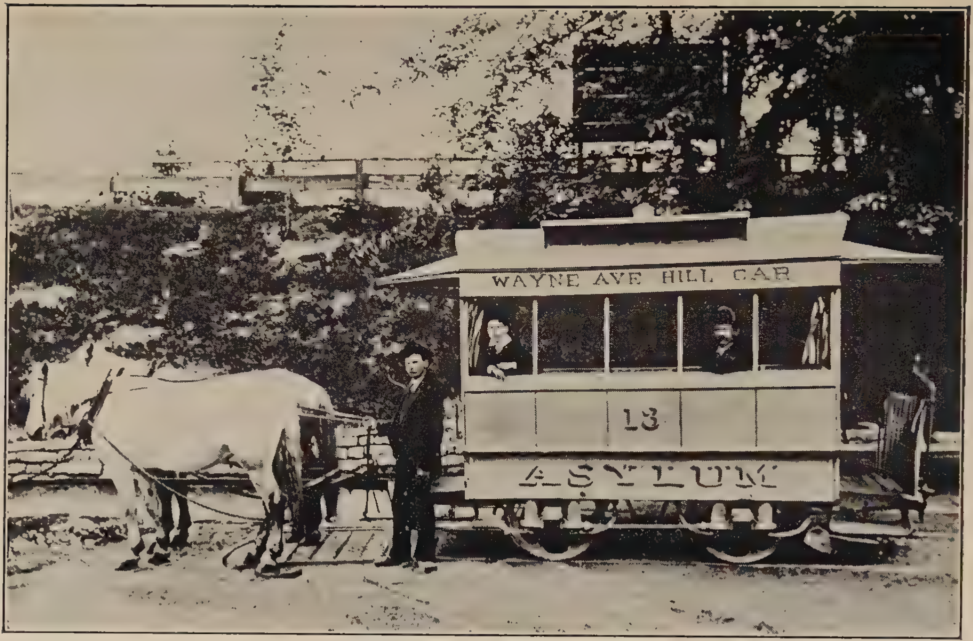
At any rate, the seriousness with which we took ourselves was not to be questioned. We felt that of all the other past and gone civilizations, we alone, and our new cultivation had now definitely "arrived." We knew so much. We thought so deeply. Our taste was so unquestioned. It did not seem possible that there could be much ahead of us to learn. What would have been our sensations if we had been told that within a short thirty years a new vocabulary would come in of which there was not the slightest sign in the 'nineties? To some of us the 'eighties and 'nineties do not seem so far away and yet our very speech would make us strangers in those years. Flapper, femininism, propaganda, percolator, traffic jam, radio, fundamentalism, chauffeur, aviator, birth-control, direct primaries, photo-gravure—a foreign language all of it to the 'nineties! Prohibition and suffrage were just jokes. Nobody believed they would ever become realities. Art was just beginning to be spelled with a capital letter. We imagined that our taste in pictures could not be doubted, but if a present-day housekeeper should inherit the cherished parlor ornaments of the 'nineties she would order each one deposited where the ash man could carry it into oblivion. Out would go the steel engravings of "Washington and his Family" or of "Lincoln and his Cabinet." Lithographing in colors was just coming in and although our sophistication disdained the "Fruit Pieces" where watermelons and strawberries were grouped together we fell before the charms of the "Vestal Virgin" who, with lighted lamp and corrugated clothing looked down upon us from many a mantel on First Street. A slang phrase of the period expressing extreme disdain was "Pull down your vest" and some wag rechristened the popular chromo the "Pull-down-your-Vestal Virgin."

What did we read in the 'eighties and 'nineties? Well, we had laid aside "Innocents Abroad," "Lucile" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but we were devoted to Howells, Mrs. Humphrey Ward and Bellamy's "Looking Backward." Trilby entranced us with its flavor of foreign life. A part of the Fin de Siècle atmosphere was to introduce French phrases into conversation, "de rigueur," "savoir faire" and "au revoir." We put "P. P. C." on our visiting cards and "R. S. V. P." on our invitations, with, it must be confessed, but a nebulous idea of what it all meant.

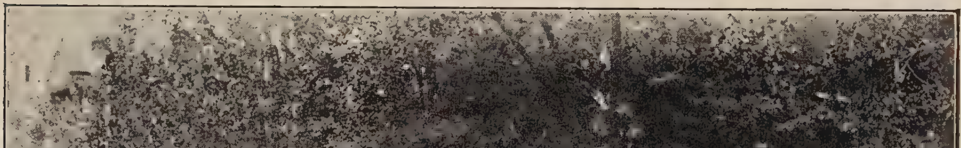
Artemus Ward as a comic satirist had long ago been pushed into a back place on the bookshelves, but Mr. Dooley was coming into his own with his daily comment on Congress. Some of our domestic contrivances would cause a smile now although to us they were quite acceptable. Electricity, having not yet come into common use, the doorbell of the end of the century should have honorable mention. A white china knob on the outside of the door frame was connected by wires and pulleys with a large brass bell somewhere in the back regions of the dwelling, which responded to a pull on the knob with reverberating clamor. Worse still were the metal handles of some front doors which when twisted resulted in the deafening explosion of a gong right under the visitor's nose.

A sign of social prestige in those days was an iron stag to stand on the lawn under the trees. If we didn't have a lawn and couldn't afford the stag there was a substitute almost as good. It was an iron horse-jockey to stand at the curb with up-stretched hand to hold the hitching strap of the next visitor who came with a horse and buggy.

The 1890's were the days of stiff shirtwaists for ladies and little sailor hats perched high upon their coiffures. The days also when at dinner parties the gentlemen guests looked wistfully out from a V-shaped opening formed by the immense sleeves on either side of him.



THE EARLY STREET CAR
(Courtesy of William Lutzenberger)



WOMAN'S BICYCLE CLUB PARADE IN THE '90s

It was during these years that bicycling came in, and what a craze it was! The first machine to appear had one large wheel in front on which perched the acrobat rider, and a small one at the back. To fall off of one of these contraptions was equivalent to an Alpine disaster. Sensible manufacturers, foreseeing the invasion of women into this recreation, invented the "Safety" in which the two wheels were nearer of a size and then everybody took to it. A wheel for each member of the family became the rule. Dignified matrons, mothers of grown children (and long before the fad of "reducing" came in) went pedalling solemnly along country roads and wiping their brows in the hot sun. The Soldiers' Home was still a weekly resort, and on Saturday evenings the pike, from edge to edge, was filled with bicyclers of all ages and conditions. Wheeling became the absorbing topic of conversation, as motoring or flying is today. Dressmakers were in a panic because there was no more dressing for dinner. Ladies came to the table in their circular bicycle skirts and what was to become of the trade?

These wheeling skirts were the first intimation that women were entitled to the use of their legs and, I believe, the beginning of their emancipation in the matter of clothes. A double skirt, each cut on the circular, gave ease to pedalling, and the fullness was such that the bifurcation was not apparent. But its baleful influence could be felt and thundered at in all the citadels of "female" purity and decorum. The very word "divided skirt" was known to throw some ministers and editors into spasms of outraged virtue. The lowering of standards of "womanly behavior," the "smothering of decency," the "decline of the home" and the collapse of the universe were some of the things predicted by the Dayton "Journal" if these awful garments became universal. Freer dressing gave an impetus to sports for women never before enjoyed. That it came far short of what is known today as freedom may be seen if Charles Dana Gibson's drawings of the 'nineties should be disinterred from back numbers of illustrated magazines, drawings depicting girls playing tennis in "gored" skirts four yards in circumference, touching the ground at every point, and lined with a heavy crinoline "dust ruffle." The sleeves fit with skin tightness on the lower arm where the muscles want free play and stuck out a third of a yard on either side of the wearer's shoulders. And the hats of the period. Ah, who shall do them justice? It was as if the milliners had designed them while suffering under an attack of delirium tremens. They mounted to undreamed-of altitudes, sat high upon the head with a brim that dipped and soared, the crown topped with a veritable jungle of verdure and blossoms all united with cascades of lace, curling ostrich feathers and flamboyant ribbon bows. Fashion never could have conquered the hat of the period but the automobile did. When two decades later no amount of skillful pinning or veiling would keep it anchored to its place while whipped with the wind of rapid transit, the small close hat came into its own.

One of the results of our new birth, so to speak, was the rise of a new community self-consciousness. If it were true that we had "arrived" it was well to know what we had arrived from. Our local historian, Mary Davies Steele, reminded us that it was in the spring of 1796 that occurred the stirring events that led to the settlement of Dayton. From her sick bed she wrote articles for the papers. telling again how the first settlers came from Cincinnati by river and by land, how they disembarked at the head of Main Street, how they built homes, planted corn, shot game, endured malaria and the rest of it. Now the calendar said eighteen ninety-six and time by the clock for a centennial birthday party. Some well-oiled memory disclosed the fact that the shabby old grocery on the corner of Main and Monument Avenue was the original Newcom Tavern, the first real house built in Dayton. Through the generosity of citizens led by John H. Patterson and the impetus of the newly organized Historical Society under Hon. C. W. Dustin, this building was rescued just in time from the hands of the wreckers, who were making place for an apartment house. Underneath the weather-beaten clapboards the original logs were found intact as well as much of the interior floors and finish. What better peg upon which to hang an historical celebration? A new place was found for the old resident on the edge of the river in Van Cleve Park where, stripped of its unsightly outer garment and restored with roof and chimney, it took on a new air of dignity and interest. Public-spirited citizens here and there in Montgomery County discovered that their attics held antiques, some of them the actual former furnishings of the cabin, and these they brought with outstretched hands, eager to restore the old building as near as possible to its original condition. The whole spring was a culminating apotheosis of the "old." Spinning wheels were contributed by old ladies offering to use them—which they did during the three days of the celebration. Beds and cradles, Dutch ovens, candle molds, hominy mills, pewter candlesticks, cider presses were some of the mementoes of the housekeeping of a hundred years ago, which may still be seen, mute testimonials of the daily life of our pioneer ancestors. No other city, we believe, possesses such an historical relic—a museum in itself and our most dearly prized possession.

Not a citizen of any age or sex but had some part in the celebration of our birthday anniversary. Every school in the city held appropriate exercises. They "spoke pieces," sang songs and told again the settlement story. A procession that started at the Newcom Cabin and came back to it, included floats bearing school children (ten thousand of them), Indians, pioneers in the garb of the early century, Dayton industries to serve as contrast, the fire department, with banners and bands and cheers and flag-waving and pleasant hysteria of all kinds. Across the southern side of the courthouse was hung a row of locomotive bells with groups of ringers working in relays so that not a minute, day or night, should lack its contribution of ear-splitting clamor. What with the procession, the crowds, the bells and guns and the shrieks of joy from the throats of thousands of small exuberant boys there was nobody, surely in the Dayton of those three days, but knew what our centennial meant.

The outstanding part of the celebration came in the evening with the performance of "Daytonia," a pageant depicting a hundred years of community life in our city and given in the Grand Opera House under the personal direction of Harry E. Feight. Quoting from the pages of the Daytonia program we find a veritable orgy of melodrama. Act One —Newcom Tavern as it was first built, at the mouth of Mad River, and surrounded with thick woods. Arrival of visiting settlers in Conestoga wagon; attack by Indians (here a deviation from history, since the worst the Indians ever did in Dayton was to get drunk and yell); arrival of soldiers; skirmish; repulse of savages. Moonlight scene showed a vision of the future Dayton, with trolley cars passing the new Steele High School. (Although this date was only four years before the appearance of the first "horseless carriage," nobody on the staff of managers foresaw the automobile.)

Act Second—Dayton in 1841; Third and Main streets looking north (the setting being copied from an old water color by John Van Cleve, and loaned by Miss Martha Holt). There were one hundred and fifty players in this act, and they presented a May Day celebration in Steele's Wood (in 1840 the popular place for picnics—being the hill behind the present Art Museum). A colonial minuet in Eighteenth Century costumes was danced, and a double quartette of singers finished the act.

Act Three brought the spectators to the opening days of the Civil War, and here a great chance for pathos and capital letters—The Interior of a Dayton home in 1861." "Breaking Home Ties." "Drilling of the Awkward Squad on Main Street." "Off for the War!" "Troops Passing the old Court House." (Of this scene the souvenir program declared it "the most thrilling and realistic stage effect *ever* presented.") Apparently five thousand troops, including infantry, cavalry, artillery, together with numerous bands and drum corps passed in view of the spellbound audience.

Act Four depicted Chickamauga at sunset; "Where hundreds of our Dayton boys fought in defense of their country's flag." "Realistic and Sanguinary Battlefield"; "Exalted Bravery"; "The Hero's Death";

"Visions of Mother"; "The Attack"; "Lincoln"; "Emancipation"; "Peace!"

Act Five consisted of four allegorical transformations, *i. e.*, (1) the Landing, April 1, 1796; (2) Dayton in 1829, showing arrival of first canal boat from Cincinnati; (3) Dayton in 1865; (4) Dayton of Today—"THE GEM CITY OF AMERICA!" All finishing in a burst of patriotic glory under the direction of the Dayton Guards, and such eminent civilians as Charles Wuichet, R. P. Burkhart, Harry Weidner, B. F. Hargrave, Alfred A. Thresher, Charles Harries Simms, Abe S. Bickham, John R. Tomlinson, Edward B. Grimes, Dan E. Kumler, Frank Conover, Chas. G. Bickham, Harvey C. Phelps, A. F. Thiele, Charles J. Geyer, Chas. F. Knecht, Wood Patton, Wm. B. Sullivan, Albert J. Dwyer, Edward G. Pease, Chas. W. Beiser, Joseph W. Mead, Wm. H. Simms, Moses Wolf, P. A. McGowan, Daniel C. Larkin, B. B. Thresher, Chas. M. Wood, H. C. Graves.

The ladies who lent their efforts to make "Daytonia go" were Mesdames S. H. Carr, J. D. Platt, O. B. Brown, Wm. Craighead, W. F. Gebhart, Jos. H. Crane, Phillip Rotterman, F. J. Ach, Robert C. Schenck, J. B. Thresher, and others.

Among the actors were Clement Herchelrode, J. Howard Davies, Harvey Conover, Thomas B. Herman, Dr. Fred C. Weaver, C. G. L. Breene, E. W. Hanley, Edward Pease, Perry Weidner, Harrie Pease Clegg, Carl Loy, Fred T. Darst, Louise Howard, Mary P. Davies, and others.

The singers were Mrs. H. H. Bimm, Mrs. Fred C. Weaver, Mrs. Herbert B. Brown, Miss Maud Reber, H. H. Bimm, Frank A. Palmer, Harry L. Munger, and Harry B. Turpin.

We cannot, even with the added wisdom of thirty-five years, look back with superiority upon the melodramatic extravaganzas of "Daytonia." In the first place it was well done. Harry Feight saw to that and this was not his first dramatic experience. Then, whether they knew it or not, there was in the efforts of the promoters of Dayton a deeper purpose involved. What this purpose was may be seen by an analysis of the foregoing list of names. To one who knows the Dayton of the past as well as the Dayton of the present, those name represented all religions, all organizations, all affiliations. Catholics worked side by side with Protestants; Jews with Gentiles. In all other interests they were divided and separate. Here it was not a question of any one concern, but of a single common loyalty—Dayton. During this celebration one practical lesson was learned by those who took part in it—a lesson that was to serve them well on a future occasion of which not one of them dreamed—it was how to work together for the sake of the city.

Captain Sam. W. Davies, being asked to write a page for the souvenir program on "Dayton of the Present" (that is, 1896), thus delivered himself:

> The Dayton of today is beautiful, rich, powerful and prosperous. We invite the stranger and sojourner to cast in his lot with us. We will help him if he is good, furnish him with a fine bed in a splendid hospital if he is sick, put him in the new station-house* if he is bad, and if he dies we will bury him in the most beautiful cemetery in the country. What reasonable man, alive or dead, could ask more?

Thirty-five years later, Dayton with outstretched hands still says the same to the stranger within her gates.

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*This is biting sarcasm. In 1896 we had nothing but a rat-infested barracks for a station house, good for nothing except to make jokes about.

CHAPTER XIV.

RECORD OF TRANSPORTATION IN AND AROUND DAYTON.

"Transportation," said Senator De Armond at a meeting of the Miami and Erie Super-Highway Association in 1928, "is a never-ending evolution. It is never finished."

The truth of the assertion is plain when we look at the history of transportation as a local whole. The program of a hundred and thirty years would read something like this: (1) Flatboats on the river, ox-carts through the woods; (2) Conestoga wagons on the corduroy roads; (3) Stagecoaches on the turnpikes; (4) Freight and passenger boats on the canal; (5) Railroads; (6) Automobiles on the super-highways; (7) Interurban cars; (8) Gasoline bus connections; (9) Airplane.

So, if a historian were meticulous and exact he would begin the story of transportation in Dayton by describing the hewing and laying down of the huge logs across the middle of Main Street to prevent teams from sinking in the mire and dragging their wagons with them.

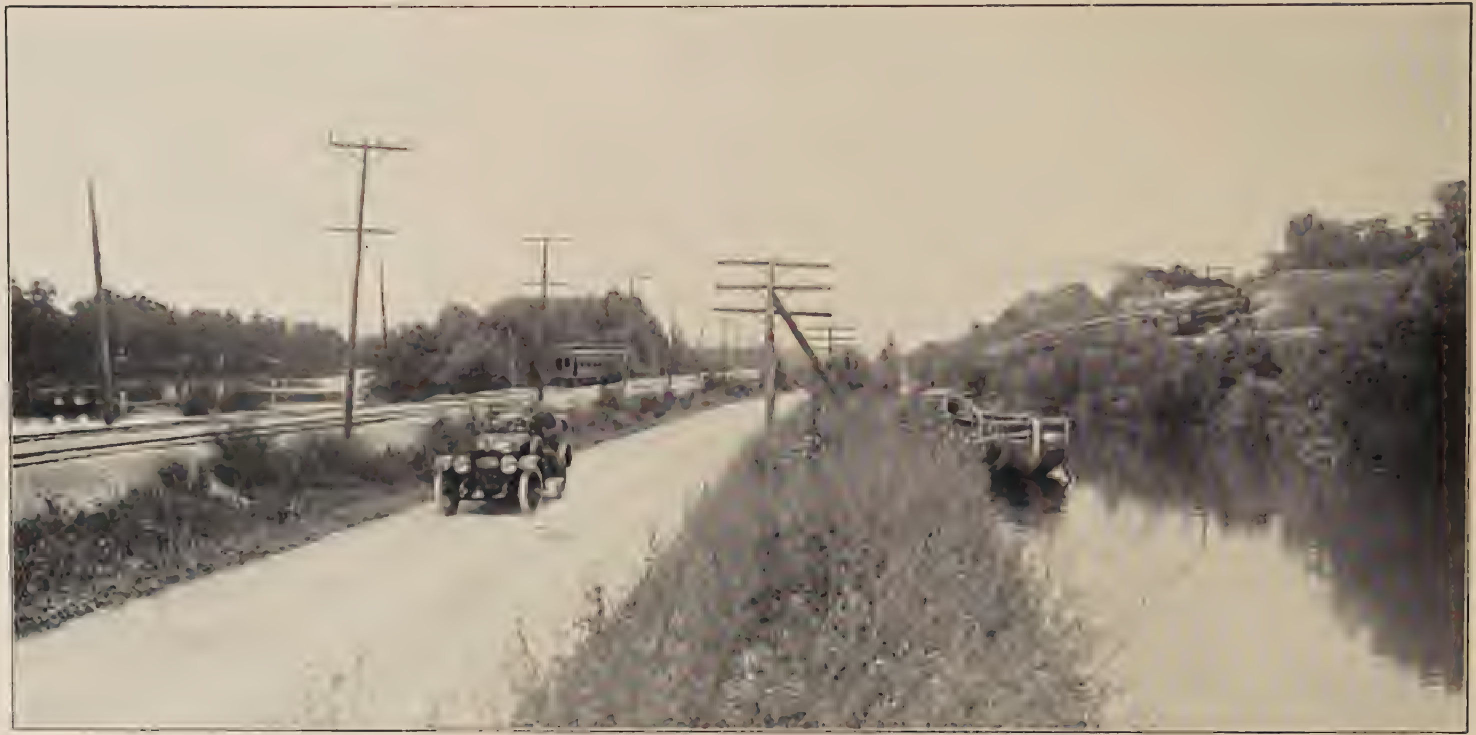
Then, and up to the present, transportation has been the perennial question before the people. In the first decades of the last century it was how to get in to the Ohio wilderness and now, in 1931, how to make a quick movement of our products out to the purchasing world. Ours is the easier task for we have learned one important lesson—that it is not travel which brings transportation but transportation which brings travel. Our pioneer ancestors were always waiting for enough people to go somewhere to begin to build a railroad there.

The Van Cleves, Newcoms, Thompsons and Harmars had no sooner settled down in their mud-surrounded cabins along the river bank than the question of transportation bobbed up. Unless they could make it possible for other settlers to get in, Dayton could not be a metropolis. The earlier roads were not the result of scientific survey but were the natural growths of necessity. The very first penetrators of the wilderness followed either the Indian trails or the buffalo trails. The first were not more than eighteen inches wide—the beaten path of lines of savages in single file; the second were wider and well-trodden and, what was of great importance, they invariably led to water. If one wandered off either of these trails he was likely to get mired in a swamp or buried in the undergrowth.

In the case of the Cincinnati Pike, our earliest highway, it followed logically the windings of the Miami River. Main Street was its upper end in the Miami Valley. The first attempts to increase transportation facilities in and around Dayton were to drain the swampy places and lay down logs, making the corduroy roads so execrated by our ancestors; the next to fill up the holes with gravel of which, as we already know, there was an unending supply. The main difficulty in getting in Dayton was that the little settlement was embraced by an elbow of the river which had to be forded, a difficult thing during spring and fall freshets. Therefore ferries were a necessary adjunct to improved roads. They were rough hand-over-hand-on-a-rope affairs dragging a clumsy raft from shore to shore at the call of a whistle or a shout from passengers on the far bank. The first were at the head of Main Street, on Salem Avenue and First Street and at Fifth or Washington Street. (The present names misleading as at each place there was then nothing but dense woods.)

It was the War of 1812 which impressed upon this part of Ohio the necessity of military roads to supplant the rough highways of the pioneers. In 1809 Dayton was connected by improved (though we would not call them passable) roads with Cincinnati, Franklin and Hamilton on the south, Springfield, Urbana and Piqua on the north and Xenia on the east. This was the pioneer good-roads movement and it went on until by 1830 one could drive in fourteen different directions without having to be pried out of the mud. A familiar sign in our country drives, even as late as the 'seventies, was the well-sweep pole of a tollgate across the road, a sign to dive into one's pocket for some small change before the pole would be lifted and allow the horse free passage. Highways like these, kept up by toll charges radiated in every direction from Dayton like the spokes of a wheel. When the term "toll-pikes" begins to be used it meant that the roads were kept up by levying a small amount on all passers-by, repairs being kept up by super-imposed layers of gravel, the work being done by farmers on off-seasons. The superiority of this part of Ohio in respect to roads is vouched for by one who has done much walking here and there in the Middle West. "At the close of the century I discovered that old and rich states like Pennsylvania and New York had very few *made* roads."

That historic highway, the old National Road, was extended into Ohio in 1825, reached Springfield in 1837, and although it did not pass through Dayton, it did pass through Brant, Tadmor and Vandalia and connected the northern section of the Miami Valley with the eastern states. Third Street, Dayton, was a loop of the National Road, as old excavated milestones prove, connecting Richmond, Springfield and Dayton. It was the first and only east and west artery for wagon travel and was considered such a boon that travelers would come as far as from Kentucky and Tennessee to reach its comfortable roadway before turning



FIVE AVENUES OF TRANSPORTATION SOUTH OF DAYTON—THE STEAM TRAIN, THE ELECTRIC TRACTION CARS, CANAL BOAT, MACADAMIZED TURNPIKE, AND MIAMI RIVER

east or west. It was the first example of the use of Federal funds for local construction. Family carriages carrying girls of the 'thirties to school in the East always went by the National Road. Improved roads soon meant public stage transportation. It was in 1818 that the first stagecoach service was established between Dayton and Cincinnati. Up to that time Daytonians who wanted to go to Cincinnati were fortunate if they had a private carriage. Those who did not, walked or went on horseback. It was hard to convince the public that enough people would ever want to go so far away from home to make a weekly stage profitable. The expense was, indeed, great but in time it paid for itself, and the weekly service had to be doubled. By 1828 twenty coaches were making daily trips in both directions.

A trip to Cincinnati in the 'twenties began at five in the morning from where the stages started, on the south side of the courthouse on Third Street. Not the old courthouse, which was not built until 1850, but the older courthouse on the same site, a frame building flush with the sidewalk. The journey ended at Cincinnati on the afternoon of the second day, the intervening night being spent at Hamilton. The fare charged was eight cents a mile and fourteen pounds of baggage were allowed each passenger. Twelve persons were accommodated in such a vehicle, three on the back seat, three on the front, three on smaller seats between, and two up beside the driver. Four horses drew the stage and they were changed every half hour, sometimes more frequently if the roads were very bad. An important social item in the "Centinel" announced that "a certain gentleman"—(only anonymity was considered elegant in those days)—had just arrived in Dayton from Philadelphia by way of Cincinnati, making the trip by boat and stagecoach in only eight days. But this has carried us far in advance of our story. The first and real great highway into and out of Dayton was the river or rather the rivers, for Mad River was in its beginnings a navigable stream. "The mouth of Mad River" in early letters and chronicles means an important geographical and strategic point. It made a connecting link between the towns north of Dayton and the Ohio River. Indians came down it in their canoes to hunt; settlers went up it to take up land. Dayton was laid out at "the mouth of Mad River" because it seemed to its founders to promise metropolitan facilities of travel and transportation and to make possible the influx of settlers drawn by the prophetic enthusiasms of Van Cleve, Symmes, and Ludlow. With a thickly-forested land necessitating the hewing of trees every few rods, a swiftly-flowing stream presented the easiest progress. Therefore the pirogues that we read about, the water party and the land party that first settled Dayton, the increased building of boats for the down-river trip when commerce became an actuality.

Settlers did come and cabins sprang up along the course of both rivers. Hunters had pelts to sell, the farmers had corn and (alas for their morals!) whiskey. When the big gristmills that used to line the banks of the Miami and Stillwater and Mad rivers, were in operation there was flour to be disposed of. New Orleans was the only available market and the rivers the only available means of transportation. We have already visioned the inposing fleets of boats floating on the broad current of the river and already noted the sad end that some of them came to when the precious cargoes came to grief on sand-bars or were wrecked on dams during a flood.

The founders of our Dayton were men of both vision and action. They meant that Dayton should excel commercially. The promise was here; it was theirs to actualize it. We have seen in a former chapter how the great project of the Miami Erie Canal was instigated and promoted. Since that small beginning it had abundantly justified itself. Freight averages reached 7.378 barrels of whiskey, the same of flour, 3429 of pork, 423 of oil. The Dayton branch at first only connected with Cincinnati and all freight from the north was wagon-hauled to the mouth of Mad River and there embarked on the huge freight boats for the south. Our section of the canal began near the mouth of Mad River, descended the Miami Valley, through the villages of Miamisburg, Franklin and Hamilton, then followed the course of Mill Creek to Cincinnati—length when completed sixty-seven miles. In 1837 it was extended as far as Piqua, later to Toledo. The section between Dayton and Cincinnati cost nearly a million dollars. The canal in Ohio, as in other sections of the United States, was the actual and visible means of freight transportation and much passenger traffic for a period of thirty years and more. Railroads were being spoken of, it is true, but casually and apologetically as of something that sounded well but would never materialize. The Miami Erie Canal was always prosperous, its peak year being 1851 when tolls amounted to $350,000. A canal boat carried eighty tons, just what one freight car does today. In the eighteen twenties and thirties, all the stock carried in the Dayton stores came from New York by the Erie Canal to Buffalo, by lake to Cleveland, thence by Ohio and Erie Canal to the Dayton Miami Canal and up to Dayton at a freight rate of $17.25 per ton, a distance of twelve hundred and forty miles. Later when our canal was linked up with the whole system freight came much more direct. After 1861 the railroads took an increasingly larger share of the traffic but the canal continued to function as an important part of our state-wide transportation system until the 'seventies, when the first talk of definite abandonment was heard.

The social-recreational side of canal travel is told in many personal narratives of the last century. Old Dayton letters mention visits made to friends in Cincinnati, how parties of church people engaged a boat and spent the Fourth of July picnicking in the woods either south or north of town.

That this was not the only aspect of canal travel is witnessed by some of the tourists who came among us; Harriet Martineau, Harriet Beecher Stowe, President John Quincy Adams, William Dean Howells. The latter probably was the only one who came through Dayton, the others went from New York to Cleveland by the Erie Canal where the accommodations were approximately the same as between here and Cincinnati. Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote in "Godeys Ladies' Book" in 1841 that passing a night in a cabin of a canal boat, whose dimensions were ten by six and six feet high in the company of thirty ladies and children, was a horror. We suspect her figures were somewhat less than accurate but we accept her conclusions. The Duke of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach (what were dukes doing in the middle west then?) complained of the insects. Fanny Kemble did, too. The "Travelers Guide"—that early Baedeker, advertised that a certain boat had accommodation for a hundred and fifty people, in which case the thin husk mattresses with which the passengers were provided were laid closely side by side on the cabin floor, those under the tables being considered the most fortunate since they at least could not be trodden on. It is worth while re-reading Dickens' "American Notes" for his racy description of canal travel in 1842. How when night came he found suspended on either side of the cabin three long tiers of hanging book-shelves designed apparently for volumes of small octavo size. "Wondering to find such literary preparations in such a place I discovered on each shelf a sort of microscopic sheet and blanket; then I began dimly to comprehend that these were our sleeping accommodations for the night."

In the 'seventies and 'eighties the canal had deteriorated. Boats still wound their worm-like way around the bluffs and up toward Dayton. The horses were no longer be-ribboned, and they were not horses, but mules. From the stable accommodations at the end of the boat the extra mules gazed pensively out of a window on the passing landscape which we presume they liked better than going along the towpath with the towing-rope dragging at their flanks. A stovepipe sticking up through the deck and the odors of fried onions spoke the domestic joys of the mariner in charge and his frowsy family.

Thus are the mighty fallen! It was John H. Patterson in his tiny office as toll-collector for the canal on Third Street, who first spoke his mind on the gradually lessening receipts of this mode of transportation and its inevitable disappearance. The tolls had shrunk from $350,000 to $24,000. His business acumen told him of the impossibility of the canal competing with the railroads and for years he worked for its abandonment.

The first spadeful of earth for the building of our Dayton Canal was dug at Middletown with appropriate ceremonies, in July, 1825. The first boat arrived on our shores in May, 1827. The curtain drops. One hundred years are supposed to elapse, and do. Another ceremony at Middletown; this time (1927) they dedicate a monument to the men who built the canal and celebrate its final abandonment. But this story belongs to a later narrative. The next act of the transportation drama belongs to the railroads.

The canal is now but a memory in the minds of older people. The younger ones can only understand its situation in regard to the city by tracing the course of the Patterson Boulevard which is constructed on its former bed. Charles Smythe of Brown Street, in recalling the changes in that part of Dayton, writes in the "News":

> All these things are today changed and buried under the march of more modern things. The canal with its mud and slime, its turtles and frogs, its snakes and bull-heads, its sluggish waters, its swill and unspeakable filth, is filled in, covered up and forgotten. The leather-faced, leather-lunged, hard-drinking mule-driver with his cruel bull-whip, the three-span mule teams, the creaking, straining tow-rope, the stub-nosed canal-boat with its crew and its captain with the walrus mustache, are all today hardly a memory. Somewhere they are each and all reduced to unrecognizable dust.

In studying the history of the railroad transportation that has affected Dayton in the past hundred years we find ourselves in a maze. When the railroad fever really came in it must have taken investors by storm. They went at it passionately. It was assumed that any place connected with any other place by railroad was sure to become a metropolis. We infer this because the records reveal road after road legislated about, contracted for, constructed, lapsed into bankruptcy through lack of capital or patronage, brought in by some more prosperous road, amalgamated and absorbed. Some of these abortive concerns were the Dayton and Western; Dayton and Union; Dayton, Columbus and Xenia; Dayton, Greenville and Miami; Dayton and Southwestern; Dayton, Cleveland and Toledo; Dayton and Ironton; Dayton, Fort Wayne and Chicago. The vast trunk lines now stretching from coast to coast were undreamed of in 1850. What roads there were came from local enterprise, connecting short distances and detached from each other. Few roads ran north and south, so the unfortunate traveler who wanted to travel up or down the State was forced to change two or three times between here and Cleveland. "Making connections" was a terror, especially at night. The expression "through train without change" was a welcome announcement when it did appear.

Take the evolution of the Big Four. It began in 1832 when the Ohio Legislature passed an act incorporating the Mad River and Lake Erie Railroad Company to run from Dayton to Springfield, Urbana, Bellefontaine, Tiffin and Sandusky. The contract for construction was let in 1848 and that part of the road completed between Dayton and Springfield in 1857. Later the upper part of the road was abandoned in favor of another route that had been laid out by the Sandusky City and Indiana Railway Company who were willing to lease the road to the Mad River and Lake Erie for ninety-nine years. In 1854 another lease and a change of name to the Sandusky, Dayton and Cincinnati Railroad Company. In 1865 it went into the hands of a receiver, and was reorganized as the Sandusky and Cincinnati Railroad. After more leases and more changes of name it eventually was absorbed into Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati and Indianapolis, the C. C. C. and I., or as we now know it—the Big Four, a part of the New York Central System.

The railroad seeming to be most largely a Dayton concern was that chartered in 1846 and known as the Cincinnati and Dayton—later as the C. H. and D. The Dayton end was contracted for in 1850 and the first excursion train ran on September 13, 1851. Since when its trains have taken us down to Cincinnati for much more than half a century. The former Dayton and Michigan road has been incorporated with it making better north and south continuous passage.

When the Erie Road reached Dayton it was not yet the Erie but the Atlantic and Great Western, otherwise the "Broad-guage." An expression never heard now but ordinary enough in the 'seventies and 'eighties was "I am taking the Broad-guage east tomorrow" and everybody understood that he was going to New York on what was to become the Erie. It was a road that had nothing to do with Dayton except that it ran through it on its way from the East to Cincinnati. In those days there were three guages for track construction—broad, narrow and standard. The Atlantic and Great Western was a broad-guage road, six feet—the usual English width—the C. H. and D. standard. From Cincinnati to Dayton the eastern road had only the C. H. and D. right of way to use. It could do this only by straddling the standard tracks by its own broad-guage tracks. This made four rails to a railroad track instead of two.

When these double rails crossed in switches or crossings the resulting "frog" extended many feet and the cars running over them made a regular devil's tattoo of clatter. Although the whole length of the Erie road was over eight hundred miles it was only on this sixty-mile stretch that this peculiar phase developed. Because of the "straddling" the trains on this stretch were mixed—that is, some of the cars traveled on the outer set of rails and some on the inner and in this heterogeneous way the train finally reached its destination at Cincinnati. This state of things lasted for thirty-three years after the Erie road was built.

In time this double trackage was abandoned. How then could the Broad-guage get to Cincinnati?

This way. A hoist was established at the extreme end of East First Street, Dayton, and there the body of each car from the Erie was raised, its bogie trucks replaced by those of standard width and then lowered—the whole performance occupying only a few moments. Of course the inconvenience of an odd guage grew as transportation demands grew and about the year 1878 it was decided to change to standard guage. After all preparations were made the whole eight hundred and thirty miles of Erie trackage from New York to Dayton were changed in width during one night, trains running as usual the next day. So passed the last broad-guage from the railroads of this continent. It was not until 1895 that the system was called the "Erie." Its whole career is tied up with the financial history of this country and the railroad wars which were a part of it, recalling such names as Gould, Fiske, Vanderbilt and Daniel Drew. All that lies beyond the scope of our present history. Our interest in it concerns only the fact that for so many years it was the only one of the great traffic lines to the east and our only way of getting directly to New York. The "Americana" vouches for the fact that the Erie was the first railroad to run trains by telegraph, the first to use printed time tables, the first to run Sunday trains (thereby it is to be supposed, making useless those puritanical big doors that closed the Dayton Union Depot from Saturday night until Monday morning), the first to make special service for the city milk supply and the Sunday papers. It was the first to run excursion trains, the first to install parlor cars and, before dining-cars were dreamed of, to establish eating-rooms along its route. The signal cord now running through the cars for the use of the conductor was an innovation of the Erie road; so was the building of spur tracks to foster local industries.

There was abundant room for all these improvements. The sanitary arrangements of the early railroad cars can only be expressed by a large round cipher. People ate lunches and threw the paper on the floor.

There were no toilets. At intervals the brakeman went through the train with an ice-water can (old travelers will remember it), painted a grained yellow, held in a metal frame as were also the six tin cups intended to assuage the thirst of a whole train load of passengers in hot weather. The soot from the engine was unspeakable. Not only on the Erie but on all railroads, the construction was flimsy. In place of the hundred pound steel rails of the present day, oak stringers were used covered with five-eighths of an inch strap iron. The first engines weighed only ten tons including fuel and water, as against the modern locomotive of two hundred and eighty tons with tank capacity for seven thousand gallons of water and ten tons of coal. The early passenger coaches were a sort of amplification of the stagecoach which seemed to be their only conception of a carrying vehicle. The average speed of a train like this was ten miles an hour and even this was considered by the ultra-pious as flying in the face of a Providence who never meant that people should travel faster than a horse could go.

Following the Panic of 1873 came a period of narrow-guage building and much capital was invested in the belief that the lower cost of construction and equipment would make such roads formidable rivals of the older roads. Such an enterprise was the Dayton and Ironton Road, locally known as the "Narrow-guage." The future of Dayton and Xenia were to be saved by direct connection with the coal fields of Ohio. For economy's sake it was built as a narrow-guage and as it was supposed to be for everybody's benefit everybody was to help pay for it. Nearly everybody did, by buying stock, but it never was a success. Into the hands of manipulators who held up construction and limited its completion in every way (perhaps in the hope of being bought out at a good figure as so many roads had been), the Dayton and Ironton remained for years nothing but "a streak of rust on the landscape." After all these disastrous experiments both extra width tracks have been abandoned and there remains only the standard guage.

Another example of imbecile enterprise was the Dayton, Xenia and Belpre road (later the Little Miami). There was a time when it was thought that railroads ought to run in a straight line to their destinations no matter what grades they might have to encounter. If the reader begins at Xenia and with a pencil runs a line directly east on the map, he will hit Belpre—a little obscure village on the Ohio River opposite Parkersburg. This was supposed to be the future metropolis which the Dayton, Xenia and Belpre road was to bring into existence. This queer, unscientific, hind-side-before construction of railroads was the way all the big trunk lines came into existence. The traveler had to use any number of small sections of track before the consolidation took place which resulted in the through routes. For years everybody who wanted to go east on Sunday on the Pennsylvania had to drive to Xenia on the pike in a buggy, arrange for the buggy to be driven back to Dayton and take the train for New York. Then, for more years we had, when coming west on the Pennsylvania to change at Xenia and take a small dirty local the remaining fourteen miles back to Dayton.

Now what changes, what improvements! Dayton lies on four big trunk lines, the "Big Four," the "Erie," the "Baltimore and Ohio" and the "Pennsylvania." On these several lines fifteen trains leave Dayton for the East every twenty-four hours and as many arrive. Every reader knows what those trains are—the last word in equipment and convenience for passenger service. The traveler eats his filet mignon steak with mushrooms, his ice cream and tropical fruits as casually while crossing the mountains of Pennsylvania as he does in his own home. Starting from the Union Station at Dayton he emerges in the Grand Central or the Pennsylvania at New York after a not at all fatiguing trip of sixteen hours.

As far as freight facilities go Dayton is in a strategic position for shipping to all parts of the United States. Few points within a hundred miles offer equal advantages. All these four major roads carry heavy shipments of through freight. The city is well equipped with industrial sidings—many of the larger industries have their own. There is universal reciprocity in switching arrangements. Package car service is varied and prompt and is available to many points with good connections at important transfer cities.

There came a time in Dayton, as it does to all cities, when travel by steam was too inelastic for ordinary conditions, when the need arose for hourly communication between the cities of the Miami Valley. It was about 1895 when arose the beginning of the development of the inter-urban electric railroad which promised to revolutionize not only the passenger but the freight and express transportation as well. As the name indicated it proposed to furnish transit between cities by means of high speed electric cars operating directly into the business centers of the cities through which it passed.

Right here we meet the same story as that of the railroads—syndicates, passionate promotors, stock-sellers with gilt-edged promises, over-capitalization, receiverships, forced sales, consolidations. More money was lost than made. It was found that none of the existing laws which had been drawn for steam railroads and street railways covered this new character of public enterprise, so its development proceeded without much, if any, public control. One would think that the builders of the interurban would have learned something from the experience of the steam railroads in the varying guages of tracks. But no. The guage of street-car tracks in Cincinnati was six inches broader than "standard" so the interurbans of standard guage could not use the tracks for terminal purposes but were compelled to discharge their passengers outside of the city limits and that situation still exists in the connections between Dayton and Cincinnati.

The first road in the southern part of the valley was the Cincinnati and Hamilton, later lengthened to the C. H. and D. So that now those familiar letters mean not the old steam railway, but the new interurban. It acquired an interurban property that had been in the hands of a receiver (the old story)—for ten years. Seventy-two miles of trackage on a grass grown, rickety, right of way; cars from fifteen to thirty years old, uncomfortable and costly to maintain; power supply inadequate, shops small and crude. Now, after the expenditure of nearly a million and a half, the road boasts new tracks, ten de-luxe cars, old ones burnt up, large steel and concrete shop buildings with necessary machinery, track improved, new electric switches, service equipment purchased and another hundred and eighty thousand dollars expenditure contemplated. There is a double track connection with the enormous new Delco-Frigidaire Plant of General Motors at Moraine City at a cost of $37,000. Both freight and passenger service on the improved road show gratifying increase.

The Dayton and Xenia Traction Line was organized in 1900. There is a branch to Spring Valley. Dayton and Troy are connected by interurban which goes through to Lima, Toledo and Fort Wayne.

The Ohio Electric operates under five districts—Southern, Western, Central, Eastern and Northern. And so it has come about that on almost any corner of the street at any hour of the day—or the half hour—a car will come along taking passengers to towns east, north, south or west, picking up freight at small villages off the main railroad and offering a daily and hourly convenience to people who want to go somewhere in a hurry.

But the interurbans, convenient as they are, are having their own particular Waterloo which, as may easily be guessed is the ubiquitous ever-present automobile. If stockholders need a reason why they do not get the dividends that were promised them they have only to drive out in either direction from Dayton, and these cogent "reasons" will pass them at the rate of about one every two minutes. How can the interurban survive when it is out-classed, out-run, out-grown by the privately owned Ford car? It can only proceed from place to place on its own tracks; the automobiles can run up its owner's private lane.

Farmers take their products to market on their own wheels and by their own power—simpler, easier, quicker and in the long run more economical. The electric train makes its plea for freight, and lo! "Ship by truck" becomes the slogan and families can move from the house in one city directly to the new home in another with no crating or hauling of goods. How long the interurban will last is on the knees of the gods. Transportation is, indeed, a "Never-ending evolution."

And if the automobile and the motor-driven truck make their own particular competition, how about the motor buses? These long, gay, rapid vehicles are seen more and more on the roads in this State and every other, carrying thousands of passengers from town to town and even connecting up the two coasts of the United States. They are eating into the profits of both steam and interurban roads. In Dayton, within the last few years the following bus lines have come into operation; Dayton and Xenia; Lebanon, Cincinnati and Germantown; Dayton-Farmersville; Dayton-Lewisburg; Greyhound Lines (New York-Pittsburgh-St. Louis; Coast to Coast; Detroit-Cincinnati; Gulf to Lakes); Dayton-Osborne-Fairfield; Miami Valley Transit (Belmont-Beavertown; Troy-Piqua-Sidney); King Bros. (Lebanon-Cincinnati-Germantown); Dayton-Columbus-Springfield; Greenville-Dayton; Dayton-Northern; Inter-Cities (Troy-Piqua-Sidney). Marvelous! that from the corner of Fourth and Wilkinson, where so many of us used to go to the old Central High School, one may take a bus to Los Angeles!

We are not forgetting that the subject of our chapter would include transportation not only outside of but within the limits of Dayton, meaning of course street railways. It is interesting to note that there was a small idea in the minds of any of the first promotors, of making money out of street-cars. The idea was rather to open up for the real-estate market large farms lying within a mile or so of Dayton—which have now been completely swallowed up in the city streets. The first enterprise of this kind was called the Dayton Street Railway, chartered in 1869 on $75,000 capital stock, and was to run from east to west on Third Street. The location of the Soldiers' Home beyond the western corporation line was a hopeful feeder for transportation. The promoters of this venture were influential men of financial standing: William P. Huffman (president); Harbart S. Williams, George W. Rogers, Charles B. Clegg, John W. Stoddard, E. J. Barney, W. H. Simms, and C. J. Ferneding. In 1884 the capital stock was increased to $300,000.

As soon as it became understood that a way of reaching the Soldiers' Home was assured, excursions became the great source of revenue for the street cars. Hardly a day in the year but train loads of people arrived at the Union Depot, poured up Wilkinson Street to Third and embarked on the cars. Encouraged by the success of the Third Street railway and hoping to do something for the outlying districts to the north and south of the city, a company was organized to establish the Dayton View line. Its first directors were J. A. Jordan, J. W. Stoddard, William M. Mills, J. O. Arnold, George W. Lion, and William A. Barnett. It was capitalized at $35,000. Charles B. Clegg was president of this line for many years. The route ran first from Union Depot along Main and Monument across the river, out of Salem Avenue to the corporation line which was then at the schoolhouse (Plymouth Avenue). Later by absorption and reorganization with S. B. Smith, president; E. E. Barney, secretary and G. B. Harmon, treasurer, it became the Oakwood Street Railway and now extends from below the southern corporation limits to Catalpa Drive in Upper Dayton View. Both Oakwood and Dayton View were virtually created and maintained by this transportation service.

The next street railway was the Wayne and Fifth, chartered in 1871, capitalized at $100,000, administered by S. D. Edgar (president); M. Ohmer (vice-president). Since then the men concerned in its maintenance have been Ezra Bimm, S. N. Brown, J. J. Bradford, Joseph Kratochwell, Eugene Wuichet and H. H. Bimm. Its route first connected Alaska Street in North Dayton with the Dayton State Hospital at the head of the Wayne Street hill. It has since beeen extended to near the corporation line on the Shakertown Pike.

The White Line, now known as the People's Railway, was the first to install electric motors. It was built to connect the Soldiers' Home with North Main Street in Riverdale, opening up Germantown Street and giving access to St. Elizabeth's Hospital on the south side of the city. Its incorporators (1887) were J. A. McMahon, M. A. Nipgen, J. E. Lowes, C. D. Iddings, and W. B. Iddings. Capital stock, $200,000.

As the northern, southern, eastern and western parts of the city answered to the stimulus of convenient transportation, its effect was soon felt in the localities between the points of the compass, and the outlying districts northeast, northwest, southeast and southwest began to call for easy access to the business center. Then we have the Dayton Street Line touching the Xenia Pike at one end and Catalpa Drive at the other, making a diagonal stretch through the city and the Leo Street doing the same from the southwestern limits at Cincinnati Street to the northeastern at Leo Street in North Dayton.

And so the needs grow and the supply follows. One by one the outstanding portions of the city are brought by car or bus lines to contact with the sources of supply—the markets and the department stores.

Is the transportation story finished? Not as long as the thousand factories of Dayton bring their operatives here, who must have homes and cannot pay city taxes. Every year street by street reaches out, is lined by little dwellings, whose families must go to work or to school or to the shops. Soon the car service follows and one can hardly tell whether the demand or the supply comes first. It is the beneficent circle that is building Dayton into a metropolis.

But again we ask, is the transportation story finished with the steam cars, the interurbans, the buses and the street cars?

Hark! The answer comes from the sky above our heads. There, like a speck in the blue, soars a droning craft the like of which our fathers never dreamed in their wildest flights of imagination. It connects the east coast with the west; it carries passengers and mail, it may before long carry freight. In spite of storms and cold or heat, its pilots keep at their heavy task that the world may have more rapid transit.

THE AIRPLANE! Is it the last word in transportation?

A DAYTON GARDEN

CHAPTER XV.

DAYTON WRITERS AND THEIR WORK.

The most cherished archives of the Dayton Public Library contain a thin volume of some sixty pages bound in yellow marbleized paper—or was, before the congenital weakness due to eighty years of service had made a new cover necessary. On the stained title page may be read "A Sketch of the History of Dayton," By Maskell E. Curwen (Thomas Odell, Publisher).

This was the first book written in Dayton and should not be overlooked by future historians. Indeed all those in the past have consulted it and it may be said to be the basic material for all we know of our beginnings. It was put out after Dayton had passed the half century mark and the writer felt that nothing could be more important than to record its remarkable progress. Moreover, Curwen wrote from actual cognizance and has left a book which is a medley of Indian history, personal anecdotes of the first settlers, a description of the first town plat, the incorporation of Dayton, the first newspaper, the War of 1812, the great flood of 1847, together with good moral observations and quotations from the poets. It is to be hoped that the little book will last another eighty years to be consulted by many more readers and authors, for it is a well-told story, more and more interesting as time goes on.

Dayton has been noted for its commercial rather than for its literary attainments. Nevertheless when the tale is fully told there will be found quite a number of writers whose fame has extended beyond our narrow locality.

John Van Cleve, perhaps the first real scholar among us, has already had biographical mention in an earlier chapter. In 1828 he was owner and proprietor of the "Dayton Journal," contributing editorials and literary articles and finding time among his multitudinous duties to translate Schiller's "Robbers" and to do some charming sketches, fairy tales and plays. Another translation from the German was the first volume of "Goldfuss." His best work was done on the "Log Cabin," that satirical sheet that had such influence during the Harrison campaign in 1840. His political skits were accompanied by caricatures drawn and engraved by himself.

It is to Mary Steele that we owe most of the information we have of this remarkable man, which brings us to the Steeles—father and daughter, who both meant so much to Dayton. Robert W. Steele's memory has been enshrined in the high school named for him and it was a well-earned honor on account of his taste for books, his interest in the schools and all that was intellectual and cultural among us. How thrilled we were when an article from the pen of Mary Davies Steele appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly." It was entitled "A Learned Lady of Gournay" and was the picturesque narrative of an early intellectual woman of French birth at a time when few women anywhere in the world knew as much as how to spell. People read it and talked of it and it seemed to fix Dayton in the same category with Boston and the New England writers who flourished at that time—the early 'seventies. We were accustomed to seeing articles by Robert Steele, mostly in the local papers, and now here was his daughter, a semi-invalid and recluse, coming forward out of the twilight of a sick room to contribute an article to the leading American monthly. It was heartening to hear her tell of her father's surprise on opening the magazine to see her name in the index, for she had carefully kept it a secret. Encouraged by the cordial reception of her first essay Mary Steele wrote "Early Dayton." Based primarily on Curwen's book, there was an interesting accumulation of local history in the added thirty years and no one better qualified than she to put it down. Belonging herself among the old families, she could write from personal knowledge and experience of things and people in the Miami Valley. It still remains a much-read and often consulted book. Many articles in the "Dayton Journal" came from her pen, also a small volume published privately by friends entitled "A Happy Life." This simple meagre volume bears upon its title page a line which expressed the writer's view of life, of human obligation and of the contemplation of death, which was never very far from her. "Expectant, grateful and serenely acquiescent." Her smooth, pleasing literary style has preserved to posterity many things that otherwise would be lost to the community. Articles of a more extended interest are to be found in the pages of the "Magazine of Western History" and the "New York Evangelist."

"The Speeches of Thomas Corwin," compiled when Corwin was at the height of his reputation, by Isaac Strohm, a Dayton man, were published by the veteran newspaper man W. F. Comly. In this volume you will find Corwin's great speech on the Mexican War in the Senate, 1847, not infrequently quoted in these days of our relations with Mexico; also his address on "Current Political Issues" at Ironton, Ohio, 1859. Here was another instance of a father and daughter in literature, for Gertrude Strohm contributed to magazines and compiled several books: "Word Pictures," "Flower Idylls," "Scripture Exercises for Sunday Schools" and "Social Games for Home Amusement." She must have been considered a clever compiler because her books bear the imprint of such publishing houses as Estes and Lauriat and D. Lothrop and Company.

The Houks were both writers—George W. and his wife, Eliza Thruston Houk. George Houk was literary, not by profession but because he couldn't help it. Everything he wrote had the tang of originality, spice and grace, even when he was writing obituaries for which he was much in demand. A deep student of the English classics, Mr. Houk's writing reflected their source. Among his published addresses are: "Religion and Science" (Y. M. C. A. Music Hall, 1875), "The Centennial of Humboldt," "On the Centennial of the writing of the Constitution of the United States"; "On the Centennial of the Inauguration of George Washington as President of the United States."

Eliza P. Thruston Houk was a daughter of Robert Thruston, a brilliant member of the Dayton bar, and Marianna Phillips Thruston, afterwards Mrs. John G. Lowe. A graduate (in 1851) of Cooper Seminary, she developed a taste for books and reading which became the basis for her own literary work. Several published books remain to Mrs. Houk's credit. The first is a long poem entitled "Puritan," in eleven cantos, containing two hundred and forty-five stanzas in Spenserian verse. This is a very difficult metrical form and has been quite abandoned by modern versifiers. "Puritan" is a historical poem, the first canto depicting the voyage of the "Mayflower," the hopes, aspirations and religious fervor of the devoted band who are known as the Pilgrim Fathers; the second details other famous voyages of the past, the adventures of Menelaus, Ulysses, Aeneas, Columbus and de Gama. The third canto describes the landing of the Puritans; the fourth a retrospect of the rise and progress of puritanism; the fifth, the settlement on the inhospitable shores of New England; the sixth, labors in England; the seventh, final success. Another long unpublished poem of Mrs. Houk's of eighteen cantos and six hundred and seventy-four stanzas, which celebrates the accomplishments of Virginians as the first book does those of the Puritans, is called "Virginius." Also unpublished are two five-act dramas, "Martin Luther" and "The Three Lovers." A published essay of a purely scientific nature was read at Portland, Maine, before a meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at its annual meeting in 1873. Among the other published work of Mrs. Houk are two novels, "The Lamarks" (1889), and "Louisa Varena" (1905); she also had printed, in 1905, "Memorials of Gates Thruston."

Dr. J. C. Reeve during his life was called "the best medical reviewer in the country," his contributions in this line being found most often in the "Journal of Medical Sciences," Philadelphia. His most notable published work is a translation from the French of "History of the Discovery of the Circulation of the Blood," by Flourens, secretary of the Academy of Medical Science, Paris, 1851. He also wrote papers on medical and surgical subjects for inclusion in such volumes as "American Surgery" and Holmes' "Surgery." The article on "Chloroform and Other Anæsthetics" in Wood's "Reference Book on the Medical Sciences" (New York, seven volumes) is by Dr. Reeve. Also "Anæsthetics in Labor" in the "American System of Obstetrics" and a chapter on "Diseases of Women" in Pepper's "System of American Medicine" (five volumes, Philadelphia). The "Medical Pickwick," published (in the ninetieth year of the writer's age), contains a charming series of memoirs called "Recollections and Reminiscences," being a compilation of professional, social and literary matter accumulated during a long lifetime. "Excursions in my Library" will also be found in this same publication. Others of Dr. Reeve's works are: The chapter on anesthesia in Hirst's "American System of Obstetrics," "Life of Henry Bouquet" in the "Ohio State Historical and Antiquarian Quarterly." The list of Dr. Reeve's unpublished writings will include the papers written by him and read at the Saturday Club, an organization of leading thinking men of Dayton that lasted for four decades. "The Cross and Crucifixion," "The Birth of a King," "Phallic Worship," "The Conquest of Yellow Fever," Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna," "The Discovery of Surgical Anæsthesia" are some of them. In the "Ohio State Historical and Archæological Quarterly" is an article on Henri Bouquet, the French explorer in North America. In all Dr. Reeve's writings may be seen proof of his scholarly mind and the deep research at the bottom of everything he wrote.

Dr. Henry S. Jewett wrote much professionally but nothing that has been published. "The Mosquito in Relation to Yellow Fever and Malaria" will be remembered by those having heard it read in the Saturday Club.

Major Bickham (William D.) was a clever and caustic writer and called the best paragrapher in the newspaper world of his day, and one of the leading war correspondents of the Civil War. His major work, written when he was volunteer aid-de-camp to General Rosecrans, was "Rosecrans' Campaign with the Fourteenth Army Corps." His letters to the press give a vivid picture of men and battles, different phases of army life, and are a valuable contribution to the literature of the Civil War.

Sidney A. Reeve, youngest son of Dr. J. C. Reeve might also be included among Dayton writers, although he has lived many years in New York. He was professor of gas and engineering at Worcester Polytechnic Institute for many years, lecturer at Harvard and at Annapolis, and is now consulting engineer in New York. He is the author of "The

Hydraulic Interaction Between Passing Vessels Called 'Suction,'" an address delivered before the School of Marine Engineering at the United States Naval Academy and reprinted by the United States Naval Institute. His first book was "The Cost of Competition," which was reviewed widely in periodicals on both sides of the ocean. "Modern Economic Tendencies" is put out by E. P. Dutton and is a comprehensive view of the trend of economics in the present day. His book on "Entropy" is used as a text-book in several colleges.

Loyal Dayton historians are prone to include William Dean Howells among our writers, but it is an unsubstantial claim. Howells did live here for a short time when his father owned and edited the "Dayton Transcript" and the son set type and otherwise supported the dying sheet. But it was a short up-hill experience and none of his writings were accomplished here. About the only record the great novelist gives of his association with Dayton is that when they could not make the paper go they went down to the Miami River and in swimming, which is what a good many Dayton boys have done between that time and this.

The United Brethren Church has contributed quite a group of writers to the Dayton list, most of them on religious topics. A. W. Drury, D. D., has written two biographies, "Life of William Otterbein" and "Life of Bishop J. J. Glossbrenner, D. D." Rev. E. S. Lorenz is a prolific author but his publications will come under the head of music in the chapter devoted to that subject. Pearl V. Collins wrote one novel, "A Baton for a Heart."

Charlotte Reeve Conover is the author of several works of historical or biographical interest. "Concerning the Forefathers" is a volume dealing with the fortunes of two pioneer families, the Pattersons and the Johnstons, both being forebears of the late John H. Patterson. "The Story of Dayton" is a small book written especially for children in the grade schools in order to interest them in the town in which they lived. It was a result of the renaissance of local patriotism following the misfortunes of the flood of 1913. This book was written in a simple style and is very popular with school children. Another book of local interest is "Some Dayton Saints and Prophets" being Mrs. Conover's personal recollections of some of the interesting old people in Dayton who gave to the times a peculiar atmosphere of originality and charm. The subjects are not by any means the most prominent citizens but those who by their spicy and vivid personality ought to still live in remembrance.

For three years Mrs. Conover conducted a department known as "The Secret Society of Mothers" in the "Ladies Home Journal" from which she became widely known throughout the women readers of that magazine. For a period of twenty years or more her articles appeared with regularity in one or the other of the Dayton papers. After four years of research in the libraries of the United States and Europe she prepared a course of six interpretative lectures on the great comic dramatist Molière which were given at the Chautauqua Assembly, at the Brooklyn Institute, at the Western College, Oxford, at Mills College, California, and before clubs and private schools in Cincinnati, Cleveland, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles and New York. A number of pamphlets from Mrs. Conover's pen have been published: "The Old Log Cabin," "Kitty Patterson."

As time went on Dayton writers increased in number and prestige. Of late years there has been a surprising harvest and they have ceased to be merely local. Leading all these is Anne O'Hare McCormick. Her work has been crowned by the "New York Times" in its weekly magazine whose pages seem never to be so interesting as when they include an article from her typewriter. She excels as a political correspondent and during the last presidential election her weekly papers on the promise of the campaign were widely read and incessantly quoted. She seems to be able to be in all places at once and to secure interviews with the most exalted personages who have denied themselves to lesser scribblers. And because the books are written hot off the brain they are vital and gripping. It was foreordained that her letters to the "Times" on Russia, achieved at the price of a long and arduous journey, should go into book form, which they did, under the title of "The Hammer and the Scythe," (Alfred A. Knopf), acknowledged to be the authoritative book on Russia as long at least as the conditions which she reported are existent. Mrs. McCormick's book leaves philosophy to those who think they know what is going to happen to Russia. She is a faithful reporter of what she and her husband saw in that mysterious country and when you have read her book you feel as if you had been a third in the party.

Frank J. McCormick has collaborated in the book, being already the author of a volume of pleasant sketches entitled "Four in Hand."

It is but natural that Dayton, being the center of aviation interests, and aviation itself such a soul-stirring occupation, that knights of the pen should turn up and illuminate the subject. "This Aviation Business" by Lieutenant Ernest W. Dichman is an attempt by a former field officer to supply what he thinks is most needed in the public mind, a plain chronicle of aviation as it stands today. He finds it obscured by mystery, ignorance, misdirected enthusiasm and plain lying. His effort is to rescue the subject and bring it out into the light of intelligence so that it may achieve a healthy growth and development.

Another book, written especially for boys, is by Marguerite Jacobs Heron, a member of the department of technical data of Wright Field, and she calls it "Knights of the Wing." To say that this book is a best seller is to say it all. Boys from one end of the United States to the other pore over "Knights of the Wing." Miss Jacobs has the rare skill of handling technical details without letting them interfere with the charm of the narrative, and is accurate into the bargain.

A kindred but unconscious subject is on the title page of another work by an aviation employee, Lieutenant Lester J. Maitland, who made the historic flight across the Pacific and is now in the air corps at Washington. But he wrote his book in Dayton and called it "Knights of the Air." No one will object to either writer's use of the word "Knight," for "gentlemen unafraid" they have to be when they take to the air. Maitland adds to his own experiences that of the great flyers of history, the Wright brothers, and will be held as the completest record yet out of the heroes of aviation.

Our story must not move too swiftly and forget the one really nationally known poet that we have ever had—Paul Laurence Dunbar—the negro bard. Born of a mother who had been a slave, reared in humble circumstances, educated in the Dayton public schools, what promise could there have been for the gift that set him apart from his fellows and gave him both rapture and grief? He did not want to be celebrated as a negro poet but just as a poet. His gift he felt must not be sullied by the flavor of a human curiosity, a museum freak. Well, he need not have troubled about that, for when Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the "Century Magazine," published that charming lyric "When Malindy Sings," he had no idea that his contributor was a colored man. The poem was beautiful—what difference the color of the writer's skin? In reality Gilder was delighted when he found out the truth. One of the staunchest friends of the negro race, the discovery of this gifted boy justified his best hopes. From that time many a song, many a sonnet, many a lilting lyric appeared in the "Century." It was through Gilder that Dunbar met William Dean Howells, Joel Chandler Harris, James A. Hearne, Ruth McEnery Stuart, George W. Cable and the other eminent writers of the 'nineties, and in turn through them he had his New York experiences and afterwards went to London where he read before Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace and was received by the best in England. His dialect poems have been criticized as being not indigenous. How could they have been when the poet's education had had nothing to do with plantation songs and experiences. He talked as all the rest of the Dayton boys talked that he went to school with, but he inherited the flavor of dialect and used to go and sit with old colored women of his mother's acquaintance and listen to their southern speech. At any rate, when the poem was done the dialect was good and people enjoy it as well as if it had been natural to him.

This is not the place for a long critique of Dunbar's poems. But the best of them, those that will live, are "When Sleep Comes Down to Close the Weary Eyes," "When the Co'n Pone's Hot," "In the Morning," "A Drowsy Day," "The Poet and his Song," "When Angelina Johnson Comes Swinging Down the Lane," "Jump Back, Honey, Jump Back," "Behind the Arras." His first poems appeared in small volumes: "Oak and Ivy," "Majors and Minors," "Lyrics of Lowly Life," "Lyrics of the Hearthside." "Lyrics of Love and Laughter," "Lyrics of Sunshine and Shadow." All of these have been gathered within one binding and with a biographical sketch by Lida Keck Wiggins and with an introduction by William Dean Howells. The poet began life as an elevator boy and ended it a voice of the century and the prophet of his people. He lies in Woodland Cemetery.

Lay me down beneath the willers in the grass,
Where de branch'll go a singing as it pass,
And when I'se a laying low
I kin heah it as it go
Singin' "Sleep my honey tek you' rest at las'."

When a book by a Dayton author finds its way to the desks of Congressmen, who reach for it to consult on a matter that is holding the attention of most of the United States, it is something for which his townsmen may justly feel gratification. This is what happened to Lewis F. Carr's late volume "America Challenged." Farmers' relief, a protected and unprotected market, living standards, international banking—these are some of the expressions that have filled the newspapers during the months of 1928-29. The last election hung upon what the farmers were going to get out of it. The special sessions of Congress dealt with it. In such a situation Mr. Carr has been a triumphant opportunist. He has plunged into the melée and written a book that goes to the core of the subject and he writes from the only possible standpoint—his own wide experience—as he puts it—"from between plow-handles." It is withal a scholarly book and added to his adventures with the subject in forty-seven states, it has taken him into college halls and scientific laboratories, into the professor's chair, into public libraries and finally into a newspaper office—that practical graduate school for all book writers.

The essence of his message is—but we will let the reader find that out for himself, being comforted by the assurance that in Mr. Carr's book he will neither be assaulted by technicalities nor burdened by complicated statistics, but will find a vital human document, satisfying to read after the family have gone to bed.

WOLF CREEK IN WINTER

Horace Lytle was born a lover of dogs. His favorite prepossession has resulted in a number of books that will be enjoyed by those who hunt, those who hike, and those who love to sit by the fire and read about the great open spaces. The titles are: "Breaking a Bird Dog," "Bird Dog Days," "Sandy," "No Hunting," and "The Story of Jack," the last considered one of the best dog stories ever written, and "How to Train Your Bird Dog." It is not all canine sentiment either, for Mr. Lytle writes from the standpoint of the expert when he brings up a number of challenging questions in regard to game restoration, game laws, the future of hunting in this section of the country and other pertinent subjects.

Mr. Lytle also wrote the chapter on "Pointers and Setters" in the de luxe volume "Upland Game Bird Shooting in America," published by the Derrydale Press, New York, and has contributed articles in the "Saturday Evening Post," "Leslie's Weekly," "Outers' Book," "St. Nicholas," "Golfers' Magazine," "Field and Stream," "Out-door Life," "System." His fiction stories under the titles "The Monarch of Moose Lake," "The Heart of a Pal," "The Mightiest Eagle," "The Putt That Won," and others are eagerly sought for by his readers. He is Gun Dog editor of "Field and Stream" and writes an article for them each month on kindred subjects.

Joseph W. Sharts, a local attorney, is the author of quite a number of works of fiction which show a certain insight and power of characterization. The titles are "Ezra Caine," "Hills of Freedom," "The Romance of a Rogue," "Vintage."

We have at least one Dayton writer whose writing falls behind the constant demand of the publisher and that is Helen Joan Hultman. A teacher by profession, Miss Hultman has fallen into the writing of clever detective stories. This is something like falling into a gold mine, for the public never gets enough of detective stories and the publishers in trying to supply that demand push Miss Hultman much beyond her capacity. Her ingenuity is marvelous. The reader never knows where the plot is taking him and not until the last page are all the murders cleared up and all the malefactors brought to judgment. She has chosen for her best title "Find the Woman." If the book indicates anything it indicates that Miss Hultman better give up teaching and go to thriller-producing, for she does it unquestionably well and will always have both publishers and readers. She is also a frequent contributor to magazines, among them "Modern Home Maker," "Every Girls Magazine," the D. C. Cook publications, and denominational journals of the Methodist, Baptist and Lutheran churches.

Miles H. Krumbine, when he was pastor of the First Lutheran Church, contributed to the "Century Magazine" "A Famine of Prophets," and to the "Christian Herald" "Sources of Power." These essays, together with two sermons preached in Leon Mandel Hall at the University of Cincinnati, "A New Apostolate" and "The Adequate Witness" and other Sunday utterances were gathered into a volume entitled "The Way to the Best" and published by the Doran Company. The twelve sermons make a book of unusual spiritual appeal.

Dr. J. Morton Howell (LL. D. Otterbein) was a practicing physician for a number of years and still maintains his nominal residence in Dayton. He has written several professional books, among them "Inheritance a Factor in Disease," and "What the Medical Profession may do in Matters of State." In 1922 Dr. Howell was appointed Minister from the United States to Egypt. During his sojourn there he had unusual opportunities to record matters of political interest, the result of which is a comprehensive book entitled "Egypt's Past, Present and Future." Dr. Morton received his Doctor of Medicine degree from Starling Medical College, Columbus, in 1885.

Henry Preserved Smith, now deceased but formerly of Dayton, has been professor of Biblical history and interpretation in Amherst College, also Davenport professor of Hebrew and the Cognate languages in the Union Theological Seminary. He is the author of "Essays in Biblical Interpretation" and "Old Testament History."

"How Men Make Markets" is a book for juniors on the place commercialism takes in the development of the world we live in. It is a compilation of the various talks on Commercial Geography given to his classes in Steele High School by the beloved and revered professor, William B. Werthner. Macmillan is the publisher.

Edwin L. Shuey, for years identified with educational and social service work in Dayton, published "Factory People and Their Employers." It is a practical handbook on factory conditions, the relations between capitalists and their workers, the inspiration for which Mr. Shuey gained while in the employ of Lowe Brothers and the National Cash Register Company, both of which are laboratories for social study. "Industrial Training Essential" is from the same mind and pen.

Edward W. Keever is the author of "Shorty of the Tank Corps," a story of the great war.

Thomas Marc Parrott, formerly a Dayton boy, now professor of English in Princeton University, is the author of "Studies of a Book Lover," in which he treats of Matthew Arnold, Milton, Dr. Johnson, Gray, Goldsmith, Browning, and Scott.

John H. Patterson wrote "Letters from Abroad," which was published by the National Cash Register Company. Edward Breene Grimes is the author of "Poems for all the Family."

Frederick H. Rike, president of the Rike-Kumler Company, gave an address before the annual convention of the National Retail Dry Goods Association at the Hotel Biltmore, New York, February 18, 1916, which was afterwards issued from the press under the title of "The Evils of the Stevens Price Maintenance Bill."

Charles Morgan Wood made a translation of "The Life of Old Siena," by Lodovici Zdekauer, published in 1914.

Charles Wuichet, in his collection called "The Sunny Side of a Busy Life," proves how much cheer he added to social life in Dayton when he was alive. These are papers which were read at the Present Day Club, the Woman's Literary Club, the Alumni Association of Central High School and on divers other occasions. Taking them all in all there is much Dayton history in them, recalling such occasions as the unveiling of the Sun Dial at the old Log Cabin in 1896, the reception of the class of '99 into the Alumni Association. Much of the hilarity of any occasion was due to Charles Wuichet and he seems to have no worthy successor.

August F. Foerste is our indigenous authority on geology as Mr. Werthner was on botany. The two collaborated—one in the text and the other in illustrations—in a fine large volume entitled "Geology of the Vicinity of Dayton with Special Reference to Hills and Dales and Moraine Park." The whole region of this valley gives abundant material for such a work and it has been adequately dealt with. Both have been teachers.

Another teacher of beloved memory, Grace Greene, for many years head of the Normal School, and whose name the lately built Normal School bears, compiled a collection of her favorite poems used in the teaching of her literature class work. The book is called "The Golden Treasury" and is much prized by those who were the fortunate recipients of her inspiration.

John F. Edgar wrote a book, which he eminently could do, about the old families of Dayton. If one is after biographical or genealogical details, consult "Pioneer Life in Dayton and Vicinity."

George Bancroft Smith, big business executive though he is, has put out a little volume with the atmosphere of the farm and nature in it and calls it "Timothy and Red Clover."

William G. Frizell has been an indefatigable traveller and has used his gains to gratify his friends. His experiences are embodied in three volumes entitled respectively "Around the World on the 'Cleveland,'" "Out of the Way Places," and "Sight-seeing in South America."

James L. Vallandigham has written the "Life of Clement L. Vallandigham," his distinguished brother, member of Congress from this district, and has also compiled his speeches on "Abolition," the "Union and the Civil War" included in a volume "The Record of C. L. Vallandigham."

David M. Rowe is the author of a book of sermons put out by the United Brethren Publishing Company, "Twentieth Century Christianity; the Wheat and the Tares," 1914.

Rev. E. Herbruck, Ph. D., editor of the "Christian World," has put out a book through the Reformed Publishing Company of Dayton, "Under Eastern Skies."

Not a few novels have come out of the minds of Dayton writers. "A Baton for a Heart," by Pearl V. Collins; "Folks from Dixie," "The Sport of the Gods," "The Love of Landry," "Old Plantation Days," "The Uncalled," and "The Strength of Gideon" are all by our negro poet Paul Laurence Dunbar. "Romance of a Rogue" by Joseph Sharts.

Alfred Addison Thomas always wielded a pregnant pen although he did it more rarely than his friends wished. His compilation of his father's (Rev. Thomas E. Thomas) letters, his anti-slavery correspondence, are good reading and give incidentally not a little inside Dayton history. "To my Son" (Thomas Head Thomas) is so parentally human that it should be better known. While he was general counsel for the National Cash Register Company Mr. Thomas made a compilation from various sources and called it "The Temptations of Employes who Handle Money"; (N. C. R. Co., 1910).

Helen Rickey Albee lived in Dayton in her girlhood although her later life has been spent in New England or Washington. Her father, James Rickey, was the leading bookseller in Dayton and had a store on Main Street near Second, where the book lovers of the little city used to congregate and where his daughter probably got her first inclination toward authorship. Among her four books two are the result of efforts toward making the inhabitants of small centers self-supporting and bring them in touch with the outside world through home crafts. They are "Mountain Playmates," "Hardy Plants for Cottage Gardens," "Abnake Rugs," and "The Gleam."

Two writers have shown their sense of opportunism in the selection of a topic that has put Dayton on the map in a new way—as the exemplification of what is known as "The Dayton Plan" of city government. The story is told elsewhere of how at the time of the flood the old federal system of ward representation being proved to be inadequate, the citizens took it upon themselves to adopt a new plan. The frequent requests for information upon its experience were the indirect stimulation of two books, both terse, informative, and well written. They are "The City Manager, A New Profession," by Harry Aubrey Toulmin, Jr., with an introduction by Clinton Rogers Woodruff and published by Appleton; the other "City Manager in Dayton; Four Years of Commission-Manager Government" (1914-18) and comparisons with the four years preceding, under the mayor-council plan (1910-13) by Chester E. Rightor, B. A., of the Detroit Bureau of Governmental Research, formerly director of the Dayton Bureau of Research. (Macmillan and Co.)

Among the technical writers of Dayton none stands higher than Charles Howard Paul, engineer United States Reclamation Service; construction engineer Lower Yellowstone project; constructor Arrowrock Dam, Boise, Idaho; with Miami Conservancy District (for design and construction); ex-member Dayton City Commission, Chamber of Commerce, American Society of Civil Engineers. His published works are: "Temperature Changes in Mass Concrete," "Flood Control in the Miami Valley," "Core Studies in Hydraulic Fill Dams," chapter on dam foundations in "Foundations, Abutments and Footings," "Construction Plant, Methods and Cost," and "Methods and Plant for Excavation and Embankment" (co-author with C. S. Benett). Also numerous contributions to technical magazines and to publications of technical societies. One of these papers in 1922 was awarded the Norman medal (for best contributions to engineering science) by the American Society of Civil Engineers, the oldest of the engineering societies.

"My Progress Book in English for the Second Grade Children" is the title of a book written by Miss Ida Odelle Rudy and Miss Gretchen Smalley, principal of Harmon Avenue Elementary School in Oakwood, which has just been issued by the American Education Press at Columbus. It is designed to help the children to gain language expression through life activities familiar and interesting to young minds. A sister, Stella M. Rudy, has also written a book for children entitled "Rainbow Missionary Stories."

Harry Aubrey Toulmin, not an original Daytonian but a lawyer-author who has contributed largely to the literature of business and invention, has put out a number of valuable volumes of information and reference. They are "The City Manager, a New Profession," "How to Keep Invention Records," "Bothering Business," "Trade Mark Profits and Protection," "Air Service of the A. E. F.," "Patent Law for Inventors and Executives," and "Millions in Mergers."

The latest Dayton author is Philip McKee, whose book "Big Town" is brought out by the John Day Book Company. It is a biting satire on the customary American town. If, in places, it sounds like the author's home town it is because in some of its aspects Dayton *is* just that kind of a place. It shares with its contemporary communities the elements of buffoonery, exaggeration, bragging, "watch us grow," boosterism, the lost cause of the "noble experiment" and the taint of graft running through it all. Nothing escapes—churches, schools, the "Y." the Rotary and the women's clubs. All have their intrinsic weaknesses exposed.

Perhaps it is good for Dayton (and the other Daytons) to have their weaknesses laid open to view. The foreword is by Sherwood Anderson.

James McLain Smith, a scholarly man who contributed to leading magazines during the 'seventies and 'eighties wrote one article which caused a good deal of comment at the time—"The Doctrine of Final Causes," in the "National Quarterly," Vol. 41. Mr. Smith was at one time editor of the "Dayton Daily Herald," also a member of the Ohio Legislature.

Merab Eberle is a young woman whose verse has just begun to appear in some of the best magazines. The "North American Review," the "Christian Science Monitor," the "Homiletic Review," the "Christian Century," the "Churchman" and the "Christian Endeavor World" are some of those whose pages have carried her work.

CHAPTER XVI.

A SHORT ANTHOLOGY OF DAYTON VERSE.

The wind bloweth where it listeth and so does the spirit of poetry. In obscure localities, far from the intellectual centers; from unexpected sources, come real treasures of lyric thought. It has been so in Dayton and it has been thought wise to collect and preserve some of these verses now quite buried in the scrapbooks of the past. If, in this chapter, some be found which do not quite reach the heights of the divine afflatus, they are, at least, pleasing to read and most of them breathe the spirit of Dayton.

Several teachers have written verse and found acceptance by the magazines. Among them, Leila Ada Thomas, for years on the staff of Steele High School and later at the head of a private school of her own, is easily the leader. Many people in Dayton, now middle-aged and parents of pupils, will read with a warm and poignant remembrance Miss Thomas' lovely lines.

AT THE CLOSE OF SCHOOL.

The day has come, the hour has struck,
And friends have gathered here to see,
While I, with mother-heart intent
Upon the bright young crescent bent
The stage across, single out thee,
My pretty girl!

There's none that stands so straight and strong,
A type of woman at her best;
There's none that has so sweet a face,
Where now the simple child I trace
And now the woman, unconfessed;
My pretty girl!

My eyes of brown, my sunny hair,
For all that's yours is mine, dear heart;
Mine is your future as your past,
Oh daughter of myself a part!
My pretty girl!

Came ever from more silvery tongue
The poet's message, glad, serene?
Could one look on I think he'd say
She is the poem herself today,
Calling the doves neath maples green—
My pretty girl!

My thoughts caress white gown, white hands,
And kiss the roses of your cheek,
And while a sudden stab I feel,—
Who is the lover that will kneel
And beg your maiden lips to speak,
My pretty girl—

Where does he win his laurels now
To drop one day at Amy's feet,
Where does he strike temptation dead,
With dragon sins his sword make red?
Oh baby daughter, clinging, sweet,
My pretty girl—

I feel your head against my arm,
Your downy head so round and small;
Suppose this lover should be rough
Should wear like frieze my silken stuff?
The tears upon my program fall,
My pretty girl!

After Miss Thomas had been a successful teacher for many years she went back to her own *alma mater*, Wheaton Seminary, Norton, Massachusetts, where at an alumnae anniversary she read the following ode. The date is not recorded but it could not have been later than 1885.

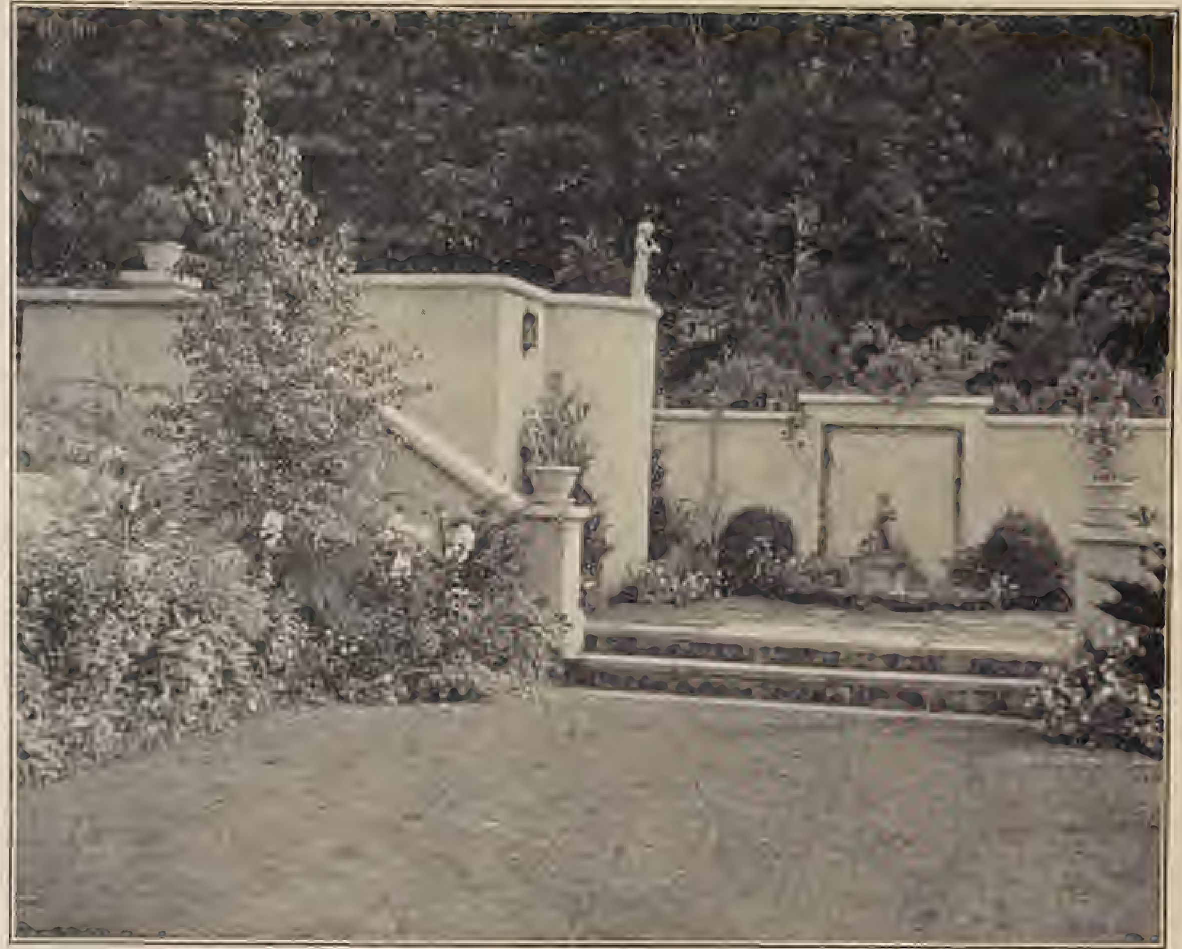
In Medias Res.

Over the old school's dull discolored walls
The loving lingering light of evening falls.
I sit upon the step where once I sat
With flitting girl thoughts touching this and that.
Alas, they're clipped, those winged airy things!
On a low branch my fancy broods and sings.
Where is the buoyant life that comes and goes,
Throat like a lily-bud and cheek that glows,
The curling tendril lock of loosened hair
And all that makes sixteen so dear and fair?

Where is the wave that breaks upon the rock
Shattered to diamond drops by deadly shock?
Never again its glory and its might
Leaps into air defiant—sinks to sight.
But in the azure offing lo, another
Like as a crested bird is to its brother
Lifts up its head and creeps and steps and strides
The silent cliff in laughing strength derides
Then bends and breaks—is gone—too late, too late
He pauses who is face to face with fate.

And so they ebb and flow, and ebb and flow,
Your class and mine, the merry, mad and slow,
The "dig" upon her Latin verb intent
The wag with mind on mischief solely bent,
The plodder, patient though her brains be thick,
The brilliant rocket and the heavy stick.
"The king is dead" into one ear you whisper,
"Long live the king" shouts some sweet eighth-grade lisper
Close to the other. Ah, 'twas ever so.

With these who count their rosary of years
Well pleased to think that scarce a score appears
Spectators we, the school-yard mimic stage
Where stalk about or fume or pine or rage
The actors of a farce. This is their day
And here a wondrous transformation see,
Arabian knights become a verity.
The shallow girl whose dresses never fit,
By swift degrees, now here, now there a bit,



A DAYTON GARDEN CORNER

Is changed into a blushing bright-eyed vision,
Who bends on you a glance and smile elysian;
How dazzling sweet knows well the school-boy lover
But whence the charm or why he can't discover.

And while she gathers without rhyme or reason
New loveliness from every lavish season
The sun of summer and the frost of winter
Deft maids who stand with harmless rouge to tint her;
For him, the boy, they're squires, he being their knight
To arm him well then tend him to the fight.
Long-limbed and awkward first he meets your view,
The butt of others and his own jest too,
But once without the school-room's prison space
Feels he the green turf underneath his feet,
As up he springs the swift-hurled ball to meet,
Or where the river curving round the town
Catches the flakes of fire the sun drops down,
He dips his paddle in the ruddy wave
And bids his light canoe her thin sides lave.

He is no lout, and you, as justice asks,
Review him at his play and not his tasks.
So gains he strength with every flying hour,
Knots the tense muscles, spreads the chest, the power
To strike and hurt, to speak and be obeyed
Because some fellow-being feels afraid,
A new temptation and new source of pride,
Has, like the shield of old its better side.
God grant the vigor of that young right arm
Be only used to save the weak from harm.

Spectators we? Forgive the term, I pray;
I fling the useless simile away.
To look, applaud or censure, then forget,
The gay dress-circle in its place is set.
Nor, as the masters of an earlier day
Whose scholars only knew one word—"obey"!
Not so we watch the growing girl or boy
Part of their pain and parcel of their joy,
Grieved at their failure, glad in their success,
Trying to lift the burden when its stress
Too much for weak and unformed shoulders proves.
If we grow sluggish and slip into grooves,
Or the tongue somehow gets a trick of scolding
When grave rebuke is all the heart is holding
When young blood rioting through two decades
Leads into mischief erst submissive maids
Or studious lads, we try to make the best
Of things, this too must happen with the rest.

You do not find, my pupils, when the embers
Of memory you stir, that one remembers
These trifles? They're the spurts of violet flame
That sink into the crevice whence they came.
Only the steady glow of purpose true
Remains—the noble thing we wished to do.
We judge each other not by what we did,
But by what we meant. The rest with love is hid.
And yet—you'd have me be an honest bard!
No purpose and no aim—that made it hard!
No love—that's harder still—nay do not blow
The coals; they're dead. Best leave them lying so.

We cannot tell to what far lands you've wandered,
Whether your wealth of youth you've saved or squandered
But O strong man and child-encircled mother,
Come back and bring the courage you, no other,
Can give the weary teacher. In your faces,
Fine with all womanly and manly graces,
She sees the finished work and turns to put
The chisel to the rough block at her foot.

Come ye no more, ye others gone so long?
Hushed eloquent tongue, hushed liquid voice in song.
Vanished the smile that never failed to greet
The teacher in the cold and careless street.
Once through the door for the last time ye went,
What need had ye of rest? Ye were not bent
With toil? Ye were not jaded, surely yet
As we at noon with the day's ceaseless fret!

Come ye no more? Ye come, with message mild
Standing between me and the restless child,
Finger on lip and soft restraining hand,
Murmuring patience, check the harsh command.
So not in vain—and yet to see one craves
More than the hoar grass stirring in their graves.
Courage and patience! This our high emprise,
Not with things poor or mean or short-lived lies;
Souls are our stuff for working. Let him sneer
To whom such clay ignoble doth appear,
While he on frail gilt baubles spends his prime,
He for eternity and we for time.

Over the old school's dull discolored walls
The long gray garment of the twilight falls.
A swallow darts across the fading sky,
The breeze that waits the day's close 'gins to sigh
But on the waving tip of yonder tree
The golden light of evening still I see,
Tender and soft as if the great sun shone
For that young spray and for that spray alone.

—*Dayton Journal.*

SAMUEL C. WILSON

Superintendent Dayton Schools, 1873.

Sleep and Rest.

Tossed on the waves along the shores of Sleep,
The winds of Thought still blow me here and there
While treacherous currents from the sea of Care
Retard me from the port of Slumbers deep;
While ghostly Hours in grim procession creep,
With closed eyes I see those gardens fair,
Where grow the poppy and the lotos rare
For whose delicious balm I almost weep.

Oh Nature give me rest, or let me gaze
For one brief moment on the Gorgon's eyes,
That changed to stone, quick as the lightning flies
I find an end to weary nights and days.

Turn me to marble and I shall be blest
For I desire a thousand years of rest.

—*Dayton Journal.*

A Lament for my Alpenstock.

At Basle I bought an alpenstock
But threw it from me at Lucerne
Because to climb each mount and rock
I found some "trap" to serve my turn,
A diligence or swift coupé
To speed me up the rugged way.

I went by rail to Righi's top
Without bruised limbs or aching bones,
And therefore had no need to stop
To breathe or dodge the rolling stones;
But still I dearly rue the day
I threw my alpenstock away.

Up Jungfrau and the Matterhorn
I went as far as tourists ride,
To venture more provokes my scorn,
There's danger on the mountain side;
And yet I dearly rue the day
I threw my alpenstock away.

I rode a mule up Montanvert
And gazed my fill on Mer de Glace,
Then safely in a sedan chair
To the Chapeau I dared to pass,
But all the same I rue the day
I threw my alpenstock away.

For there were other heights to climb,
Of which I did not dream or know,
That wearied more and took more time
Than hills of pine or mounts of snow;
A stranger in the land of Tell,
I did not know the land of Tell.

The Grand Hotel der Schweizerhof,
The Grand Hotel d'Angleterre,
The Grand Hotel der Deutscherhof,
The Grand Hotel Dotmakesemschwerre,
The Grand Hotel of seven flights
That almost rivals mountain heights.

The Grand Hotel of seven flights
With which the country doth abound,
And yet to reach its sleepy heights
No elevator can be found;
No elevator night or day
To help you up the lofty way.

And so without the slightest aid
And climb for hours the marble stair
And stop to rest at every grade,
The while you inly groan and swear,
And therefor do I rue the day
I threw my alpenstock away.

Ah, had I now my alpenstock
I would not carve thereon the name
Of any glacier, mount or rock
Which I have climbed for fun or fame;
But I would carve exceeding well
The name of every Grand Hotel

Wherein I lodged a single night
And where I climbed the marble stair
Until I reached the topmost flight
That alpine guides would scarcely dare;
The Grand Hotel der Dundengrat,
The Grand Hotel Angstkummen-Matt.

The Grand Hotel der Schweizerhof,
The Grand Hotel d'Angleterre,
The Grand Hotel der Deutscherhof,
The Grand Hotel Dotmakesemschwerre,
Ah, bitterly I rue the day
I threw my alpenstock away!
—*Dayton Journal.*

OSCAR FULTON DAVISSON.

LAST NIGHT.

Last night, last night
An unknown god laid stone hands on my heart.
Bade it be friendly wise but wisdom cold.
He set my eyes still further wide apart
And blinded them and taught them to behold,
Last night!

Last night, last night
Ghost god of very god stood by my bed.
He bade me rise up conscious of the hour
And sing his wonder to the living dead
If need! But still to sing and sing with power
Last night!

Last night, last night
Calm as the mood of mountains rising sheer
Motionless in might that almost beauty is
He warned me of the music of the sphere
And let me touch his lyre! He did all this
Last night!

Last night, last night
Because of him, I sang the end of things,
Being at the beginning without fear
Or hope, a voice amongst a cry of beings
That speechless spoke a language calm and clear
Last night, last night!—All night!
—*The New York Herald-Tribune.*

LAUS STELLARUM.

September night! And morning coming and thin rain
Drifting it down and down upon the deck,
And dew, pearled drop on drop within your hair, and pain
Between us—and through the water like slow flame
Old Sirius the Dog Star, fleck on fleck
Of scattering scarlet! Then the silence, then the same

Reverberate still runnelling of the water,
The splash of schools of bluefish and the grim
Dark chariot movement of the storm clouds! O, Daughter
Of the Stars, lover of the night's bright moonless weather,
What secrets were you whispering when that slim
September dawn slew us and all the stars together?
—*The Bookman.*

FRANK CONOVER.

A New Year's Greeting.

(Nineteen hundred and one.)

A century is dead; but friendships live;
These reckon not by years,
But reach, if strong and true
As ours for you,
Beyond time's boundaries that men conceive,
Survive all woes, outlast our smiles and tears.

A century is born; we shall not stay
To see its glorious end;
Still let us hold,
Though we grow gray and old,
A memory of every precious day
When each the other knew as loyal friend.

THE GHOST OF THINGS UNDONE.

To Charles B. Stivers.

"There needs no ghost my lord, come from the grave to tell us this."
—*Hamlet.*

When sleep hath sealed the eyelids fast;
When some dear friend hath from us fled;
What standest with us by the dead
And saith, "Why held ye to the last,
The meed of worth, the gift well won?
—It is the Ghost of Things Undone!

Today we gaze upon the face,
Serene beneath the veil of death;
And sigh regret with every breath,
That we had found nor time nor place
To tell him of the love he'd won;
—We pay the Ghost of Things Undone!

Our chorus thousand-lipped accord
Belated praise beside this bier;
Alas our Captain does not hear;
Deaf to our all too tardy words,
He knows the higher verdict won,
The voice eternal says, "Well Done"!

—*Dayton Herald.*

The Tale of Taft.

Out through the glorious Golden Gate
The stately ship was heading straight
For harbors oriental;
While bending o'er her larboard rail
A mighty form with visage pale
Was bowed in anguish mental.
His noble brow was dripping damp,
He writhed as one who suffers cramp
And finds no present solace.
Who can this be, so very ill?
It is—as Loomis called him—"Bill"
The same who walloped Wallace.

"To leave my native land," he cried,
"And venture to the other side,
Oh why was I so ready?
Now I am gone, that smooth Galoot
(And yet I love him) Mr. Root,
Will get right next to Teddy.

While I am on the ocean blue
That dear persuasive Elihu
    Will be the Big Casino.
I wish," and here his face he hid
"I'd stayed right there upon the lid
    Oh, d—n the Filipino"!

And then he heaved a heavy sigh,
For since the waves were rolling high
    'Twas all he had for heaving;
Then calling on his native pride
The seasick secretary cried
    "This is no time for grieving;
Let Teddy and his New York pal
Build that old Panama Canal,
    And if they do ignore me;
Chief Justice I shall be some day,
And won't there be the deuce to pay
    When I get Root before me?"

But while he mused, the noble ship
Began (as landsmen say) to tip,
    This noble ship "Manchuria";
"Now should we drown, it seems to me
The case presented then would be
    Damnum absque injuria."
Loud cried the Captain, "Mister Taft,
Please shift yourself most quickly aft,
    Our danger is terrific;
Your weight has listed her to port
Soon you may hold your Supreme Court
    Way down in the Pacific."

The Secretary moved with haste
And stowed himself within the waist
    Of the half-foundered vessel;
And while the still-careening craft
Swam on her side the contrite Taft
    With doubts began to wrestle;
"Why should these people all be drowned
Because of my four hundred pound?
    Oh would that I could doff it!
I think I'll float right back to shore
And when I strike that lid once more
    I never will get off it."

Just here the thread of this sea-tale
Is lost, but did our hero fail
    In his most bold endeavor?
Ah no, for ere the week was done
We find him back in Washington
    The same Dear Bill as ever.
He hies him to the White House straight
And, tho' the hour is somewhat late,
    He passes through the portals,
To find the President in tears
For wireless as it appears
    Had placed Taft with th' immortals.

"Oh Bill," exclaims the President,
"My heart with grief was sorely rent,
    I was bowed down with sorrow;
Root has another trip for you
With Perry to the Pole to go,
    He starts, I think, tomorrow."

"Nay Theodore, I shall not go
Into that land of ice and snow
On any exploration.
I'll just stay here, watch Root and you,
And do the best that I can do
To get that nomination."

Now dear William, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On a lid outside the palace, just beyond the White House door,
And his eyes have all the seeming of a candidate that's scheming,
Of a candidate that's dreaming of the next convention score;
While he mutters "I have got 'em if they take two ballots more."

—Dayton Herald.

TOAST.

A Few of Us.

(Read before the Banquet of the Dayton Bar, 1891.)

Shall time roll on and added years
Bring baldness and decay?
And shall the glories of our Bar
Forever fade away?

Shall those who move among us now
Beloved for virtues many
All without record be dismissed
As though they hadn't any?

No, say we all, the Muse must sing
In strains both just and true
And while she can't include us all,
Touch up a favored few.

And if, forsooth she over-vault
In any way the line,
Remember, brethren, that the fault
Is hers alone, not mine.

The Muse Responds:

From high Parnassus winging swift my flight,
I start in quest of victims for my verse;
Now on the Dayton Court House I alight,
I can't do better and I might do worse.
Judges and lawyers busy go and come
Here clients, witnesses and jurors are,
I'll fold my wings and make myself at home
While I remark upon the Dayton Bar.
How shall I choose when all have equal merit?
All are so wise, so learned in the Law?
Time is too precious and I cannot spare it,
Only a few the pictures I may draw.

On drowsy summer afternoon, when slow
The heated wanderer pauses on his way,
He dozes as he walks and dreams, when lo!
A mighty sound he hears that bids him stay—
"Ha! Ha! Ha! Whe-e-e! It echoes loud and long
The startled dreamer knows there's something wrong—
And when he asks believes not more than half
That all that noise was only Boltin's laugh.
The Judge has heard a "new one" and straightway,
He puts a card, "Back Soon" upon the door
And goes to tell his friends, who, let me say,
Have heard that "new one" just a month before.

But still they listen gladly, for full well
They love to wake the Judge's laughing tone
Although the story that he stops to tell
Hath whiskers on it long as Judge's own.
Call him not old, that beard is all a sham,
His heart is young although his hair be white
And they do say that, very often, Sam
Takes that beard off when he goes out at night.

Who is this now, English in form and face,
Happy in diction in each phrase felicitous,
Treat him with deference, keep in his good grace
If for posthumous fame you are felicitous.
On any theme his ready pen ne'er halts,
Though he prefers the subject epitaphic,
In generous words covers one's obvious faults
Or sets one's virtues forth in manner graphic
And, though he writes on every topic well,
Though he adorns each—be it grave or merry,
His real strength, as any one can tell,
Lies in the solemn form obituary.
He is a Latin scholar too, that tongue being dead
He ought to know it—I don't mean to flatter—
But they do say that out of his own head
He got that line "Justiciae Dedicata"—
Alas he goes—his loss we much deplore
But he's promoted from this narrow forum
And for two years (he'll try to make it four)
He'll help to swell a Democratic quorum.
And when some statesman, dropping from the ranks,
Leaves for a world celestial—or infernal,
Houk will be there (he'll take along his blanks)
To write the truth and spread it on the Journal.*
Who comes, with gracious word and courtly air—
Clearing his throat, a most portentous sound,
Mounts with a youthful step the Court House stair
While an admiring throng collects around?
This is the advocate whose skillful tongue
Captures the jury, listening delighted
Until each man is wondering to himself
Why in the world the prisoner was indicted.
How many hard-fought struggles hath he won,
How many witnesses hath made turn pale,
Now that at last his fighting days are done
How many more poor devils are in jail!
Him we all know—beloved by us all,
Long may he live, an honor to the Bar,
Light may these latter years upon him fall,
May all his battles leave no lasting scar.

Some lawyers make a specialty of corporation law—
Some always know the men who die or fail—
And some are railroad lawyers, who get that name you know
Because they travel constantly by rail.
You meet our brother Gottschall, he has his little grip,
He's off for New York, Boston or the West;
He's always just about to take a flying business trip,
We wonder when he finds the time to rest.
He is a railroad lawyer and loves a parlor car,
The limited express is his delight;
To all the Pullman porters he's known both near and far
And at home he rarely stays a single night.

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*Hon. George W. Houk.

MIAMI RIVER AT DAYTON

Sometimes he and his clients invade a little town
And find a thriving shop with many hands—
Straightway they capture, bring it home, and set that business down
Where it naturally booms adjoining lands.†
For rushing rapid movement and real impetuosity,
For slashing round until the air is blue,
We have a brother with us who is a curiosity—
His name you'd never guess—its Elihu!
He flies about the Court House with dash enthusiastic,
He talks, at an alarming rapid rate,
Religion, spooks, philosophy, in style both smooth and plastic
And is always just a week ahead of date.‡
When through the court room sweeps a mighty gale,
When windows break and doors fly open wide,
When judges shrink and jurors all turn pale,
Then is the name of "Cyclone" justified.
Law, facts and eloquence surcharge the air
And white and black are made to seem alike,
Loud cries the listener as he grasps his chair,
"Aint he a dandy? That there's Bill Van Skaik."
Now, in a hoss case—talk about your Choate—
Ingersoll, Evarts, any other man,
If you could put the question to a vote,
Nine out of ten would rush to get old Van.
Then he is peaceable and slow to wrath,
Prefers a lawyer just about his size.
Damon and Pythias—who'll forget the day?
In Graeco-Roman style clinched on the floor
With Judge McKemy there to see fair play—
Let's hope they'll never quarrel any more.
Here is a lawyer, marked by versatility,
Linguist and farmer, chemist, scholar, sage,
Quotes all the classics with utmost facility,
Schiller and Goethe gives you by the page.
Under the spell of moderate potations
Proclaims with German accent his opinion
And, if you doubt it, furnishes quotations
From the Ohio code to code Justinian—
Seen upon horse-back he's a very Bismarck
But on the farm he looks the honest ploughman.
Where e'er you find him C. L. will make his mark.
Jolly good company, our Brother Bauman.

I knew a lawyer once but will not name him
Who thought he saw an office fat in view,
He wanted it—and truly you can't blame him,
You would have done the same had it been you.
He had a bill passed, this astute young schemer
Climbed up to pick the plum, but careless shook it
Right into Corwin's hands; without a tremor
David reached out for that same plum and took it.
For three long years he helped Shinn run the city,
All needed laws most skillfully he drew
But at the same time, and the more's the pity,
He drew the other fellow's salary too.
He is so quiet, calm and unassuming,
Seems that he scarce can utter his own name
But when some scheme needs scientific grooming
David wakes up and gets there all the same.

---

†Oscar M. Gottschall.
‡Elihu Thompson.

Cast back your thought a score or so of years,
Look on this youth so narrow, lank and long,
Marked for a quick departure he appears
But in his case appearances were wrong.
Grave was his plight and as a last expedient—
Travel and prayer, doctors and nurses failing him—
He took cod-liver oil, as *one* ingredient.
Look at him now, there's really nothing ailing him
But in bad weather even to this day,

Fearing some trouble of the same description
He may be seen, so those who know him say,
Taking the other half of the prescription,
Our own "calamity," our only Nevin,§
Still is among us, big of head and girth,
Spared in his youth an early trip to Heaven,
Modestly now, content is with the earth.
Three years ago from off the party wall
He plucked a Sprigg and wore it at his belt,
Liking it well bobbed up again last fall—
Those who have been there know just how he felt!
You've heard the question "Who struck Billy Patterson"?
Bob knows the answer since his recent luck;
To that more interesting and burning question
"Who was the fellow J. C. Patterson struck"?

With shoulders bent and brow all knit with care,
Gaze on this lawyer, solemn, almost sad—*
His burdens seem too much for him to bear;
Sympathize with him, he's our latest Dad!
He owns a twelve-pound boy in Dayton View,
And while he takes much credit and is proud,
Says, in a weary way, he never knew
That one small kid could yell so long and loud.
Poor Davisson! Just wait a month or so!
When the nurse leaves your trouble just begins,
Through a vast deal of training you must go
With paregoric, bibs and safety-pins.
When you have walked the live-long night the floor
You'll to your office fly in desperation
And organize, as you have done before,
A *private* Homestead Aid Association.

But where are all the younger men today?
Those that I've seen are middle-aged or gray—
Are there no budding members of this Bar?
None have appeared, I wonder where they are.
As I look down most anxiously I scan
Each face to find a—

But here the Muse her pencil drops,
The flow of rhyme abruptly stops,
Her further efforts sadly fail,
Her virgin eye has just spied Dale
And by his side is also seen
That "second Daniel" Squire Breene.
Hard on their heels comes handsome Barry
With Harry Nolan—lucky Harry!
They cast their eyes upon the maid,
Small wonder that she is afraid
And while these youths stand gaping there
She vanishes in upper air.

---

§Hon. Robert M. Nevin.
*O. F. Davisson.

MARY COLBY THRESHER.

The Jovial Christian.

Paradise appears to be
A place of vast solemnity,
Where angels in well-ordered stoles
Gravely discuss on aureoles
And seem austerely glorious.

God, in Thine unknown domicile,
Is there no place for laugh or smile
For twinkling eye or chuckle even?
Among the havens of the blest
Is it a sacrilege to jest?
And is not levity divine
When it is kindly in design?
God, might not resurrection be
A thing of utmost jollity
Lest for Thy love's magnificence
Awe be our only recompense?

Oh let some heart of earthly whim
School well in joy Thy seraphim
Let golden laughter, ringing clear,
Link every sun-encircling sphere;
And Paradise receive from earth
The lofty privilege of Mirth.

FRANK J. McCORMICK.

The Unbroken Vase.

(A tribute to Dr. J. C. Reeve on his 93d birthday, June 5, 1919.)

Your vase has borne against the buffetings
Of ninety years and three. The eager mold
Of youth was ever quick to take and hold
Deep impress from the higher god that sings
And builds for men. And this high gift met springs
Of your initiate and wrought out bold
Relief and form—a cherished vase now old
With inspiration of life's blessed things.

All human molds must break but when your days
Run out beyond the century, no one among
Us here will lose the friend that disappears;
For you, communicator to the vase—
Afar will have a substitute for tongue
And we, your friends, a substitute for ears.

CHARLOTTE MARY CONOVER.

Birthday Greeting to a Friend.

Dear Heart, a birthday wish I make for you
A wish that rises from my growing love.
Of all the blessings of the world these two
Seem most to be desired and greatest prove.

As from the hidden future come the years
May each one mark a step made toward the goal,
A deepening of the inner life that proves
The ever growing power of the soul.

And as the days bring to you each in turn,
A new highway of duties to be trod,
May they bring with them as the prize you earn
A closer, dearer fellowship with God.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

Ah true! Beneath the far Samoan skies
And high above the ever shifting sea
In breathless sleep for all eternity
His dear frail weary body slumb'ring lies.
Yet we who walk with twilight hearts and eyes
That see but darkly for the brimming tears
Know that across the intervening years
His voice a silver note of challenge cries
That we should wear the mantle of our pain
As though it were a cloak of countless price,
Should learn with silent courage to despise
To hold life's bitterness as aught but gain.
So, heartened by his faith we go our way
And find fresh strength for each new dawning day.

—*Wellesley Magazine.*

ANNE O'HARE McCORMICK.

Song of Praise for not Being a Poet.

I have heard fountains singing in the grass,
I have seen rainbows thrilling to the sun,
I have felt south winds dancing as they pass,
All joy is one.

I have touched heaven's radiance with a star,
I have drunk earth's brown vintage with a tree,
I have plucked splendors where the lightnings are,
Beauty is free.

I have chased angels on a sea-gull's wings,
I have learned laughter from the spinning spheres,
Yet I who am no poet need not sing
Or care who hears.

Ah, happy is the owner of the sky,
Who is not exiled by the flaming sword
To seek the phrase that paints it till he die,
Slave of the Word.

—*The New Republic.*

To a Lost Neighbor.

In Memory of Mrs. Christiana Folz of Harmon Place.
Oldest and Most Beloved Resident of Oakwood Village,
Who died in her ninety-first year. November twenty-sixth, 1922

In those high neighborhoods you left us for,
In those bright gardens you have gone to tend,
You are not strange who were the garden's friend
And neighbored all who passed your open door.

Here you made life an art, and age a grace;
In your triumphant ninety years you told
How beautiful one may be growing old
And how great souls enlarge a little place.

If your new neighbors on that heavenly hill
You thought could hardly be more fair than this
Love best the blithe immortals we love best—
The gay, the kind, the gallant; if they thrill
To deathless larks and lilacs—dear Aunt Chris,
How much at home you'll be among the blest!

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

(The following poem does not appear in any of Paul Dunbar's published works. It was read on the occasion of the first meeting of the High School Alumni Association in the (then) new Steele High School. For forty years the Central High School had housed all the pupils above the grade schools in the old Central High on the corner of Fourth and Wilkinson. In 1891 the school was moved to its new quarters on the corner of Main and Monument.)

The Old High School and the New.

We've all been off some little while—some one place, some another,
And coming back we thought to find a weeping widowed mother;
And now it seems the dear old girl forgot us while we tarried,
She dropped her weeds, came out in white and bless my soul! she's married.
We left her lonely down the way clad in a somber gown,
But ah, she's wed a wealthy spouse, dressed up and moved up town.
She's lost her fine humility and timid bearing lately
And looms upon our dazzled gaze so dignified and stately
That we are prone to bend our ears to certain rumors shady
And really question of ourselves is this the same old lady?
You know when folks have been away and come back home it's proper
To weep a little, gush some more, and casually to drop a
Word about "the dear old place" and other "memories tender,"
But oh! the chances here I find preëminently slender
For all the splendor round about my flow of memory hinders
And finery and newness knocks all memory to flinders.
I have searched about most carefully to find "the dear old place"
Where seniors shrieked the tenor out and juniors shouted bass.
But if there's any of it left I'm sure I haven't found it;
They've got a brand new singing hall with galleries around it;
I wish that classic hall was here where our ambitious feeling
Soared on the wings of paper wads and stuck against the ceiling.
I'd like to hear those boys again and all those maidens pretty
Who, standing on the old platform, waxed eloquent or witty,
Who sped their hits or rained the jokes as plentiful as manna,
I wonder if they're joking still about the old piano.
It seems that now some pretty tears the sentiment would garnish
But we're afraid to weep in here for fear we'll spoil the varnish.
So tearless, but with a regret, a deep one and a true one,
We'll bid the dear old school goodbye and welcome in the new one.
We've questioned her identity, of all this change abhorrent,
But on near view she warmer grows. She's not half bad I'll warrant.
She speaks and on her quivering lids the anxious tear drops glisten,
What can we do but pause awhile respectfully and listen?
"Don't let the thought that I have changed with stubborn hearts imbue,
If you'll accept me, children dear, I'll be a mother to you."
We'll do it, won't we, girls and boys, excuse me, men and women,
We'll throw our arms about her neck in spite of all the trimmin',
We'll climb upon her ample lap, turn up our eager faces
And listen to her wisdom in the pause between embraces.
And while we toast the old that's gone, new joys shall make our pain sweet
We'll take our love from Wilkinson and move it up to Main Street.
We'll bind this new-made mother's brow with every wreath and token
Of that deep love within our hearts that never can be spoken.
We'll love her as we loved the dear old school or very very near it,
For tho' she's thrown the dress away she's kept the same old spirit;
And of her present boys and girls we'll each prove a believer
That every year she'll turn them out as good and bright as we were.

ELIZABETH CONOVER MOORE.

"The Ladies Home Journal" carries on its editorial page a head of Minerva. At the time the Curtis Publishing Company was about moving into its new building on Independence Square there was some unavoidable delay. Minerva, the goddess of learning, was invoked by a member of the staff to explain what was the matter. Ed.)

Owed to Minerva.

Greetings to thee oh Minerva, goddess of classical profile—
Thee we invoke as our patron, O Lady of Wisdom and Letters!
Thee we implore to dispel the shadows that lie o'er the future,
Each day we lift up our voices and none there is to give answer;
What of the new Curtis building? When are "they" going to start it,
Tell us, O Pallas Athene; give us plans and specifications!

Thus invoked Minerva turned her iron-helmed head,
Addressed the Curtis employees and this is what she said:
"By this bright Aegis sent from Jove all brave in sunny gold,
I know but little but I'll tell you all that's so far told.
To those who haunt Olympian slopes doth Jove a vision grant
Of that which we may look for in the future Curtis plant.
But how long we shall have to wait I know not nor does Jove,
Not even Mr. Curtis knows exactly when we'll move.
The general architectural plan you surely ought to know,
A Renaissance-Colonial Ladies Home-ly Bungalow.
On the inside for variety two styles will be employed;
Combining Early Pullman and Late North German Lloyd.
At several points upon the roof, by order of the gods,
Mr. Franklin will erect his great invention—lightning rods.
The roof itself you will enjoy; 'twill be a sunny Gym,
With track and showers and pool in which you all can learn to swim,
And you'll often see some editor a-fencing with the foils
In the intervals of editing his page "Side Steps with Goils."
I myself will run the restaurant, in true Olympic fashion
And offer all those foods for which the Greek gods had a passion,
For nectar I'll charge four cents—with "Ambrosia" 'twill be eight,
For water from the Pierian spring five cents will be my rate.
Of course there'll be committee rooms—to fill a floor or two,
A skating rink, a club room for the Curtis Junior Zoo—
(The goddess is here interrupted by cries and questions.)
But where, Minerva, will there be squeezed in what we need most,
Room enough to print and sell the "Journal" and the "Post"?
"Why that I guess we all forgot" (her voice it seemed to falter),
"Perhaps there's *some* space left—I'll have to go see Mr.— Ludington."
—*Ladies Home Journal.*

PAUL SHIVELL.

January Snowstorm.

Last night I trudged to town in the deep snow;
I seem'd the only one of all my race
In all the world. Soft through the still cold air
Fine flakes were falling yet. Some kist my face;
I couldn't see them but I knew them fair.
They were my little guardian angels there,
Lest I should founder in some lonely place
Along the unbroken road and none know where.
With glorious exhilarating snow
The town was hushed. I saw thy gleaming light,
And in my joyous freedom thought of thee,
Shut in from robust romp, wild to be free
While thousands who at will can come and go
Hug fires and shudder at the winter night

ON THE MIAMI.

A flute came o'er the water in the night,
Sober and sweet it wandered down the scale
And back, returning with a deep delight
It reached the golden stars and told its tale.
Warbling as it came, a swan under full sail
Waking melodious miles! While hushed afar
As from a happier fellow soul, but frail,
Lost in the passionate fluting a guitar
Answered across the waves like a confiding star.

Then voices of two souls in love with life
Went floating down the river in the moon;
And softer with the singing came the tune
Of the faint cithern and the sacred fife.
We leaned with clasped hands o'er that deep hour
Until the music of contented love
Wound into river stillness—when above
We heard the first breath of the coming shower
Rustling the foliage. Slowly then toward home
We strolled beneath wide elms in the green gloom
And Gertrude all in white looked like a flower.

FRANCES ISABEL PARROTT.

THE OLD COURT HOUSE.

These are the steps where Lincoln stood,
    When he came once to view our scene,
Men rich and poor found brotherhood
    Upon this fair and friendly green.

How many years of history
    Speak from that stair, these doors and walls?
What ways of life across the sea
    Call from those cushioned capitals?

Here we may pause from off the street,
    Our fathers' wisdom pondering
Here, where the country's highways meet
    Here let it stand—our lovely thing!

HARRY E. MEAD.

LINES.

(To Thomas P. Gaddis, on his seventieth birthday.)

Age called for him
And bade him come along
And join the feeble hoary-headed throng
That staggers down the hill of life.

But he—though smiling welcome, full of courtesy, replied
Ah! No—I shall not go.
'Tis true my eye and sight have feebler grown
And but few years remain to call my own,
But there is that within my soul today
That bids me tell thee—*nay!*

Thou hast indeed won o'er the greater part
But youth still fills the kingdom of my heart.

MERAB EBERLE.

PRAYER.

Thy footsteps sound among the stars
And they are sands unto Thy feet.
The ages surge across Thy brow
And they are seconds in thy reckonings.
Oh, what am I—
Breath spewed from the mouth of nothingness—
To beat against omnipotence with my small cry?
Yet, God of the magnificences,
Let me but know Thee once before I die!
—North American Review.

ADVENTURE!

Let her go to Italy
And let her go to Rome!
I'll plant a bed of pale pink phlox,
Zinnias and hollyhocks,
Petunias and four o'clocks
And gaily stay at home!
—Christian Science Monitor

HEAVEN'S INCOMPLETION.

If she went to heaven
He must go to heaven—
Little old lady and tomcat gray.
She wouldn't be happy
Unless she saw him
Contentedly strolling down glory's way,
Eating a bit of the long green grasses
And making fervent, if futile, passes
At the rainbow songsters of Eternal Day.
Lord, if he isn't walking beside her
Or prowling near in gardens gay
Send out Gabriel—or even lesser angel—
To search Death's darkness for tomcat gray.

GEORGE B. SMITH.

AN EVENSONG.

Across the earth the lengthened shadows play;
    The last red rays come mildly slanting down;
In tranquil mood the passing Autumn day
    Is waiting for its hallowed golden crown.
As one who, through enchanted gardens, walks
    Amid the splendor that we know in dreams,
I move, and to my soul all Nature talks
    In tender tones. 'Tis God's own voice, it seems.

The moments pass and yonder western sky
    Now, like a wide-hung flaming curtain, glows;
The daylight hours thus in radiance die,
    As twilight brings the color of the rose.
The songster's goodnight twitter from his bower
    Is blended with the rustle of the leaves;
The soft, sweet chorus of the evening hour
    Is soothing to the troubled heart that grieves.

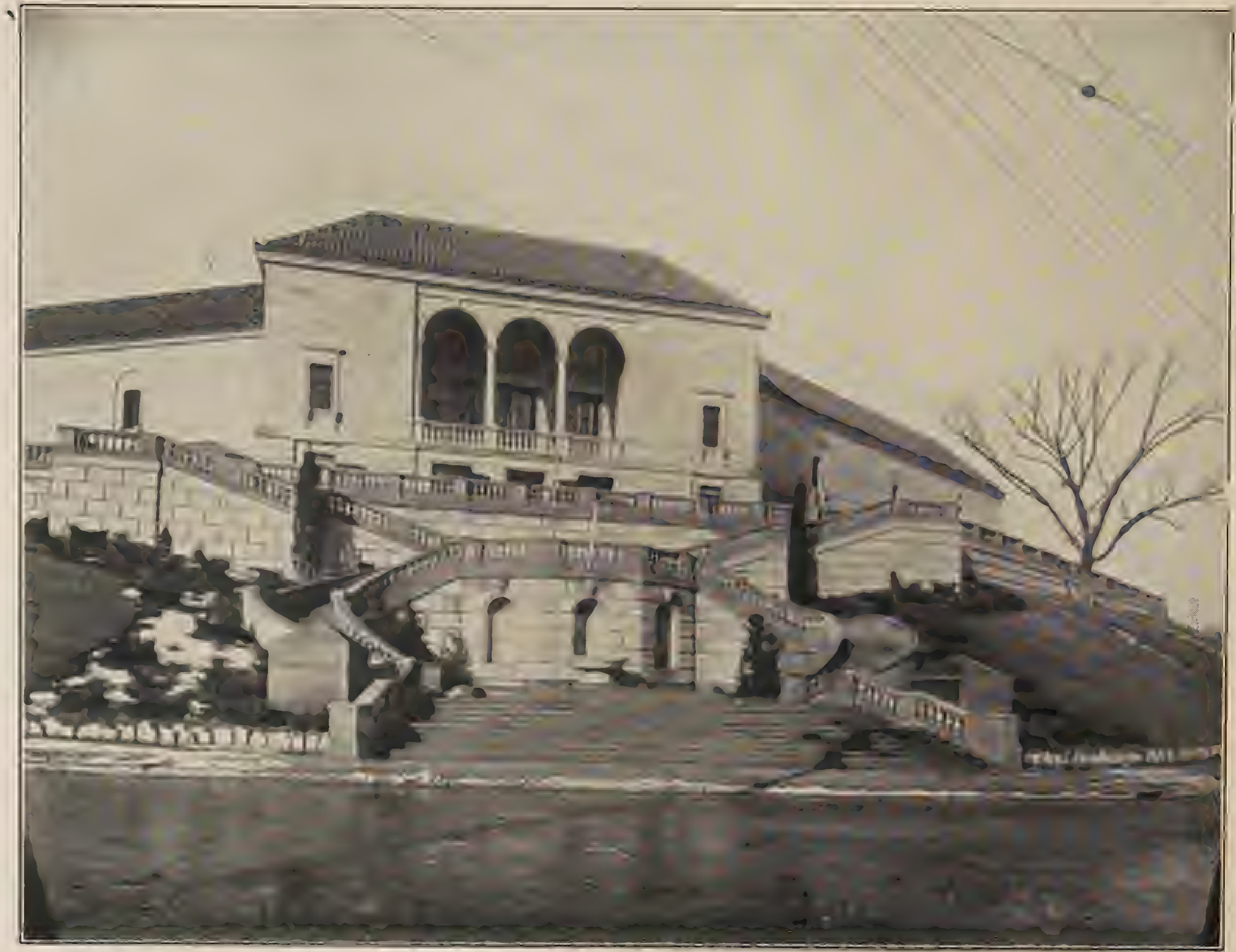
And, now, the last faint rose tints disappear;
The stars usurp the glory of the sky,
And faintly, 'cross the dewy fields, I hear
A sweet-toned church bell's gentle lullaby.
In prayerful silence peasant-like I bow;
Each zephyr wafts a solace as it blows.
'Tis but a step from Earth to Heaven now,
The even-tide hath brought such sweet repose.

SILVIA MARGOLIS.

I Sang One Day.

I sang one day of Pleasure,
And Love that knows no tear:
There were no ears to listen,
I saw no heart draw near.

Today, I sang of Sorrow,
Of Hunger, Thirst and Tears:
Strange thing! at this, the world
Unmuffled both her ears.
—Dayton Daily News



FACADE OF THE DAYTON ART INSTITUTE

(Courtesy of Don Wallace)

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ART IN DAYTON AND ITS CULMINATION IN THE DAYTON ART INSTITUTE.

The paucity of art aims and art interests in Dayton sixty or seventy years ago need not trouble us now. Dayton has always been a commercial center and its community life a part of the great business world. We began in a small way, but we have fitly grown.

The first painter who was a real painter to come to Dayton was Charles Soule. His canvases, those of them that fortune spared from the havoc of the flood, still ornament the walls of Dayton homes. His marked ability was along the line of portrait painting, and his touch was so sure and his feeling so deep that his work was much more than locally known and he became the teacher of artists who really stood higher in art circles. His daughter, Clara Soule Medlar, was also an artist, but a teacher as well. Mr. Soule painted the generals and admirals, the judges and doctors, the beautiful young matrons and the charming girls. Miss Soule painted babies and roses and landscapes with lovely feeling. There was another daughter, Mrs. Octavia Soule Gottschall, who exhibited much ability in water colors, and was active in organizing art clubs and classes among the women of Dayton.

Two other portrait painters deserve to be remembered, John Insco Williams and Edmond Edmondson, the former also noted for his studies in still life—fruit pieces—and the latter for several panoramic canvases.

It was in the late 'seventies and early 'eighties that Dayton came to life from the point of view of picture painting and picture loving. Mary Forrer Pierce was teaching painting in the old Cooper Seminary, Miss Sophie Loury, whose work in miniature was exhibited with the Art League of New York, and Miss Laura Birge, a pupil first of Clara Soule and later a student in Munich, Paris, and London were the leaders.

In 1880 several amateur organizations devoted to art work sprang into existence. There was the Amateur Sketch Club, and the Decorative Art Society under the direction of Professor Broome, having a pottery and ovens for firing, and devoting much enthusiasm to china painting. Otto Beck, a student in Italy and Munich, was a Dayton boy, who ended by occupying a position of responsibility in Pratt Institute, and whose pictures hang in Brooklyn and Washington. His friend, Victor Shinn, was also a promising artist, who soon left Dayton for the Technical High School in Brooklyn.

All these personalities and efforts were inconspicuous, but they were genuine and provocative of interest among Dayton people. For we were, in those years, lamentably undeveloped. We had no pictures; we saw no pictures; we seldom traveled and knew little of what there was to see in the great world of art. But slowly things happened. Here and there were souls who knew what was beautiful. If they could, they purchased; some, like Professor Robert, bought photographs and gathering a group of friends talked well and interestingly. The Threshers as a family have always contributed to public education in matters of art.

The first definite movement towards art organization developed in 1902 was the Dayton Society of Arts and Crafts, with Mr. B. B. Thresher as president; Mrs. J. B. Thresher, vice-president; Mrs. Margaret Stoddard, Mrs. Chas. U. Raymond and Mr. Houston Lowe as directors. Classes were held in a business block on the site of Rike's present store, and Mr. Mann, of Grand Rapids conducted them. Instruction was limited to wood carving, jewelry, and other craft work and perhaps for the reason that its scope was limited interest waned and the organization died a natural death. But other promoters were not idle. If I have said that Dayton was uncultured in the beginning, I mean what is called "the man on the street"—the general public. But there has always been in Dayton a vision-seeking, stubborn minority who kept always in their hearts what Dayton might see and do if she were taught. That it was they, in time who did the teaching, goes without saying.

Among these agencies the Dayton Public Library and Museum did notable work. It collected mounted reproductions of works of art, developed a library within a library of books devoted to art and from time to time tempted the public by modest exhibits in the Museum.

This museum was the kind that modern collectors make fun of, with its dusty trilobites, tropical shells and moth-eaten stuffed specimens. But it was a beginning, and without beginnings ends cannot arrive.

In 1912 Miss Linda Clatworthy, then Dayton librarian, having returned to Dayton from an extended trip to Europe, was filled with enthusiasms for making Dayton an art center. On her daily way to the library through the park she was in the habit of meeting Mr. Houston Lowe on his way to his office, and the two devotees discussed at length their hopes and ambitions.* Miss Clatworthy's first aim was to have Dayton join the newly organized American Federation of Arts. Having made a trip to Washington on this behalf, Miss Clatworthy returned with a comprehensive program for the stimulation of art interest in and the beautification of the city. It was a broad conception, comprising industrial art, school art, art for the community and beauty for the city.

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*Just a hundred years before, Daniel C. Cooper, the first benefactor and promoter of beauty in Dayton, gave that park to be, as his will expressed it, "a pleasant walk forever." Under its spreading elms and oaks these plans were talked out by two worthy descendants of his same public spirit.

MAIN SCULPTURE COURT, DAYTON ART INSTITUTE

(Courtesy Dayton Art Institute)

With this nucleus of effort there came into existence in 1912 the Montgomery County Art Association, whose object was to foster an interest in art, through lectures, exhibits and loans of pictures. The first president was Mrs. Henry Stoddard, whose glowing and contagious enthusiasm proved to be epidemic in the end. She loved, thought, dreamed and talked pictures. She could see beauty in everything and had discriminating taste. The second presiding officer of the Art Association was Mr. Houston Lowe under whose devoted leadership the organization made many strides forward. Another ardent supporter of the infant industry was Miss Annie Campbell, for years a teacher of art in Steele High School, and painter in oil and water colors. Mrs. Henry Loy gave generously of her time and cultivated taste. She and Mrs. Stoddard were the moving spirits in organizing exhibitions of paintings and trying to induce a rather tepid public to attend. In 1917 the name of the organization was changed to the Dayton Art Association. From that time on its activities enlarged and increased. The Dayton papers were supplied with publicity on pictures and artists, it filed records relative to the current items of art history in Dayton; it enlisted in the fight against a proposed increase in the tariff on art objects; it secured a fine collection of oil paintings through the American Federation of Arts, which was exhibited for two weeks.

In 1916 a series of lectures of popular interest on art subjects were arranged by the association, to be given by members of the local group, and with this plan came a slowly developing understanding on the part of the public that Dayton had at last a real nucleus of art-loving and art-promoting citizens who, if they were allowed and encouraged, which they were, would lift their native city to a place in the culture of the Nation. When the audiences for these lectures reached the 500 mark it was felt that the good work was really, as the French say, "marching."

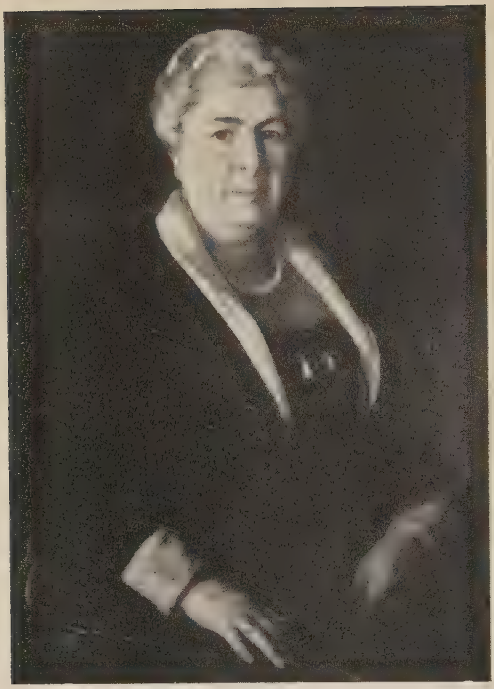
The association in its infancy suffered principally from the lack of a center of its own. The lectures had to be given in borrowed halls, the exhibitions likewise; and although the Board of Education was generous in its granting of the Steele auditorium, something it was felt should be done towards a permanent home. All this came about through the generosity of a group of private citizens who purchased a substantial old residence on the corner of Monument and St. Clair, formerly the home of the Kemper family and, with extended additions and remodelling converted it into Dayton's first Art Museum. The garden, under the generosity of Mrs. Harrie G. Carnell, became a replica of the lovely colonial grounds of one of the earlier governors of Ohio, Governor Worthington.

It was high time. No stronger argument for a special building was offered than the flood of 1913. That calamity was responsible for some good things, as well as many bad ones. This time it emphasized the necessity for concentration and protection for works of art. It happened that at the time of the inundation there was a collection of water colors on exhibition in Memorial Hall, another of the projects of the enthusiasm of Mrs. Stoddard, Mrs. Loy and Miss Campbell. The premises were under water, and the pictures ruined, but as they were fully insured the artists were reimbursed. It was afterwards whispered in critical circles that in no other way could some of those brush products have been profitably disposed of. For some years afterwards no artist in water colors could speak of having sold a picture without having some sarcastic colleague remark: "Oh, yes, you did have a picture in the Dayton flood, didn't you?"

The Art Association (under the incorporated term of the "Dayton Museum of Art") found itself thus happily ensconced in a building with a hall giving space for pictures and lectures, where a library of art subjects could be accommodated and where classes under competent instructors studied drawing from the cast, painting in oils and water colors, commercial art, costume design, elements of composition and design. When ninety young people took immediate advantage of this privilege, and the Art School became a hive of industry and enthusiasm, the acme of the hopes of the promoters seems to have arrived.

All this was a good many years ago, and what has happened since needs many a page to record, but those who worked so hard for its accomplishment should be held in happy remembrance. Their names were: Houston Lowe, James M. Cox, B. B. Thresher, Mrs. H. G. Carnell, Orville Wright, Robert Patterson, Mrs. Robert Patterson, H. A. McMillan, Mrs. Henry Stoddard, Mrs. Henry Loy, Valentine Winters, Mrs. Lee Warren James, Electra Doren, F. J. McCormick, and Mrs. McCormick, E A. Deeds and Mrs. Deeds, Mrs. G. Harries Gorman, Mr. Louis Lott, Miss Martha K. Schauer, John B. Hayward, Miss Virginia Blakeney, Miss Annie Campbell, Mrs. George G. Shaw, Mrs. Scott Pierce, Mrs. Walter Kidder, F. H. Rike, E. L. Shuey, A. D. Wilt, William B. Werthner, Adam Schantz, H. E. Talbott. Some of these served on committees, some were trustees, but all gave of their talents to push forward this admirable effort to bring to as high water mark as possible the rising tide of the love of art in Dayton.

It seems too good to be true, the story of how soon that first Art Museum was outgrown. It was in the beginning such an ambitious undertaking, and now, suddenly, it was found inadequate for its uses. The commercially minded, art-ignorant, apathetic people of Dayton, the street car riding, shopping, movie-going people had looked with indifference upon the enterprise. Art, they thought, if they thought of it at all, was not for the general public; it was a fad of certain rich people. Drawn by the merest curiosity in the first place, they entered the doors; had the



MRS. HARRIE GARDNER CARNELL
Donor of the Art Museum
From Portrait by Robert Henri

pictures explained to them, read about it in the papers, listened to some lectures, were gripped with the universal appeal of beauty, found a glimmering of the delights it held, went again, sent their children, sometimes contributed of their own small resources and finally crowded the walls to their utmost. Young people discovered that the classes offered in poster designing and craft work pointed a practical way to make a living. The classes were crowded, the exhibits were crowded, and at last it came to be an accepted fact that there would have to be larger quarters.

Here it is that Mrs. Harrie G. Carnell comes definitely into the story. As a girl Julia Shaw had traveled extensively in Europe and brought back many impressions. Few young travelers of that day saw as much and retained as deep enthusiasms. Of all she saw, Italy impressed her the most; she loved its cool galleries of ancient canvases; she thrilled at the convents, chapels, churches and palaces, with their murals and windows and statuary; she began to sense the characteristics of the different schools of painting. At that time she guessed no more than any one else that her love for the beautiful and her local patriotism for the city of her birth would unite into one ambition which had its final efflorescence in the lovely warm-hued structure which now curves so gracefully around the edge of the hill above the river.

Mrs. Carnell had been the moving spirit and the chief contributor to the old art museum on St. Clair Street. She had enlarged rooms, laid brick walks, built sparkling fountains and planted beds of flowers. If the museum was outgrown as a school and an exhibit it was certainly outgrown as a field for Mrs. Carnell's generosity. She wanted more room to be generous in, and therefore announced that rather than help expand the old quarters further she would offer a new art building to Dayton.

It was just at that juncture that an ideal site for such a structure came on the market—the high lift of ground at the junction of Forest and Riverdale avenues, formerly owned by the Hawes family and always a dominating point from wherever a spectator stood on the bank of the Miami River. "Just the place for an art museum," explaimed many a lover of art and lover of Dayton. But a contractor for an apartment house had the inner side of the bargain and it was considered a hopeless proposition.

To minds like Mrs. Carnell, however, nothing is hopeless. She wanted that site and, to make a long story short, she got it; or rather Dayton did, and now no apartment house with banal balconies and loud awnings, but a fifteenth century Italian Renaissance palace, with graceful curving stairways and arcaded inner courts rises proudly above the city. Its inception is an interesting story. Forty miles north of Rome is the little town of Viterbo. In it is a five-sided villa built on a rise of ground and approached by graceful steps. Cardinal Alexander Farnese was the owner, and sometimes resident there during the Renaissance period. It was this villa which suggested the present building, although whereas the original had five sides this has or will have eight. The octagonal front of the façade lends itself with charming appropriateness to the curve of the brow of the hill. The yellow sandstone of the walls was brought from quarries near Cleveland, and Mr. Edward B. Green, of Buffalo, New York, was the architect.

A peculiarly happy thought it was to build with the possibility in mind of future expansion. If the art spirit and the art culture in Dayton grows in the future in the same proportion as it has in the past, the original plan of an octagonal building will afford ample space.

On mounting the steps from the street level one arrives in the triple arched loggia, its eastern vista including the river and the arches of the Main Street bridge reflected in it. Both this loggia and the entrance lobby are typically Italian in style; indeed the whole building takes one so convincingly into the Italy of the past that it is difficult, at least for older people, to believe themselves in the Dayton of their youth.

Three pairs of bronze doors open into the foyer with its flooring of red Italian tiling and its information desk adapted from old Gothic storage bins. To the left on this floor are administration rooms, the children's room, kitchen and storage; to the right are rooms for the educational activities and the circulating library. Facing the main entrance the eye is impressed by a staircase of Indiana limestone leading to the sculpture court and passing, on the way, a landing, which gives place to a replica of the Virgin and St. Elizabeth by Andrea della Robbia. Here, too, at the mezzanine level is an ample lecture hall whose coffered ceiling by Joseph F. Stridy, of Chicago, shows four corner panels representing the arts of Sculpture, Painting, Music and Literature. This noble hall with its rosy lighted ceiling is the happy gathering place of music lovers at the concerts held every week throughout the season. The second floor of the front of the building houses the sculpture court with its four marble columns terminating in a vaulted ceiling and three windows looking toward the east. New as it is, this exhibit offers treasures to the eye. A reproduction of the Nuremberg Madonna of the sixteenth century occupies a niche in the gothic chapel, while two exquisite Florentine doorways of carved marble lead from each end of the court to adjoining galleries. The eight-sided plan makes many unexpected and charming features. One little room of irregular shape on the ground floor fits into an obtuse angle and makes a convenient committee room.

The enclosure made by the octagonal structure is divided by the music room into two cloisters which were Mrs. Carnell's own idea. Once to the architect she remarked jocosely, "No cloisters, no building." So

FIFTEENTH CENTURY DRAGON STONE BUILT INTO CHINESE TEMPLE OF NEW ART INSTITUTE

MARBLE FLORENTINE DOORWAY, DAYTON ART INSTITUTE
(Courtesy Dayton Art Institute)

cloisters there are, a north cloister and a south, each with vine-draped arches, groups of sculpture, twisted columns, with acanthus-leaved capitals and brick pavement.

The Art Institute cannot be seen casually or in a hurry. Many a stroll must be taken through the halls and courts before the whole of its beauty is revealed. The architect kept one thing constantly in mind, that of ease and relaxation on the part of the visitor. On one side the building gives on the river and the city; the other on to the greensward of the cloisters, each only a few steps from the other. Comfortable chairs offer themselves on every side. The result is that the much dreaded modern distemper classed pathologically as "museum fatigue" has no place in the Dayton Institute.

The two Italian rooms which flank the loggia illustrate the charm of domestic life in the Italy of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The ceilings are replicas of one during the Renaissance period, whose precious originals were taken bodily from their homes in palaces at Ferrara and Venice.

To the interesting furnishings and adjuncts of the museum there is no end, and all from the generous heart of Mrs. Carnell. There are "peep-shows," Chinese temples, fountains, beautiful door lintels, a miniature reproduction of the Baptistry doors at Florence, carved chests, pottery urns, a Chinese garden enclosing a pool with Chinese fish and oriental aquarium plants. In short, from one end to the other the Institute is a living and breathing school of the beautiful.

Most fascinating are the chapels opening into the cloisters. The Gothic chapel has an exquisite stained glass door of such rare beauty that it was held over in Buffalo for a special exhibit before being sent to Dayton. The south cloister is developed in Italian Renaissance character with marble columns from the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries surrounding a lovely stone fountain containing a bronze statue, "The Joy of the Waters," by Harriet Frishmuth. The north cloister possesses an interesting feature consisting of a tower protruding from the main building terminating in a beautiful slate roof topped by a copper weather-vane, and in the center an old Italian circular well-curb so constructed that it can be used as a pulpit in Sunday afternoon outdoor services.

But it will be impossible to go into all the beauties of the Art Institute. They are increasing all the time. Always in her trips abroad Mrs. Carnell has the museum in mind. As she said in her speech of dedication when she presented it to Dayton: "I feel as if I were giving into your hands a child of my own. Be good to it."

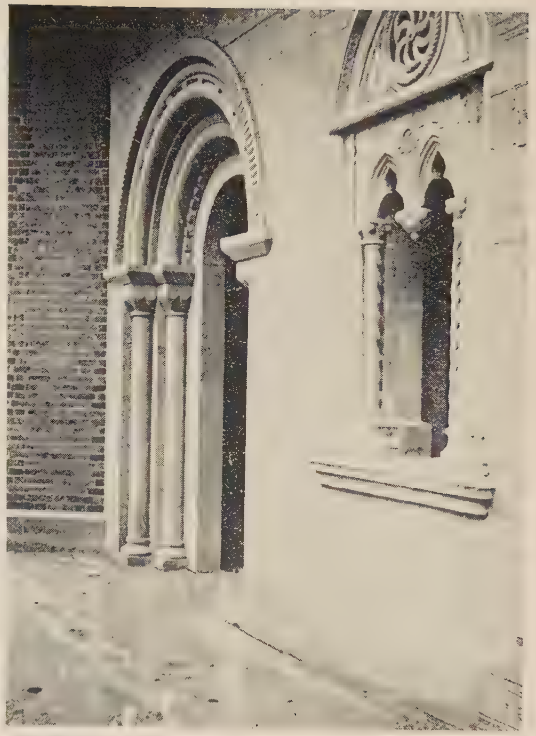
Moreover, the Museum has been a family affair with the Carnells, Mr. Carnell giving time and sympathy and advice every step of the way, and Jefferson Patterson seconding his mother's efforts by purchasing beautiful additions to the collection during his wide and varied travels.

A description of the Museum building and its features is a gratifying story, but a partial one. The remainder is that of the human activities going on under its roof. First:

Exhibits—Since two fine-print pages in the 1931 report are filled with a list of the paintings, prints and etchings, lithography and wood-carvings, sculptures, water colors, glass and rugs, artist photographs, travel-posters, drawings, Japanese block prints, pastels, bronzes, Egyptian casts, stained glass, eighteenth century furniture, textiles, which have been during the past year on exhibition at the Museum, it is plain that nothing more than a mere outline can be included in this chapter.

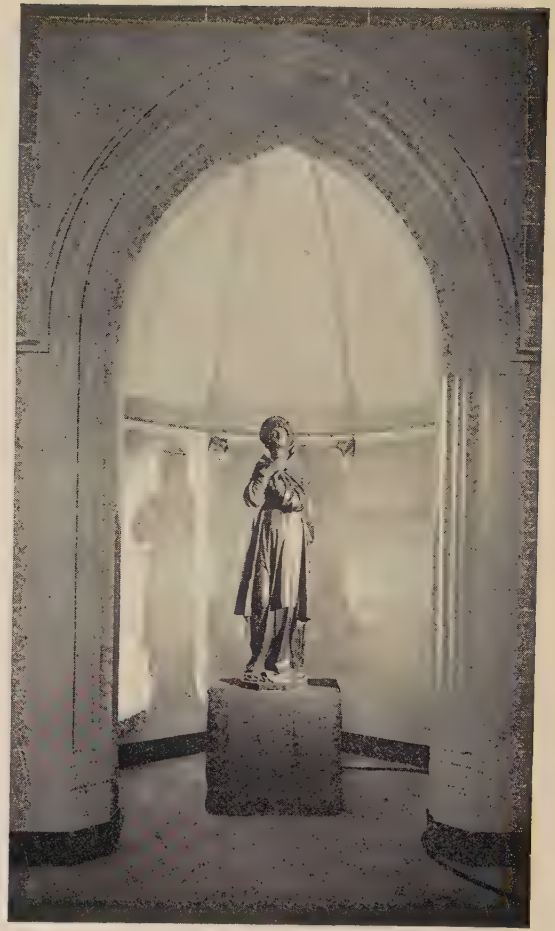
Art Institute School—Running back to the north of the main building a long passageway leads into the Art School. Five hundred young men and women take daily advantage of the classes, going all the year round under the following competent instructors: Siegfried R. Weng, Director—History of Art, Art Appreciation; Martha K. Schauer, Painter—Director of Saturday School; Margaret Beck, Student Assistant—Saturday School; Frank M. Betz, Photographer—Photography (night); Howard Breidenback, Instructor—Saturday School; Edward R. Burroughs, Designer and Commercial Artist, Etcher, Block-printer—Design, Mechanical Perspective, Rendering, Lettering, Commercial Art (day and night); Bernice E. Buyer, Metalworker and Jeweler (night); Margaret Chatterton, Student Assistant—Saturday School; Roy Cheesman, Architect—Architectural Rendering (night). Ruth Boes Herr, Instructor—Saturday School. Irene Hoffman, Assistant Instructor—Life Drawing, Painting (night and Saturday); John M. King, Painter—Life Drawing and Painting (day and night); Robert Koepnick, Instructor—Modeling (Saturday School); W. P. Lloyd, Commercial Art Director—Layout (night); Louis Lott, Architect—Ornament (night); Leroy D. Sauer, Block-printer, Etcher, Commercial Artist—Commercial Art (night); Ellasson R. Smith, Architect—Architectural Rendering (night); Mrs. E. M. Thacker, Jr.—Interior Decoration (night); Grace Valentine—Fashion Design (night); Seth M. Velsey, Sculpture—Modeling, Anatomy, Design in the Round, Carving (day and night); Don Wallace, Photographer—Photography (night); E. Paul Wilhelm, Painter—Lettering, Decorative Art and Ornament, Composition (day and night); John Zwinak, Advertising Artist—Layout (night).

The day time courses are planned in such a manner that the beginner receives a general basic foundation so that he will be better equipped to choose that phase of art work for which he is best fitted. The night school affords an opportunity for men and women engaged through the day to study that which their daily life lacks and which gives an outlook



ROMANESQUE DOORWAY, SHOWING ORIGINAL NORTH ITALIAN WINDOW IN GOTHIC CLOISTER, DAYTON ART INSTITUTE

(Courtesy Dayton Art Institute)



REPRODUCTION OF NUREMBURG MADONNA, IN NICHE OF GOTHIC CHAPEL, DAYTON ART INSTITUTE

(Courtesy Dayton Art Institute)

for self-expression. The Saturday school for children under the direction of Miss Martha Schauer is one of the most valuable services of the Institute. Who knows how many artists and craftsmen have been lost to the community through having had no means to cultivate their powers? Here, the men and women of tomorrow are given the fundamental principles of art and aesthetics which, whether they become machinists, mayors or millionaires they will carry with them through their lives. Beauty belongs in every occupation of life. From the lack of a sense of it more cities than Dayton have suffered. The next generation will not, we hope, endure the monstrosities perpetrated in the past in the way of monuments, buildings and bridges, but will insist upon good taste and true art in public things.

The school at various times has received pleasing recognition from visiting authorities. Recently a group of two water colors, an oil painting, two pieces of sculpture and seven photographs were requested by the College Art Association for an invitation exhibition of outstanding student work to be held in New York City. From this group the Head of a Negress, by Robert Koepnick, has been reproduced in a number of art journals in this country, and won first prize in the sculpture section. The Toledo Art Institute has also requested the loan of these pieces for their annual exhibit.

Miss Susan Odlin has been active in promoting the love of art among children by entertainments, and talks on art every Saturday morning. Over thirteen thousand children availed themselves of this privilege during the past year.

The eminent art critic, Royal Cortissoz, once congratulated Dayton upon the possession of a small museum. It used to be the custom to house the biggest possible collection in the biggest kind of a building in the most inaccessible (to the general public) part of the city. In consequence only those who had cars and leisure could avail themselves of art treasures. The Dayton museum entails only the climbing of a flight of steps so near to the center of the city that everyone can enter. Instead of a fixed collection there are rotating exhibits. Instead of dim galleries, a formidable atmosphere and weary miles to pass over, the Dayton museum is bright, hospitable, friendly and educational.

No further proof of the wisdom of the founder and the trustees is needed than to see the men, women, and children mounting the steps from Riverview Avenue on a Sunday afternoon. No other proof than what they see and hear when they have entered the doors. For the twin art of painting—music, has its due share in the feast of soul which the Museum offers. The programs of the Sunday afternoon concerts have included the best amateur and professional talent in Dayton. Organ concerts, choruses, violin and piano soloists, under the auspices of the

Dayton Federated Clubs, have given joy to many otherwise deprived hearts.

With the recording of the exhibits, the concerts, the lectures and classes only part of the story of the Art Institute as a cultural force has been told. The old-time public library was one where the books stayed on the shelves and the people had to go after them. The new-time library takes the books to the people by means of branch libraries, traveling libraries, shop collections, etc., etc. It took the brain of Mr. B. B. Thresher to borrow the idea and apply it to pictures. It was he who instituted "Circulating Gallery of Portable Pictures." Unique in the beginning it has since been copied in other cities. Through the coöperation of a large number of the prominent artists of the country the Dayton Art Institute has put into circulation, under the same rules and regulations under which the public library issues books, a circulating gallery of pictures. The plan works out happily both ways. It enables the man of moderate means to enjoy upon his own walls, for a limited time, the work of a fine artist; it results, in not a few cases, in the artists selling the picture because the temporary borrower finds he cannot do without it. Most of all it results in a constantly widening appreciation of art through the only means known—that of intimate and daily association with pictures. On the back of each picture are printed the main facts of the artist's life and his successes and a few lines of appreciative criticism that may serve as an avenue of approach to its evaluation. The selling price is marked on the picture, and the fact that it may, if desired, be purchased on the installment plan.

In the space of three years no less than seventy important canvases have been sold in Dayton, where previously no interest whatever in good art existed. In some instances the children in a schoolroom saved their pennies and bought a canvas as a permanent possession of their school. From the wide endorsement that this plan has had from artists all over America and the favorable comments made in both this country and in England, it is plain that a new epoch in the promotion of the love of art has been successfully inaugurated. It is known as "The Dayton Plan." The collection includes original paintings in oil, original water-colors by eminent living American artists, reproductions of Old Masters and block prints and etchings and bronzes.

It is not mere local self-satisfaction which gives high rank to the Dayton Art Institute. It is being known about, inquired about and its best features copied by other art associations far and wide. The impetus it has given to Dayton connoisseurs is incalculable. It has promoted collection buying on the part of Daytonians, some of which are housed in the homes of the owners, some deposited as provisional loans or downright gifts, in the Museum itself. Mr. Frederick Beck Patterson has cultivated and indulged a taste for English portraiture and owns a number of notable works of this type. Mrs. R. R. Dickey's famous collection of fans, and Mrs. R. D. Patterson's laces both exist in the museum as indefinite loans. Mr. R. D. Patterson's portrait by Sir William Orpen is a masterpiece.

The museum has some good outside friends, like Mr. Leo Flesh, of Piqua, and Mr. William Cullen, of the Springboro Pike, who have loaned from time to time their own collections. Mrs. Evelyn Huffman Patterson has loaned her collection of English portraits. A Metcalfe landscape, now very rare and valued at fifteen thousand dollars, has been presented the museum by Mr. John B. Hayward. A Flanders tapestry of the Louis Quatorze period is the gift of John G. Lowe. Lorado Taft, the master sculptor, has been very generous to the Dayton Institute, having presented it with his group, "Solitude of the Soul"; also a bust of Hamlin Garland, and a cast of St. George, by Donatello. It was he who made possible the purchase of the peep-shows in the lower hall, those idealistic presentations of art in Florence in the fifteenth century. They were made in his own studio, and the prices reduced to $300 and $500 each, so as to place them within reach of the museum. Mrs. Carnell purchased one, and the Kettering Foundation the other. Mrs. Carnell also presented a superb tapestry by Oudenard of 1600 A. D.

To whom, it may be asked, after Mrs. Carnell, does Dayton owe her Art Institute? They are so many that the mere recording of their names if there were room would result in a dull catalogue. But they deserve recognition if even in the briefest way. The supporting membership is divided into six groups: Founders, Benefactors, Fellows, Life Members, Active Members. The total membership up to April 1, 1931, was one thousand three hundred and twenty-three. Of these names some are donors of large sums of money; some have loaned or presented gifts; some have been presidents or served on the board of trustees; some have given lectures or taught classes, or served on committees or sponsored social activities, or written interpretative articles for the papers. In short they have one and all, each in his or her own way, made Mrs. Carnell's gift a practical reality.

The list of Founders, as they appear upon a bronze tablet set in the wall of the loggia are as follows: Frederick P. Beaver, Edward A. Deeds, Mary P. Davidson, Charles F. Kettering, Elizabeth Hill-Smith, George H. Mead, Henrietta C. L. Patterson, Jefferson Patterson, Katherine H. Talbott, John B. Hayward, Harrie G. Carnell, Edith W. Deeds, Anna B. B. Gorman, Olive W. Kettering, John G. Lowe, Elsie T. Mead, Frederick B. Patterson, Robert Patterson, Orville Wright, Lillie Gebhart Mayer.

If distinction could be made there would be five names which stand out as the chief supporters of the plan. They are John G. Lowe, Robert

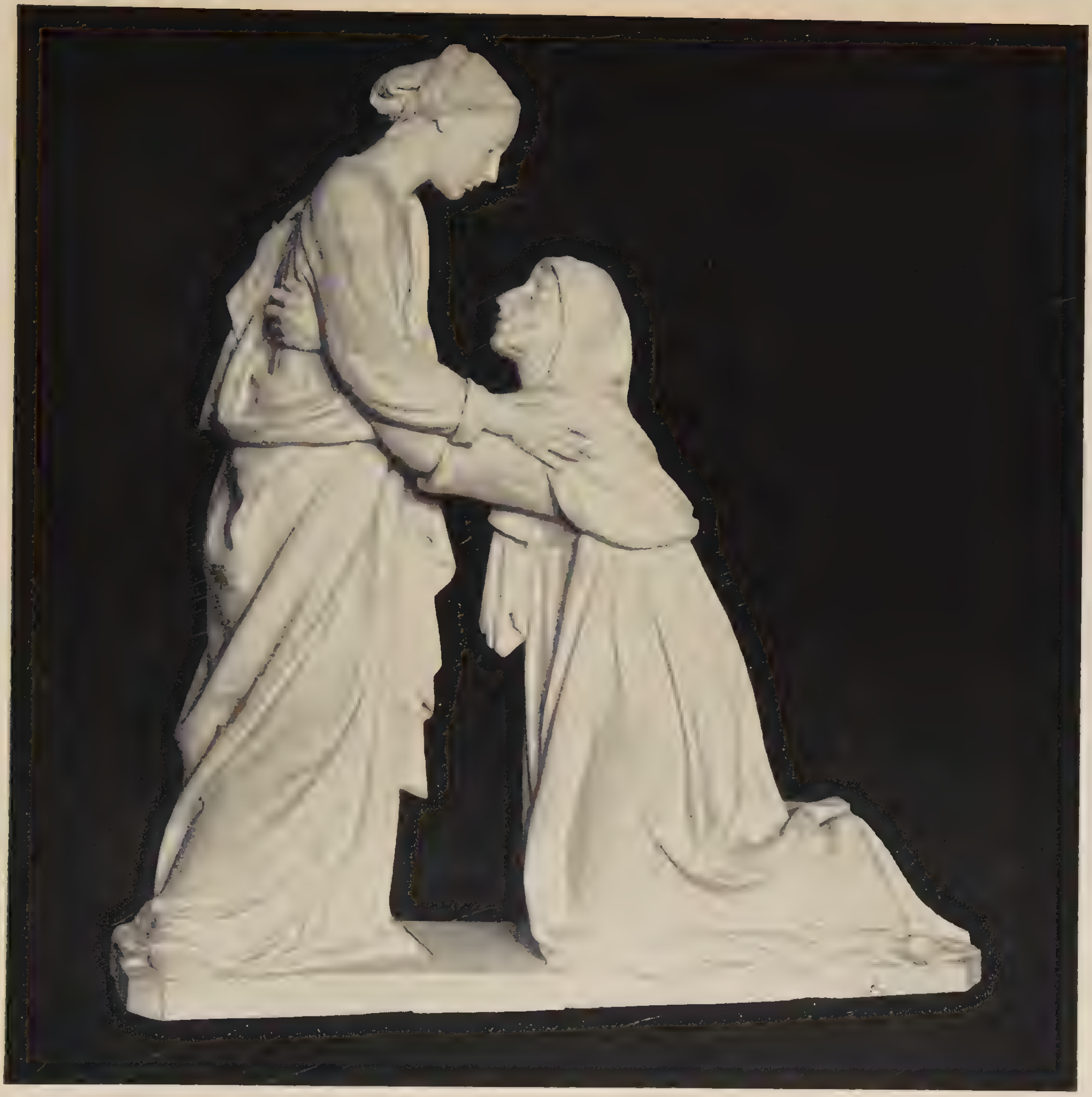
Patterson, B. B. Thresher, John B. Hayward, and Robert G. Corwin. From the first they have been warm and generous promoters of the Art Institute. All would deprecate personal particulars; suffice it to say that one of them has acted in his professional rôle of legal adviser, one contributed the qualities of a business man; one has given of his supreme selective taste in choosing exhibits; one has devoted time, material and spiritual gifts to the cause, and one has not once, but several times, without solicitation and with the utmost caution, pressed into the not unwilling hands of the treasurer, a check for ten thousand dollars.

Of directors and supervisors Dayton has enjoyed the services of some outstanding men. The first was Herman Sachs, who came in 1921 after twelve years in Europe at the head of an art school and as a leader of the modern movement. His work both there and here, included portraits, ceramics, tapestry and craft work. He was an artist of original and superlative quality and a pioneer in introducing designs for inlaid marble.

Theodore Hanford Pond was born in Beirut, Syria, and his childhood spent in Europe and the Holy Land. At nineteen he came to America, studied at Pratt Institute and afterwards taught designing wall paper, carpets, stained glass, furniture and jewelry. It was he who opened the first class in the Rhode Island School of Design, held the directorship of drawing and designing in the Association of Business and Art in New York, and from there to the School of Design at Rochester. In 1911 he started constructive work in the department of design and applied art at the Baltimore Institute, and in 1915 we find him director of applied art at Baltimore. Just before he came to Dayton the degree of Master Craftsman was conferred upon him by the Boston Society of Arts and Crafts.

With this training Pond came to Dayton and took up work in the old art museum on St. Clair Street where not only his work in silver and textiles created much admiration, but his personality as evinced in his teaching and lectures aroused the creative enthusiasm of all who came in contact with him. His influence in Dayton can never be fully measured. He is now director of the Art Institute at Akron.

The present head of the Dayton Art Institute is Seigfried Weng, whose youth and zest, whose fine technical training and inbred love of art fully qualify him for the position. Born in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, he studied at the State Teachers College, took his bachelor's and master's degrees at the University of Chicago. A year with the Art Institute and postgraduate work at Harvard completed Mr. Weng's formal education. His informal training consisted of a loyal and joyous association as docent in the studio of the great sculptor, Lorado Taft. During that five years he made two trips to Europe as assistant to Mr. Taft—an



VIRGIN AND ST. ELIZABETH
From the Collection of the Dayton Art Institute

Andrea della Robbia.

inestimable privilege. As an artist Mr. Weng's best work is in block printing, but his interest lies primarily in sculpture. Not the least of his accomplishments is a vibrant expressive voice with which he occasionally delights his friends. As a student in the University of Chicago he was cantor in the college choir.

Local Artists—In summing up the achievements of Dayton artists, present or past, the name of Hugo B. Froelich, whose untimely death a few years ago was a distinct loss to art, comes instantly to mind. He was a Dayton boy, educated at the old Central High School, and a friend of Otto Beck and Victor Shinn in that early primitive school of workers who laid such good foundation for those who came after. Froelich conducted, for some of the years in the 'nineties, an art studio in the Newsalt Building. But larger fields called him, and in 1895 he became connected with Pratt Institute and also with the Prang Company in designing. He also conducted the Froelich-Snow Summer Art School in Chicago. No better summing up of his influence can be found than the inscription on a memorial window erected by his artist friends in Newark, New Jersey, where he was director of the museum during the last years of his life.

> To one whose life brought rewards more largely to others than to himself—whose genial colorful personality, radiating joy everywhere, continually inspired teachers and pupils alike to their highest efforts.

Mr. Froelich was a much quoted authority on art matters and the author of a number of textbooks on art.

Miss Anne Campbell has built for herself an enduring monument in the hearts of high school pupils whose budding love for art she has fostered through many years. Long study when a girl with Miss Laura Birge, then with Otto Beck, after that with Arthur W. Dow, a year at Teachers College, two summers abroad, study in the National Gallery, Louvre and Rycks Museum; most of all, continued devotion to her work have brought Miss Campbell to the place of honor she now occupies among the artists of Dayton.

Mercy Crowell Brett, although not now in Dayton, deserves to be counted in, because she is a gifted natural artist and still remembered here for her studies in water colors and crafts work. Her present home is in California, where she made her immediate mark among the artists of that State and is now in charge of the drawing classes of the Palo Alto High School.

Another absent though not forgotten Dayton artist is Ernest Blumenschein, who began as a violinist, went to Paris to study, got shifted into art and whose illustrations frequently meet the eye in the current magazines. While living in Paris his home was a rendezvous for the American artist colony, and his pictures exhibited in the Salon.

Although in the meaning of the word art, as accepted in the distant past Miss Jane Reece is not an artist, she is one of the foremost who have raised the pursuit of photography into its due rank among the fine arts. Through her unerring sense of values in light and shade, in composition and design, she has acquired the distinction of being a "pictorialist." A practiced searcher after beauty and, with her camera, in long walks afield and during her trips abroad she has found and recorded it in unexpected places. Her works are exhibited in the collections at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh, in Cleveland, New York, Buffalo, Detroit, and Omaha. Her photographic skill is well known in Europe, and exhibits are in constant demand. They will be found in Vienna, Salzburg, Austria, in Copenhagen and in Saragossa, Spain. Her portrait of Lorado Taft seated at the base of one of his statues has been reproduced in the "World's Work," and hailed as "The Picture of the Month." A new invention of hers in which color plays an important part is said to be about to revolutionize pictorial art.

Honors for Miss Reece have been many. Her medals include one from Hamburg, five from Canada, one from France, one from Italy, one from Edinburgh. She lives in a transformed engine house on Riverview Avenue, where she receives her friends, pursues her art and from time to time gathers about her by exhibitions, art of all kinds, her own included.

Mr. John Kabel is also a photographer whose work has earned high praise and is seen in numberless magazines and books.

Mr. Frank E. Betz is best known among his fellow-citizens for his photographic studies of the Steele High School lion and of Dayton from the Art Institute, both of which are reproduced in this volume.

In Miss Martha K. Schauer, whose flower studies of rampant color are a joy we find not only a producer, but an interpreter so to speak, of art. An industrious and loving transcriber of beauty she has exhibited water color renderings at the Brooklyn Museum of Art, the Ohio Water Color Society, the Ohio Modern Painters Society, and the Dayton Art Institute. Many have been purchased and hang on Dayton walls. She became director of that happy hive of creating children, the Saturday school at the Institute in 1926, and in 1927 organzied the first Summer School and directed it until it was absorbed into the regular Art School. She organized the first "art week" and served as chairman of the Art Committee of the Chamber of Commerce; is now a member of the Board of Trustees of the Institute.

As an interpreter, her weekly articles in the local papers have taught many people what to look for at the Institute and why; they have without doubt pulled even unwilling people into the galleries and made them alive to what they were looking at. The "American Magazine of Art" and the "School Art Magazine" carry frequent articles from her pen.

In one of her articles Miss Schauer says: "Dayton has always had beauty as a dominant objective," in support of which she cites the wide streets laid out by Daniel C. Cooper, the elms planted by John Van Cleve, and the dignified classic courthouse. With a part of this estimate we differ and with part concur. With scenic beauty we did indeed start well, but with pictorial beauty we were, in the 'seventies and 'eighties as ignorant as Hottentots. Barring the Soules in 1860 and the Threshers and Miss Forrer in the 'seventies, not one Daytonian out of a hundred would have known a good painting from a chromo. Pray Heaven, we may not take a backward road and grow so sophisticated on the subject of framed landscapes that we forget the beauty of our own Miami Valley, and perhaps allow our courthouse to disappear from the face of the earth.

Robert Whitmore is a Dayton boy, although now in connection with Antioch College and living at Yellow Springs. His work is full of feeling, and more people besides his own fellow-citizens have learned to look for it in exhibits of paintings and etchings. Three of his works were accepted for the exhibit of the Chicago Society of Etching. His work in color has also received wide notice and sincere admiration.

Walter W. Pfeiffer, a graduate of the Maryland Institute of Art is instructor in the Dayton school, and carries on class work in pottery, silversmithing, jewelry, engraving, wood carving. Specimens of his work have been shown in important exhibits as far east as Boston, and as far west as Minneapolis, and many points between.

Of Mr. Brainers Bliss Thresher's work as a craftsman it is difficult to speak with proper appraisement. His artistic instincts are *sui generis*. Scarcely known in Dayton, his work is on permanent exhibit at the Grand Central galleries in New York and frequently sold. His inlaid screens, radio cabinets, tryptichs, lamps, are to be found in some of the most exclusive and artistic homes in America. For his foundations he uses cypress wood of beautiful graining, and by a process known only to himself (and which he says "comes by prayer and fasting"), he eliminates the substance between the lines of the grain of the wood, leaving nature's pattern in relief and qualified by color or gold. Upon this foundation and in designs always different and striking he superimposes silver or gold, ivory or shell, horn or copper, as his taste dictates. His studio contains materials which he has gathered in travels far and wide from Mexico to the Orient, and which he uses in amazing designs and intriguing patterns.

Always interested in fine craftsmanship, Mr. Thresher began while in college to work in wrought iron, in a hired forge of the village blacksmith. This occupation proving too boisterous for home consumption he turned his attention to quieter media. It was pioneer work in those days and gained great acclaim. The Boston Museum of Art, the Art Institute of Chicago, the National Arts Club, New York, the Detroit Society of Arts and Crafts have all carried from time to time Mr. Thresher's beautiful work. An international exhibition of Applied Arts in Turin, Italy, also contained specimens. The new technique in bas-relief wood carving above alluded to has been shown at the Ehrich galleries and the National Arts Club. His bas-reliefed ivory sculpture, where the background is cut away and gold substituted, has attracted an immense amount of appreciative criticism. Several of these pieces were invited for their first New York showing by P. Jackson Higg's gallery, which shows only foreign art. They have been compared to the work of Cellini.

With all this well-earned acclaim Mr. Thresher remains a prophet in his own country and has never had his picture in the Dayton papers.

There is a group of ambitious and conscientious women painters in Dayton who are gradually making their mark in the local art world, and some beyond. Miss Rosalie Lowrey devotes herself to portraiture with gratifying results. Her first study was under Robert M. Oliver, at the Dayton Art Institute, later at the Pennsylvania School of Fine Arts, and the Art Students' league of New York. She has painted a number of Dayton women, the most outstanding being Jane Reece.

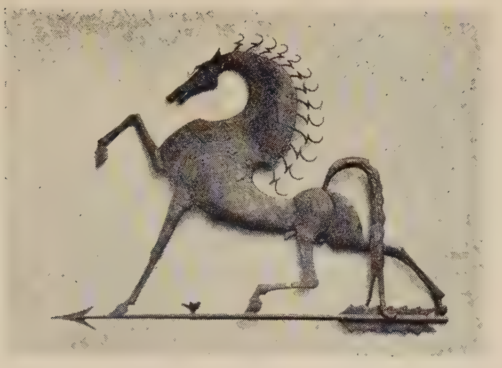
Mrs. Juliet Burdoin has a studio in Dayton and one at Gloucester, Massachusetts, where in the artists' settlement she paints busily all summer, and exhibits in the fall. Her training came in New York, Paris, and Holland. Many of her most beautiful pieces are painted from her own window in Gloucester of fishing boats in the harbor. Mrs. Burdoin uses both oils and water colors, and chooses as her subjects landscapes, flowers and portraits.

Mrs. Abby Lytle Wuichet contributes to the Dayton summary some well dealt with examples of flowers and landscapes.

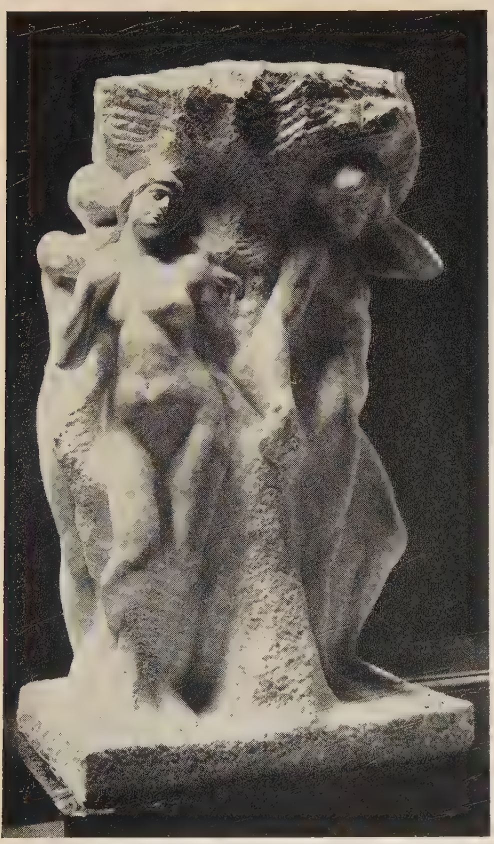
Mrs. Jess Brown Aull is another of the women artists of abundant promise and charming achievement. Her studies in Brittany give one a real glimpse of medieval Europe.

Mrs. Howell Howard not only has the outstanding modern collection in Dayton, but is herself actively engaged in painting. Her water colors and oils have been shown in the exhibition of Independent Artists in New York, and in Cincinnati.

Paul E. Wilhelm, a young sculptor, has had his pieces in this year's exhibit of Independent Artists and in the Legion of Honor gallery at San Francisco. His work claims more and more attention from connoisseurs. Albert Loos, Alvin Raffel, Stephen Gilman, Robert J. Smith are all doing good work as painters; Phillis Kumler Thacker, Seth M. Delsey, Robert Koepnick and Eliza Talbott Thayer (of Newton Square, Pennsylvania, but formerly of Dayton) as sculptors.



"THE PRANCING STEED"
Hunt Diederich



"THE SOLITUDE OF THE SOUL"
Lorado Taft
From the Collection of the Dayton Art Institute

An important member of the faculty of the Institute School of Art is Leroy D. Sauer, block printer, etcher, poster designer and advertising illustrator. He is a product of the Cincinnati Art Academy, the Cleveland School of Art, and the American Art Training Center at Paris.

Edwin R. Burroughs is a graduate of the Maryland Institute, won the Municipal Arts Society scholarship in 1925, and the Howard W. Jackson first prize in 1926. Bernice E. Buyer is a metal worker and jeweler of great taste, and a graduate of the Art Institute of Chicago.

Seth M. Velsey is doing good work in anatomy, modeling and sculpture. He worked four years in the studio of Lorado Taft, and studied at the Art Institute in Chicago.

Louis Lott is our veteran architect, landscape planner, lover of art, lecturer and promoter of public interest and upholder of the Dayton Art Institute. He studied in Cologne, Munich, at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris, and has spent many years on the Continent and in England.

In summing up the activities and community service of the Dayton Art Institute the writer meets the insuperable difficulty of limitation of space. To enumerate the exhibits would require not a chapter but a bulky catalogue; to record the concerts, lectures, club meetings, teas, receptions, dramas, orchestral performances, choir programs, and special privileges, we find not a chapter would suffice but a whole volume. Not a day in the week nor a week in the year but sees something vital and educational offered to the public, and the public begins to understand. Nearly fourteen thousand people entered those doors during the year of 1930. All will come again.

Especially significant are the Sunday evening vesper meetings. There in the lovely cloisters, under the fading summer sky, there is the sound of voices and of violins. The breeze that the hill-top catches moves the vines and the greenery. The glow of the sunset touches the ancient stone columns under whose arches people sit listening. Are they supercilious connoisseurs with a life-time of gallery haunting in their experience? Not at all. They are people who, most of them, have never been to Europe, have had no training in appreciation and have spent all their lives in Dayton. Yet here they are, drinking in the beauty of art which they feel belongs to them, and treading the paths of culture open heretofore only to the sophisticated and the rich. There are children, too, not noisy and romping but quiet and receptive, learning their lesson, too, that man does not live by bread alone.

It is not only impersonal art which welcomes these visitors, but human hospitality and a friendly welcome. "We hope you will come again" is the invitation. They do come and they always will come. Dayton is having her soul restored.

It is the triumph of democracy in art.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CLUBS AND THE CLUB MOVEMENT.

The Women's Clubs.

The club movement is distinctly a product of the years between 1885 and the present day. In the Dayton of long ago we read of social gatherings to promote literary culture; there was a "Lyceum" at which leading citizens lectured. They had societies for the promotion of various interests, among them the Public Library, but they did not have clubs. Especially was there nothing that could be called a "club movement." Not until the late 'eighties did it begin to be talked of as a "movement," and it was the women rather than the men who were most active.

"Sorosis" of New York, the first great club for women, blazed a trail across the intellectual heavens and soon not a small town in the Union but had its woman's club. That these attempts to be "literary" were rather puerile cannot be denied, as the programs of their meetings abundantly testify, but what must never be overlooked is that they not only changed the social atmosphere of the day but made possible the wider, freer, more advanced organizations that have since become so potent in our economic and political life.

In this connection it is interesting to note the change in public opinion. In 1890 some husbands were not a little concerned over the question whether a woman's "club" could really be perfectly respectable, that is in the sense of *comme il faut.* Newspaper editors knew from the beginning that it was a fateful experiment. In the first place women, they were sure, could have nothing really vital to discuss or contribute. In the second place there was no use in it. Women were not really citizens, they had no share in the public issues that affect men. If the curtain of the future could have been lifted to disclose women in business and politics, to disclose even nation-wide organizations of women's clubs composed entirely of business and professional women, neither they nor we would have believed that a bird of such a feather could ever be hatched.

In the early 'seventies Dayton, except for the Saturday Club, was commercial to the core and not much else. In the 'eighties the most we could say of ourselves was that we were undernourished intellectually and did not know it. Music had made a start but books and pictures did not come into our lives as bread and butter. The tone of society life was mid-Victorian, superficial, elementary. A few owned good pictures but there was no general wish to examine or to buy them. Good private libraries there were, under Steele and Thresher roofs, and a few of us, according to family training and habit, were readers. But to have talked much about it would have raised a certain kind of alarm as a claim of super-intellectuality. To have boldly discussed a book, other than the latest best-seller novel, would have set one down as a poseur. Women came together in those blank years in one of two or three ways—church sociables, card parties and infrequent and formal evening receptions. To any wider outlook they were blind; to the large world interests with which their husbands were familiar they were indifferent.

I have gone at some length into the story of this atmosphere of dull but pleasant superficiality to note the remarkable change that came over the city in the last two decades of the century. Those who assailed it at the time as a "fad" now know it as the lever that lifted Dayton women into a new life.

James A. Robert came, with his wife, from New England to Dayton in the early 'seventies, he to act as principal of Cooper Seminary, then in its prime. With the advent of this cultivated couple a new current in thought might have been discerned. For the Roberts talked about the things that had nothing to do with business or personal gossip. They led at dinner tables in conversation that centered upon books or art or music. It was a Baptist circle that first welcomed the Roberts and their first friends were the Threshers, the A. D. Wilts, Mrs. Harriet Stevens, at whose home the pleasant group boarded. Mr. Robert's erudition was astounding and comprehensive. History, mathematics, music, art, he had at his tongue's end and his practical faculty has been told in the story of the Robert Fill.

It goes without saying that Mr. Robert was an interesting teacher. The fame of his interpretations spread to the homes of his pupils where, to a proposal that he lead a weekly class for the mothers, the welcome was instantaneous. It was the only place in Dayton where adult women met with subjects outside of their own domestic duties and their church. Gradually it became the fashion to admit interest in serious things and when the class disbanded it was he who suggested that it be the nucleus for a larger group to call itself a "club."

So the club movement had its beginning in Dayton and to James Robert we owe its inception and to Mary Steele its application. With the most vital interest in everything that pertained to Dayton, Mary Steele triumphed over the limitations of weak health and helped us plan our first yearbook and book lists.* From her sick bed we took notes to the library where another book-lover and expert, Electra Doren, supplied from her head and from the shelves all that Mary Steele suggested and more. Except for these it would have been a case of the blind leading the blind. But it was a procession fired with enthusiasm, for at last the women of Dayton, or some of them, found a better reason for existence than dressing, calling, jelly-making and gossip.

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*See "Dayton Saints and Prophets."

It was on March 30, 1889, that a group met at Cooper Hotel (then under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Fox and a center of social life) to make plans for what was to be known as "The Woman's Literary Club." They were Miss Carrie Brown, Mrs. James A. Marlay, Mrs. E. R. Stillwell, Mrs. A. D. Wilt, Miss Electra Doren, Mrs. James A. Robert, Mrs. Frank Conover. At a later meeting they were augmented by Mrs. J. B. Thresher, Miss Mary Reeve, Miss Anna Rogers, Miss Martha Perrine, Mrs. W. D. Bickham, Miss Florence Gebhart. The plan was to have four classes of study—art, history, general literature, and miscellaneous—with a chairman for each and the sections taking turns in the bi-monthly programs. Later these departments were given up and the club as a whole occupied itself with the study of the English authors and the classics. Looking back upon our ambitions one hardly knows when to smile and when to weep.

Our first yearbooks were marvels in more ways than one. It was so remarkable to see our own names in print, and as purveyors of knowledge that, in a way, it went to our heads. The club became a saturnalia of culture. There was nothing too deep or too abstruse for us to attempt in the name of Literature, with a capital letter. Our aims were novel and we did take ourselves most seriously. As an illustration of our all-comprehensiveness let us glance at a page in one of the early programs. That the subjects given out for discussion were in the form of questions shows that we were not quite firm on our literary feet and our greatest pride lay in what we were *going* to do.

"Why Should We Choose a High Literary Standard"?	Mrs. Robert
"What is Meant by Culture"?	Mrs. Wood
"Is it Desirable That Women Should Speak in Public"?	Mrs. Forgy
"How May the Greatest Advantages be Obtained from a Literary Organization"?	Mrs. Winters
"Of What Benefit is the Study of Art"?	Mrs. Gottschall
"Of What Benefit is the Study of History"?	Mrs. Wilt
"What is the Best Course to Pursue in the Study of Literature"?	Mrs. Conover
"Distinctive Features of Woman's Work"	Mrs. Thresher
"An Account of Sorosis"	Mrs. Lytle

When we learn that this monumental program was supposed to fill, and did, one single meeting of the club it will be admitted that our aims were far from simple.

Laying aside for the moment our sympathetic sarcasm, we must stress the fact of the good things the Woman's Literary Club did for Dayton. It brought to us, who at the time had so few outside contacts, some of the leading lights in the world of letters. The venerable Jennie June (Mrs. Croly), once the leading woman writer and now almost forgotten, was the first guest to be entertained and listened to. George Riddle of Cambridge read Goethe's "Faust" to a musical accompaniment by Howard Peirce and Idelette Andrews; Alice Freeman Palmer was given a reception at the Walter Smith home; Madam Korenz of Syria told us of "The Orient and Oriental Women"; Hannibal Williams read Shakespeare; Professors Moulton and Clark of Chicago University brought us university lectures; Dr. E. A. Steiner was a frequent and welcome guest; the F. P. Beaver home gave its hospitality on the occasion of the visit of Dr. Alice Luce of Berlin; Amy Murray sang Scottish songs; Sophie Friedland talked on the "Development of Russian Women" long before they were developed; George W. Cable and James Lane Allen gave a double reading for the benefit of Berea College; Paul Laurence Dunbar, returning from triumphs in England, recited his own poems at the (then) Woman's Christian Association in the Winters Homestead on West Third Street. Daytonians, too, contributed their store: Otto Beck on "Mural Decorations," E. M. Thresher on "Egypt," and B. B. Thresher on "The Arts and Crafts Movement."

Self-culture was not the sole aim of the Literary Club; we mixed philanthropy and community service with it, agitating for summer band concerts, a juvenile court, public playgrounds, and vacation schools. We really carried through to completion the appointment of a police matron, an unheard of innovation for those years. In fact the Literary Club *opened doors*, which is not a bad thing to do in any time or place. Presidents who have served the Literary Club in the past are: Jane B. Marlay, Agnes J. Robert, Salome K. Rike, Charlotte Reeve Conover, Sara B. Thresher, Mary M. Parrott, Mary Reeve Dexter, Mary M. Kumler, Mabel S. Withoft, Marie J. Kumler, Elizabeth F. Peirce, Erminie G. Crawford, Nellie McCampbell, Elsie Castor Chisman, Anna Whittaker Roussel, Laura T. McCann, Mabel M. Pierce, Minnie R. Millette, Justina M. Showers, Bertha B. Landis, Elizabeth P. Fenton.

The Woman's Literary Club was not the only club in Dayton but it was the first. It set a fashion and other clubs began to spring up like mushrooms in the night. The first to follow on the good road was an organization of teachers calling itself the Helen Hunt Club. Its natal day was February 24, 1891, and its primary object was the study of literature and the reading of papers. However there speedily developed another line of effort which carried it far afield and made of it a pioneer, and that was into the drama. The yearly program included the reading aloud, with assigned parts, of some play, always a standard or classic production. The word "reading" was a modest expression meant to cover possible imperfections, also because, being busy teachers, they had no time to memorize parts. The players held the book of the play in their hands but if they consulted it it was but seldom, and they moved through their rôles seemingly quite unhampered by notes. The surprising thing was the amount of dramatic talent developed. Long before the days of the Theatre Guild or the Drama League they were fostering the spirit of the old-new art. No estimate would be fair that did not take into account their limitations and the triumphant way in which these were overcome. The Helen Hunt Club had no treasury to speak of; its members were occupied all day and often in the evening. There could be no stage setting and but the simplest costumes. But the true dramatic spirit governed them and the modern view that great drama depends not upon accessories but upon the majesty of the spoken lines. As many were teachers of English they brought to their task a deep and sincere appreciation of the great plays. Some of them read with the finished precision of the real stage. Miss Leota Clark, principal of Patterson school, was such an one. Tall, dignified and impressive in her personality, she easily became the leading spirit of the club.

Hear now the record of thirty years of ambitious and conscientious work: "The School for Scandal," "The Rivals," "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Hunchback," "The Lady of Lyons," "Les Femmes Savantes," "As You Like It," "Les Precieuses Ridicules," "Arms and the Man," "You Never Can Tell," "Paola and Francesca," "A Maker of Dreams," "Iphigenia in Taurus," "The Great Adventure," "El Indiano," "A Comedy of Errors," "Everyman," "Twelfth Night," "Caliban." Besides these there were presented dramatizations of noted novels, done by the members themselves.

Space has been given to these two leading clubs because they did indeed set a fashion which the world of Dayton women were not slow to follow. The earlier clubs kept faithfully to the exclusive idea of self-culture and their yearbooks followed closely the general plan of the Literary Club. Some of them were: The Friday Afternoon, Woman's Century, Advance, Harriet Stevens, Progress, Alert, Book Club, Emerson, Home Economics, Louisa M. Alcott, Home Culture, Outlook, High Standard, Burroughs' Nature Study, Woman's Arkay, Fortnightly. Within the next twenty years their number has increased until even the names could not be included in a history of this kind.

In the new century women began to organize for other objects besides self-improvement. Such an one was the Dayton College Woman's Club organized in 1907 with a membership of three hundred with the object of bringing together university women for their own personal acquaintance and for the furthering of the aims under which they gained their diplomas. Graduates of nearly fifty colleges compose this body of members. Article three of the constitution declares that active members shall be "women holding degrees from colleges acceptable to the College Entrance Examination Board and to the North American Association of Colleges." Anything that fosters an interest in higher education is the particular concern of the College Woman's Club, in furtherance of which it has maintained for years an exhibit to be shown in the Public Library every season toward the end of the school year, illustrating the claims of the various colleges of the land. High school graduates may then make a choice of the institution most nearly meeting their needs. The club frequently entertains high school students as guests when it explains the advantages of a college education and, if possible, simplifies the manner of achieving it. In 1918 the club contributed to the support of French orphans. In 1916 it purchased books for the aid of the Young Women's Christian Association Institute. And it continually seeks to interest people in peace, the World Court and the League of Nations.

In the past ten years the trend has been constantly away from the self-culture clubs and towards what are termed classified clubs and with a membership from the business and professional world. And this trend is not at all a local but a nation-wide symptom. So that when we treat of the women's clubs in Dayton today we are touching the merely local share of what belongs to the whole United States. This movement is best exemplified in the Altrusa Club with a selective classified membership for women who serve in an administrative or executive capacity. A place on the roll is bestowed upon but one woman from each business or profession, which restriction insures the very finest personnel and guarantees a general representation of all interests. It makes possible the insistence that members be active participants and keeps clubs small enough to permit of mutual acquaintance, understanding and close friendships.

The objectives of the Altrusa Club are to give executive women the opportunity to meet with each other and to broaden the individual outlook, to encourage high ethical standards of business and professional conduct and to encourage participation in community and public affairs. Every Altrusa Club is affiliated with and receives its charter from the National Association.

As to eligibility, the club only admits representatives who have been legally qualified and especially trained. Thus from the schools only superintendents, principals or supervisors, in institutions only superintendents, business managers, specialists, supervisors and organizers—in fact it is an association of experts.

The first Altrusa Club was organized in Nashville, Tennessee, April

11, 1917; the first Dayton branch August 17, 1917, with Miss Bessie D. Moore, a lawyer, as president. The following have served as presidents in the order given: Katherine Hardy, Edith Cummin, Sarah Altick, Edith Hall Matthews, Nellie Mittendorf, Mary Goode Royal, Flora Cotterill, Emma King, Helen M. Currier.

While the Altrusa Club confined its membership entirely to the heads of business firms, the Business and Professional Woman's Club held out the welcoming hand to the rank and file of business women. It was organized in the spring of 1916 as an outgrowth of a small circle in the Young Women's Christian Association. "To dignify the occupation of each member as affording her an opportunity to serve society—to uphold high ethical standards in business life" are some of the ideals of this organization of women. They meet twice a month, are affiliated both with the City Federation and the State Federation, and have a membership of a hundred and fifty.

One of the new clubs and notable in its way is the English Club organized in 1927 with a membership of 118 teachers. It came into existence, according to its own preamble, through the desire and need of teachers of English to extend their interest into the accomplishments of allied professions. During the very successful three years of its existence the English Club has listened to professional Dayton men and women and several nationally eminent writers, among them Zona Gale, Robert Frost, Professor Mossman of Columbia, Dr. Philip Schneider of Wittenberg.

The Dayton Teachers' Club was organized in 1902 with these avowed objects: To advance the interests of the schools, to raise the standards of the profession, to cultivate a spirit of sympathy and good will among the teachers, to create in the public a proper conception of the value and dignity of the teaching profession, and to form a representative body able to speak with authority for teachers.

The teachers directly and the children indirectly have benefited by the lectures on travel, music, science, art and present day topics; by round table discussions of regular school subjects and by courses in story-telling, photoplay writing and nature study which the club has offered.

There are seven hundred and fifty members including grade teachers, principals and supervisors. Of the practical achievements of the Teachers' Club in the twenty-eight years of its existence the following is a partial list. It introduced a city pension, engaged in Red Cross relief work in 1913, managed the Smileage Book campaign, coöperated with the State Committee of Teachers' Clubs in establishing a state-wide annuity system, paid the expenses of those who went to Columbus in behalf of legislation for the adoption of the retirement system, managed a survey of Dayton public school activities, circulated petitions in favor of the Teachers' Tenure Law and of adoption by the Board of Education of the statewide retirement system, contributed to the mill levy campaign to the State Retirement Committee in Columbus.

The time came when teachers meeting in clubs by themselves and mothers meeting in clubs by themselves seemed to lose sight of the fact of how much mothers and teachers had in common. Chief among them of course the welfare of the children. A teacher, Miss Anna Littell, and a mother, Mrs. A. J. Barnett, came to the conclusion simultaneously that the two should unite and from this small beginning came forth in February, 1920, the Dayton and Montgomery County Parent Teacher Association. For some time mothers and teachers had been meeting in small local groups to further in an informal way the need of the school section to which they both belonged. The advantages of a union of all these groups became evident and fourteen of them composed the first association. Now there are fifty-eight. Together they make as practical and useful an organization as we have in Dayton. No one but a mother knows how many problems there are in bringing up a family. Who can help so well as the trained teacher? The teacher knows how much each child's home life reacts upon his standing in school. If the teacher cannot understand a child perhaps his mother may help her; if anything is wrong with the home it is the teacher who can best assist. If the teachers need the support of public opinion it is the parents who can best give it.

Year by year the list of the clubs grows until now there seems to be no circle that it does not reach. Formerly confined to what are known as "leisured women," it has extended its scope to include industrial workers, university women, the blind, Catholic, Protestant and Jew, quiet mothers taking care of their homes and families, and women on farms. All have just one thing in common—a sense of their own limitations and the effort to enlarge their opportunities. Some have joined to perfect themselves in their profession, or to improve their parenthood or their housekeeping, some to supplement their study of French or music by contact with others, some to make the gardens of Dayton the loveliest in the world; some for religious purposes in their churches, some entirely political as the Republican or Democratic clubs, some to play whist, some to make the world "air minded"—in short the clubs of Dayton have multiplied to such an extent that the mere naming of them is forbidden by the exigencies of space. A few of the oldest and a few of the latest are all that may be allowed.

We now come to the most potent of all the women's clubs—potent because it works politically for the ends for which the other clubs have only used persuasion. This is the League of Women Voters, a nationwide organization begun in 1920 as a logical descendant of the National

Woman's Suffrage Association. To have achieved the vote was for the women only the first step toward economic freedom and service. To educate the voters was the next step and when fully informed about issues, to work through both political parties for their achievement.

The first meeting for the organization of the Dayton branch was held May 13, 1920, with representation from twenty-four clubs, and Mrs. N. M. Stanley elected president with the following officers and board of directors: Mrs. O. F. Davisson, Mrs. George Antrim, Mrs. LaVerne Warwick, Mrs. W. S. Gunckel, Miss Margaret Burns, Miss Ella Haas, Mrs. W. E. Harbottle, Mrs. Alfred McCray, Miss Nellie Mittendorf, Mrs. Gus Becker, Mrs. J. M. Phillipi, Mrs. H. E. Legler, Mrs. William Fenton, Mrs. C. W. Ditmer.

If, in the past, men had been skeptical as to the value and permanency of women's organizations, they were doubly so now. In the first place the League of Women Voters were all partisan, wherefore of course it would fail. Whoever heard of men of both parties working together? Republicans and Democrats for the same ends? It was unthinkable and of course would fall to pieces. But the women were wise. They meant to do now what nobody had done before—work politically, each member through her own party representatives in the State and at Washington for the legislation which they desired.

We have no time for long stories here. The record of ten years is a sufficient argument for their permanence. They have begun with self-education in schools for citizenship, voters' schools, preëlection meetings, neighborhood study groups, publication of candidates' questionnaires, house to house calls, held demonstrations on voting machines, brought in experts and speakers from the outside—the whole program being a complete system of adult education. It has supported the city manager charter in Dayton since its adoption and fought vigorously attempts to abolish it or to allow its provisions to be misused. It stands always for measures and not for candidates. It stands for complete publicity in all public affairs. It maintains a clearing house for all subjects that the voter needs to be informed upon, an advantage of which the men as well as the women avail themselves. It has built up a membership from fifty to nearly a thousand. Every Tuesday during the season the members come together for a discussion luncheon during which such subjects as taxation, election, direct primaries, permanent registration, proportional representation, the World Court or the League of Nations are discussed, either among themselves or through outside experts. In short the League of Women Voters is a school for adults in the things most obligatory for the safety of our Republic.

As to actual concrete accomplishments, it was the combined leagues in Ohio which really compassed the adoption of the Bing Law for compulsory school attendance and protection against child labor. They also led the movement for a new election code for Ohio including provisions for permanent registration, shorter ballot, and the use of voting machines.

It was in 1907 that the club women of Dayton learned their most important lesson—that good and interesting as their own clubs were, they could be twice as good and useful and interesting if joined together. The federal idea in our Nation made the federal idea in clubs a foregone conclusion. And so, fostered at first by that uncontested leading woman of Dayton, Mrs. Marie J. Kumler, the Dayton Federation of Clubs came into existence. It was a new idea and only eight clubs answered the call to organize. Now they number sixty—all interested, all active, all potent.

A wise basis of organization was by departments, as follows: American citizenship, law observance, family finance, education, community service, illiteracy, public instruction, fine arts, literature and the drama, music, public welfare, adult delinquency, child welfare, public health, industry. There are nine standing committees occupying themselves with the application of their research and study to the welfare of Dayton. After twenty-three years of conscientious work the list of the Federation accomplishments is its best test of the right to survive. Through its bimonthly meetings the women of Dayton have achieved a solidarity which has had results. One of them will be seen when the new Patterson Boulevard is opened. Trees lining the thoroughfare will memorialize the memory of the man who loved trees and taught Dayton to love them—John H. Patterson. The system of visiting nurses now under the control of the city began when the Federation paid the salary of the first district nurse and set a good fashion. Sixty girls longing for college experience have had it through the scholarship fund of the Federation. Shut-ins longing for reading material have had it supplied by the magazine section of the Federation. Coöperating with Miss Doren of the Public Library made possible the first traveling and school libraries and the famous "Book Wagon," and each branch library resolved itself through the aid of the Federation into a social center. The civic workers committee fostered what was known as the P. U. P. committee to teach the children to pick up papers and help keep the streets clean. From this issued a strong call for regular garbage disposal which has been taken up and put into practice by our city government. The early Saturday closing habit of the stores, to enable the clerks to have a longer weekly holiday was achieved by agitation begun in the Federation. The same of the "shop early" campaign just before Christmas. The two stereopticons presented to each branch library was one of the steps in visual education. The really habitual patronage of a good part of the public to buy of the blind originated in the Federation, so did the Saturday morning matinees for children in the school buildings and especially at the National Cash Register factory.

The foregoing are not half of the concrete accomplishments of the Federation, but its abstract gains must not be overlooked. It has, possibly without knowing it, created a basis of public opinion to support the advance of musical concerts, literary lectures, the study of art, the spread of books and magazines, street cleaning, good government and city beautification. Such things don't come of themselves and they never do come unless there is an educated public ready to adopt them. What the individual clubs were particularly interested in was made possible by the wider scope of the Federation. And thus it has grown and will grow with a greater sense of public demand as the years go on.

The women to whom most credit is due for the inspiration and holding together of this group of five thousand club workers are of course those who have served as presidents in the past twenty-three years. Here are the names: Mrs. Charles H. Kumler, Mrs. E. B. Lyon, Mrs. Scott Pierce, Mrs. Harry S. Snyder, Mrs. F. Gillum Cromer, Mrs. George D. Antrim, Mrs. S. Rufus Jones, Mrs. Wilson G. Clagett, Miss Irma C. Geekins, Mrs. Hamilton Shaffer and Mrs. Claud North Chrisman.

For all these brave accomplishments of the Dayton Federation of Clubs, it remained an entity without a permanent meeting place. An inherent characteristic in woman is the desire for a home and what is true of one woman is true of a group. Other cities had club houses and the idea of Dayton following the new fashion was definitely agitated by Mrs. Kumler and Mr. J. H. Patterson. The flood of 1913 threw on the real estate market a number of old up-town mansions of generous size and convenient situation, among them the residence of the late Abram Darst at 225 North Ludlow Street. A stock company was formed with shares within the purchasing power of the average woman and in November, 1916, the Darst home became the property of the club women of Dayton. Mr. Patterson contributed six thousand dollars toward the renovation and furnishing—Mrs. Marie J. Kumler was chosen the first chairman of the club house committee under whose able and enthusiastic leadership the Club House became what it now is, the home for all the clubs, the meeting place for the women of Dayton. The club has surpassed its anticipated usefulness so far that twice it has been substantially enlarged and the property adjoining purchased to care for future needs. What had seemed such a thin vision and filled the members who first authorized it with apprehension has become the outstanding interest and necessity to club life in Dayton. The admirably conducted tea room, the attractive auditorium for lectures and concerts, the free use of committee rooms are benefits of which the clubs have not been slow to avail themselves. It is the heart, the center and the inspiration of club women in our community.

Marie Jacque Kumler, Beloved Teacher;
Leader in Literary and Club Life; Lover of Girls; Inspirer to Self-improvement;
Co-founder of the Young Women's League, the Dayton Federation
of Women's Clubs, the Friday Afternoon Club, the Dayton Woman's Club.
Originator of the Civic Lecture Course, of the Scholarship Fund for Girls;
Helped to Organize the First Unitarian Church;
Vice-president of the Ohio State Federation of Clubs.
They Never Fail Who Light Their Lamp of Faith
at the Unwavering Flame Burnt for the Altar
Service of the Race.
(From the memorial tablet at the Dayton Woman's Club.)

The Men's Clubs.

It was about 1870, long before the club movement as a movement developed, a group of seventeen cultured gentlemen, lawyers, teachers, doctors, and business men, originated the Saturday Club, which for over thirty years functioned in a quiet way as a center in Dayton for the promotion of serious thought and liberal opinions. The nucleus was a law firm of three young men, S. B. and T. McLain Smith and A. A. Thomas, whose office in the old Clegg Building on Jefferson Street was a gathering place for other congenial spirits like the first lovers of books and interested in the questions of the day. They were A. D. Wilt, Eugene Parrott, S. W. Davies, Dr. W. J. Conklin, B. C. Noyes, E. Morgan Wood, J. H. Thomas, Dr. J. C. Reeve, John H. Patterson, Judge Elihu Thompson, R. I. Cummin, Dr. Henry S. Jewett, and Captain Chas. B. Stivers. A permanent organization was effected on January 8, 1870, the name Saturday Club chosen, and the personnel added to by the inclusion of William Werthner, Sigmund Metzler, Judge Chas. W. Dustin, Judge Clement R. Gilmore, and Judge D. B. Van Pelt. Proceedings were conducted with the utmost simplicity, meetings being held at the home of a member, where another member read a paper and discussion followed. No rules governed the choice of subject. It might be anything which happened to occupy the interest of the essayist of the evening. Sometimes it was a formal paper on some topic to which the writer had given more or less research; sometimes an address on some mooted public question at the time agitating the public mind. It might be a narrative of personal experience, a story of travel or adventure. The great thing was the discussion during which the speaker must be prepared for the give and take of questions or differences of opinion. All were readers—alert, intelligent and modern minded. Several had fought in the Civil War, which made endless discussions and narratives; several were teachers and knew the latest developments of chemistry and physics; one was a maker of violins, one a tree lover, one a hunter and dog lover; one was general counsel to the Bell Telephone Company then just coming into existence; one had an absorbing interest in philosophy and the evolution of religions; one was an alienist, and his presentation of his hobby was illuminative and informing; one was a member of the Board of Education, which assured his subject a certain hearing; one was an antiquarian and an archeologist, who made his dry-as-dust subject alight with life and interest to his hearers.

Take it all in all, the Saturday Club gave more pleasure to its members and less responsibility to its hosts than any of those that came after it. Saturday night, once a month, simple refreshments and no display. Each member entertained the club several times during each season. No elaborate functions were undertaken or open meetings offered, no resolutions passed. For those who are left of its membership, very few now, it remains a pleasant memory of well-spent evenings in the best of company.

During those thirty fruitful years many were the subjects under consideration. Here are some of them: Dr. Reeve—"The Cross and Crucifixion," "The Discovery of Surgical Anæthesia," "The Conquest of Yellow Fever," "The Birth of a King," "Phallic Worship." A. A. Thomas: "The Bell Telephone," "Thoreau," "Dogs." Judge Elihu Thompson: "Edgar A. Poe," "Marriage and Divorce," "Napoleon," "Andrew Jackson's Political Career," "Agnosticism," "Archetypes of Christianity." Capt. E. Morgan Wood: "Old Siena." Dr. H. S. Jewett: "The Mosquito in Relation to Yellow Fever." Eugene Parrott: "Daniel Boone and the Wilderness Road," "Montaigne." William Werthner: "A Week in a Parlor Car." Judge Van Pelt: "A Greater Than Napoleon," "Ancestor Worship." Rabbi Lefkowitz: "The Heir of the Prophets," "The Problem of Evil." Sigmund Metzler: "Fishing." A. D. Wilt: "Banking and Currency," "Our Canals," "The German Empire of 1800."

Somewhere in the middle 'nineties the Present Day Club came into existence, a reflex of the wave of interest in discussion clubs of which the Sunset Club of New York was the leader and of which there are so many examples today. Then it was a new idea. It blazed into existence if not as a rival then an effort to give the same impetus to the husbands that the Literary Club did for their wives. But it did it better, for whereas the latter avoided by common consent any really vital subject (fearing unladylike differences of opinion) the Present Day Club started boldly out to discuss subjects upon which most people differed hotly. In the Literary Club we turned our backs upon politics, woman suffrage, and religion—anything that might by any means give us a new idea. We felt it was safer to occupy ourselves exclusively with the Italian Renaissance or the Victorian poets, in which case no feelings would be hurt. But the Present Day Club was daring enough to invite discussion of inflammable topics and were determined to keep to the plan if heads were broken in the attempt.

Looking over a box of old programs from 1905 to 1920 one is struck by the simplicity and audacity of the enterprise. There were three hundred and twenty-four members in the club and three hundred and twenty-four dollars in the treasury, which explains the financial basis. Dinners cost seventy-five cents, each paying his own, and the menu sometimes included blue points and caviar. Meetings were held wherever a dinner could be prepared and served—at the Phillips House, or the Beckel, the Dayton View Gymnasium, the Algonquin, or the Atlas, at the Soldiers' Home Hotel or the Miami Commercial College. The card announcement sent out to win a membership announced as

Principles:

NO
- President
- Constitution
- By-laws
- Full-dress
- Parliamentary Rules
- Red Tape
- Long Speeches
- Fish Stories
- Party Politics
- Late Hours
- Pie
- Dyspepsia

Nothing but Rational Recreation and Free Discussion.

It showed how far the men had progressed into reasonable habits. They might have added, "No Waste Time." We, the women, like nothing better than parliamentarianism, red tape and the previous question.

From the first the Present Day Club was popular. It must have been a hair-raising adventure to sit as chairman, for the two questions that came oftenest into the lime-light were religion and politics. Here are a few of them:

> "Why I Will Vote for McKinley," "Why I Will Vote for Bryan," "Christian Science," "Socialism," "Should Ministers and Lawyers be Abolished"? "Shall State and National Politics be Eliminated From Municipal Affairs"? "Is Dayton Healthy Politically"? "Can Men be Made Moral by Law"? "The Ethics of Advertising," "Competition and Monopolization in Modern Business," "Why Don't Men go to Church"? "The Truth About the Jews and Judaism."

On all these occasions it was arranged to find two essayists, each an expert, who took opposite sides, following which the evening was thrown open to five-minute discussions. It was understood that the participants should obey the unwritten law of good breeding and not descend to personalities. We have it on good authority that this obligation was generally observed, but that at times the atmosphere did become a trifle heated. Consider the power of such an innovation. We had, it is true, passed beyond the bitter and antagonistic period of the Civil War, when men who differed from the accepted standards were likely to have their heads broken or their homes burned, but Dayton still lingered in the opinionated years when the quiet discussion of mooted questions was impossible. Men, if they differed, were apt to talk so loud they never found out there was any other side to the question. It was a revelation to be obliged to sit still and hear an opposing presentation deliberately and courteously expressed.

Those primarily responsible for this original enterprise were: A. D. Wilt, E. L. Shuey, D. A. Sinclair, Rev. W. D. Hickey, Frank Conover, J. A. McMahon, E. M. Wood, J. McLain Smith, William Werthner, J. K. Lewis, J. B. Thresher, Rev. E. M. Wilson, Dr. J. C. Reeve, O. B. Brown, L. B. Gunckel, Geo. R. Young, John H. Patterson, James A. Robert, S. W. Davies, Dr. W. J. Conklin, E. A. Parrott, Chas. Wuichet, and Rabbi M. Wertheimer.

It was not long before a gratifying exchange of hospitalities took place between the Present Day Club and the Woman's Literary Club. We of the W. L. C. had "Gentlemen's Night," and the P. D. C. had "Ladies' Night." On the first occasion (held at Cooper Hotel) those of us who had to read a paper were almost overcome by having to entertain such formidable guests. Congressman Houk, on account of his beautiful flow of English delivered on behalf of the guests, the speech of acknowledgement. In attempting to express his gratitude and admiration of our achievements he made use of the expression "gilding the lily," which some of us thought very appropriate and original.

It was on October 22, 1901, that we, of the Literary Club were permitted to enjoy a program of our famed contemporary, announced on the invitation as "Grumblers' Night." It seems that the Present Day Club had functioned for six years very comfortably with the same committee of arrangements. No provision for an election existed and no election was held. No one else cared to take the trouble to provide a program. Or perhaps the committee went on appointing themselves season after season in star-chamber sessions. But the situation was important since it gave opportunity for the kind of criticism that grumblers most enjoy. So much was being said about it that the committee offered as a safety-valve this opportunity for a general airing of grievances. On the designated evening the members attended en masse with their wives, expecting an evening of solid enjoyment. And they were not disappointed. No official record of the proceedings exists, and no remembrance except the impressions in a mind fast growing dim. Enough, however, remains to reveal that it was an evening of hilarity seldom equalled and never to be repeated. For everyone had a chance to take a shot at the self-perpetuating committee and the committee a chance to come back. Moreover, it gave the best of opportunities for that which the club was always looking for, a bout between Frank Conover and Charles Wuichet.

Thus for six years was Dayton amused, educated, stirred up, refreshed and inspired by the Present Day Club. It lapsed for a time, but was revived and presided over for several more years by George B. Smith. Gone now, into the shades of past glory, it remains the fore-runner of the many discussion clubs that seek to do the same kind of work in another way. Its potency can only be understood by a study of cause and effect, which will lead to the conviction that many of the reforms and developments upon which Dayton now prides herself originated in the Present Day Club, where the soil for new ideas was first ploughed up. It discussed flood prevention when our leaky levees alone kept us from disaster; it opened the subject of a non-political city government when such a thing had never been heard of before; it attacked politics in the School Board when no other way of running the schools was imagined. It argued on the advantages of kindergartens and manual training in the schools before either had attained the dignity of anything above a "Fad." They harangued on bridges when no one ever thought we could get out of town except through the old covered sheds with rattling board floors. Civil service was aired when "To the victors belong the spoils" was the only rule of holding public office. And season after season, their speakers held out hopes of a non-political, honest, budgeted, business-like city government, while Dayton had been for generations under the spell of public graft, ignorance and waste.

Many of the measures then advocated by enthusiastic but so-called visionary essayists and orators have now become the ordinary conditions of our city life. If Dayton stands—as some claim—in the forefront of progressive communities, open-minded to advanced ideas, hospitable to new experiments, may it not be because the Present Day Club, in the end-of-the-century years, sowed the seeds in fertile minds and pioneered the way to achievement?

There was, along in the 'nineties, during this rise of the club movement, a club that possessed an amount of "allure" in the public mind that no other organization did. Its membership was coveted and correspondingly hard to achieve. Its members were choice souls with a fund of wit that made them renowned among us. They belonged in Dayton's "upper crust" and were in the heyday of the just-out-of-college years. Moreover a secrecy about the inner doings of the club added to its prestige. In short what I am writing about is the Buzfuz Club.

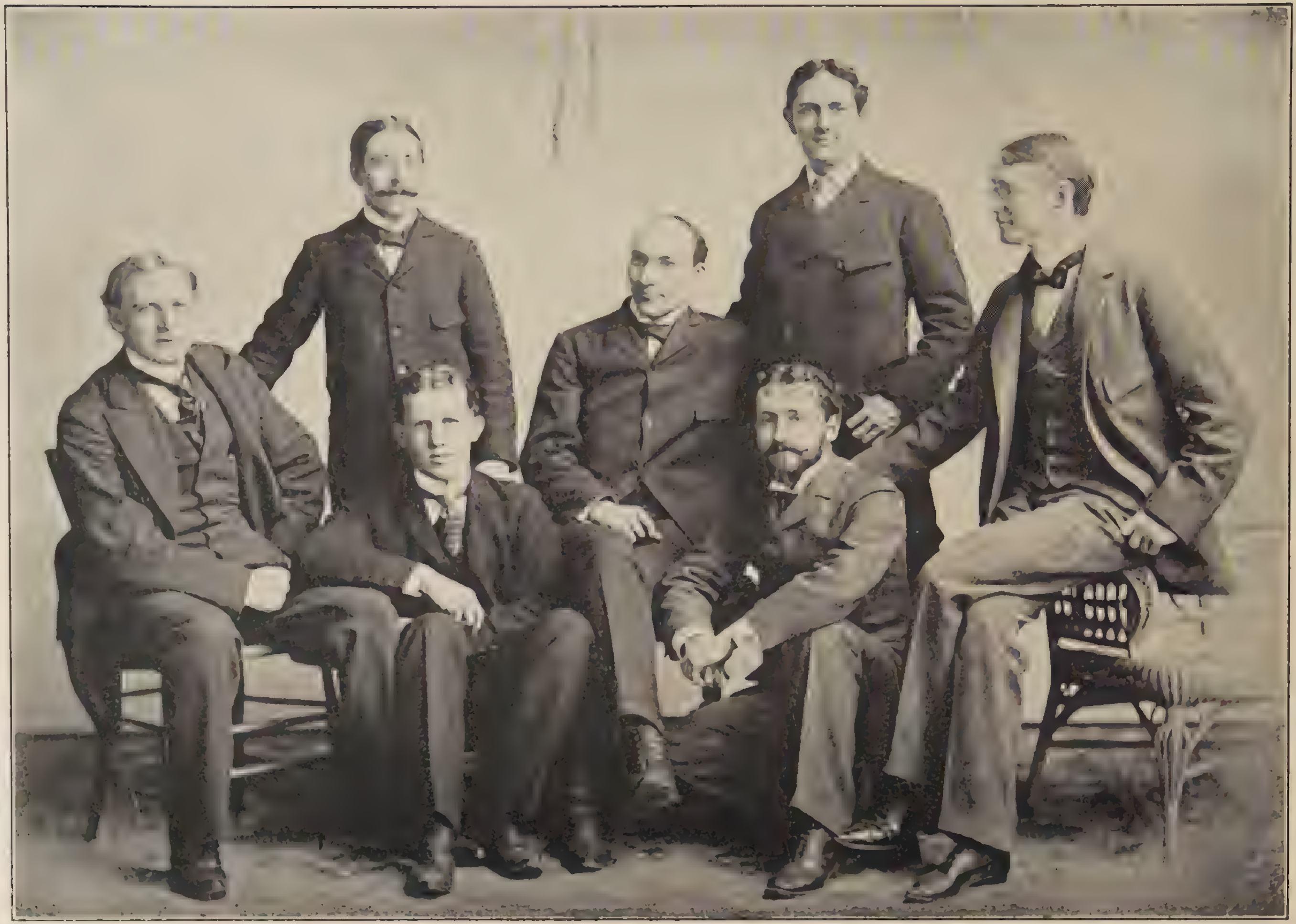
In an old ledger devoted to the proceedings of the organization we find that the "Objects of this club shall be the pursuit of Belles Lettres and the sciences, and not only to improve our conversational powers, but to elevate our ideals." With these praiseworthy aims in view seven young men met in the back room of the J. A. McMahon law offices in the (then) Fireman's Building on the southwest corner of Main and Second, and proceeded to carry out the program. Dickens, much read at that time, furnished the title, and the club named itself after Sergeant Buzfuz of that delectable volume, "Pickwick Papers." The charter members were Sprigg McMahon, Harry Loy, Geo. H. Wood, Charles Wood, T. A. Legler, Chas. G. Bickham, and Eldredge Mead. Later were added Charles Craighead, E. H. Bunstine, Jos. H. Crane, Thos. P. Gaddis, D. D. Bickham, Harry Stoddard, O. B. Brown, and George Goodhue. Still later the membership was enlarged to thirty-three, and at the present time, after forty years of growth, it remains static at nearly one hundred.

From the inception of the Buzfuz Club one is struck with the phraseology of organization totally different from any other, then or since known. No "president" wielded the gavel, but the member acting in that capacity at the time was known as the "Sergeant at Law"; no such ordinary official as treasurer was to exist, he must be known as the "Chancellor of the Exchequer," the secretary was the "Keeper of the Roll," the custodian of books and properties was the "Keeper of the Green Bag," the board of directors were "Benchers," and the program committee, "Counsellors." Why this severe legal phraseology, culled as it was from the English Inns of Court, is not clear, especially since only one of those collegians was a lawyer and not even then admitted to the bar.

The first "chronicle" in the old book informs us that the subject of study was to be "Literature in England from the Dawn to Chaucer." Just where the "Dawn" commenced is not stated, but a number of papers dealt with on "Chaucer and his works." "Influence of Chaucer on his Times," "Chaucer's Contemporaries." The prologues to "Canterbury Tales" were read aloud, each taking turns. The characters, the Monk, the Friar, the Miller, and the Sailor were discussed at length as well as the question of the moral character of the poet, about which there seemed to be a difference of opinion. Spenser's "Faërie Queene" was the next classic taken up for the improvement of their minds, but the old English was not wholly successful.

Delving into this ancient record we are astonished to find that, possibly because the minutes of the meetings was called the "Court Roll," a singular manifestation of officialism developed. The secretary (pardon! "Keeper of the Roll") seemed to consider it his function not only to report, but to criticize, and the office being held in rotation, this gave excellent opportunity for the kind of "kidding" for which the Buzfuz organization has always been famed. For instance, "Blank read a paper on the life of Chaucer well written but miserably read," and "B's mastery of feet and pronunciation of old English was very good, but his style and tone of voice very stilted and artificial." Also the behavior of the members was wearing on the nerves. "During the evening some joke by a member was greeted by an outburst of laughter instead of the reproof it deserved. If we do not check this tendency we shall soon become a club of mere jesters rather than working for literary improvement." Again, the chronicler regretted the tendency to interrupt an essayist while he was reading, telling him how he should pronounce words. It would be much better to wait until the reader was through and not check the train of thought. Tardiness, too, was increasing and when added to the habit of leaving early to keep an appointment, rather slowed up the tempo of self-improvement. "Some of the members," it is recorded, "show a disposition to cut the evening short." One member declared the Sergeant had "hurried the reading along and broke up the meeting in an unpleasant manner unprecedented in the club's history." The Sergeant said he hadn't; the accusing member disliked being contradicted, and the club took sides. "The matter," says the record, "was hotly discussed for two hours," during which time we may presume Milton and Spenser got rather pushed into the background.

Reading between the lines in this very frank record of club activities it is clear that the Buzfuzzians were getting fed up on the Spenserian poets as well as the entire history of all the European nations, which was at one time attempted as a diversion. "Chronicle Fourteen" (some time in the winter of 1892) states frankly, "some bright mind with a greater capacity for beer than for Chaucer proposed that at this time the club relax their rigid and iron-clad rules about order, since it gave no chance to any of the members for a proper 'come-back,' and for one night at least give vent to their pent-up feelings after six Saturdays devoted to well-doing," whereupon the club passed a unanimous and favorable resolution to adjourn to some unidentified but evidently familiar place known as "Joe's." What they did there the Court Roll does not tell, but the success was such that the attendance kept up until morning. It was thus decided to prop up the declining interest in literature with a grand dinner, intended to be (and still after forty years is) an annual event. Here it was that the native talent of the Buzfuzzians emerged into its fullest glory. No toastmaster like Joe Crane, no retailer of good stories like Tom Gaddis, no verse-maker like Harry Mead, no voices for chorus like these gay hilarious boys. This first dinner was held at the Legler home, "in the absence," explains the record, "of Mr. Legler's parents in California." The menu was in French, the table decorations were "superb," there were a number of songs in which everybody joined, and "the conversation did not once lag." "Five-fifteen A. M. came before



THE SEVEN FIRST MEMBERS OF THE BUZFUZ CLUB

Standing (Left to Right): Eldredge Mead, Charles M. Wood

Sitting: Charles G. Bickham, Thomas Legler, Harry Loy, George H. Wood, J. Sprigg McMahon

the dinner broke up and most of the diners saw the sun rise before they began their rest."

After this the Keeper of the Roll deals no longer with Spenserian poetry, scientific discussion, nor all-inclusive European politics, but only with the annual dinners as they came along, once every winter in the waning years of the vanishing century. And dinners being so welcome a diversion an annual picnic was added to the program of the club attractions. In 1892 the members assembled on the crest of the Pinnacles, five miles below town, and there got off their jokes and took in their eatables. "The location," says the recorder, "was charming. At our feet stretched the beautiful Miami Valley, with a bountiful harvest and through it wound the Miami River. We all felt we were looking at one of the garden spots of the world." Around a huge bonfire the remaining hours of the night were passed with song and story.

The Buzfuz Club has had several homes during its long career. When the McMahon office ceased to satisfy their standards the Fowler house on Main Street near the corner of First, was rented and occupied. When that building was torn down they moved across the corner above Prass' drug store in the old building where Edwin Forrest made his theatrical debut in King Lear in the 'sixties. The next move was into another Fowler house on First Street next to Christ Church, where they remained for over twenty years. Although the club has long ago abandoned any pretensions of self-improvement according to the conventional standards, and remains merely a social center, it still carries with it an aura of sanctity and exclusiveness. And although Shakespeare and Milton might find themselves quite *de trop* at the annual dinner or New Year's Eve celebration, there are lesser lights who would value an entree into those privileged occasions where the wit flows as nowhere else and where the stories and the songs keep up the Rabelaisian flavor of their adolescence.

One would think, after this catalogue of organizations, that it would be hard to originate a new one or a different kind of one. But Mr. William G. Frizell did it when, together with Miss Charlotte Zwick, they thought up the Nomad Club. As the name denotes it belongs by interest and intention to travel. The *sine qua non* of membership is to have been out of the United States. It was organized in October, 1927, and was intended to bring together Dayton people who had traveled, to extend ideas upon different countries, to invite and listen to travelers of note, to induce and encourage travel and the cultivation of international friendships. Here we have a distinct departure from the conventional club idea—from the stilted self-consciousness of the early literary club, the high-brow discussions of the Saturday Club, and the hilarious personalities of the Buzfuz Club. One need indulge in no dark apprehensions of having to hear a paper when he goes to the Nomad Club. There will be a good dinner to begin with, then perhaps, if it is "membership night," some racy informal accounts of travel experiences on the part of the members who since that last season have been disporting themselves in foreign lands. Or, it may be a distinguished visitor from another nation, who will entertain the four hundred guests with a first hand account of his own homeland. Such talks have been given by Dr. Fridjof Nansen, Roy Chapman Andrews, Private Wells, Thornton Wilder, the Grand Duke Alexander of Russia, and other distinguished strangers. Two members, Mrs. Frank J. McCormick and Mrs. Charlotte Reeve Conover, have given personal experiences, the first on Russia, the second on Mexico. Once a year the Nomad Club holds a fancy-dress ball, in which the costumes from all over the world emphasize the international interests of its members. One spring the club made a pilgrimage by bus to Cincinnati and by boat up the Ohio River, where with music and dancing they had a very happy time.

In summing up the achievements of the club idea in Dayton two things must be emphasized. The first is the comparatively new fashion of luncheon clubs. People in the past accepted the advantages of club organization but found difficulty in giving up whole evenings to the meetings. A clever suggestion (whoever originated it) was that the noon-hour be designated as a meeting time. Men must eat, so must women; therefore, why not combine the two occupations and meet and eat at the same time? The fashion came from outside and, in the first place, through the Rotary and the Kiwanis Clubs, which brings us to the second consideration, which is that all this club life has come to be no longer merely local, but nation-wide in its scope. Every city has its Rotary, its Civitan, its Altrusa, its American Legion, its Lions Club; every city has its business and professional woman's club, its woman's press club. The men meet and eat and talk. There are twenty-two such organizations listed with the Dayton Chamber of Commerce. The women meet and eat and talk and there are an almost equal number of them. In short the discussion luncheon or the discussion dinner is a distinct factor in our municipal life and development. Thirty years ago no such thing was possible because the only halls large enough were the hotel dining rooms which during meal hours were occupied. Also, available waiters were lacking. Now the caterers, little as they suspected it, are contributing to the higher needs of Dayton by being able to serve a meal well and promptly and give place to the program to follow.

CHAPTER XIX.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS IN DAYTON.

Limited space exists for a very long story. For the beginnings of it we must go back considerably over a hundred years—to 1823. In the small, insignificant Dayton of that day we find the sproutings of community music in a group who met and sang under the leadership of the versatile John Van Cleve, organist and choirmaster of Christ Church. They called themselves the Pleyel Society, and rehearsals were held in the jury room of the older-than-old courthouse which stood on the site of the present "Old Court House."

When Van Cleve passed away there seems to have been for a while no one to replace him. Toward the 'forties we find Louis Huesman, pianist-organist and teacher of both, organizing choirs and giving concerts. In the 'sixties and 'seventies two names stand out—Charles Rex, a short, blond German, and Adolphe Carpe, a tall, blond German, who between them, divided the music pupils that the census of Dayton then afforded. Our musical efforts as pupils were mere amateurish gropings. Every house had a piano. Without it the parlor was not furnished. Every girl took music lessons. She had to. The polite rôle for a visitor was to ask the daughter of the house to play. He had to. After much urging and many apologies for being out of practice and many explanations that the piano needed tuning, she whirled the stool up and whirled it down, then, having gotten the audience into a highly expectant state, she obliged by a rendition of "The Mocking Bird, with Variations," or "The Monastery Bells." This they called in those days "performing" on the piano. It was. Until we grew up into a more sensitive and sincere appreciation of music, what agonies the poor teachers must have endured!

My own very earliest musical memories go back to sometime in the 'sixties when James Turpin, then our leading musician, directed a cantata entitled "The Haymakers." The soloists were Ella James (Mrs. Kneisley), Ella Green, John Worman, and Will Lowe. This *magnus opus* was staged in the only place in Dayton where the rich and the great did congregate to see and hear whatever histrionic or musical art had to offer —Huston Hall. My memory represents it as a place of the utmost magnificence, beyond which no imagination could reach. It was in reality a barn-like structure with flat ceiling, white-washed walls, wooden floors and high windows looking out on Jefferson Street. Along the walls were niches for busts, marked "Weber," "Lizst," "Beethoven." What did they mean? What *have* they meant since?

"The Haymakers" was a bucolic composition dealing with milkmaids, hayfields, farmers, and sunsets. Nobody (except a little seven-year-old girl on the front seat) noticed that in places where the hay was spread not thickly enough the rakes scratched through quite audibly to the board floor beneath. But why be hypercritical where art is concerned? The accessories of this play might be found inadequate to our later standards, but the girls were not and the voices were not. Fresh faces and young clear throats need no apologies, and Mr. Turpin was a good conductor. The girls wore large hoops—"tilters" they were called, wide-brimmed beribboned hats, neat little heelless slippers with elastic crossed on the instep, and other things appropriate to the haying field. The funny man, supposed to be from the city, and the butt of ridicule, was named Snipkins. Every time he made a stage entrance he fell over the wheelbarrow, eliciting ecstatic applause. Snipkins had a solo which, relating his trials with cows and bees and burrs, ended with the refrain, "Some Folks Like the Country—I don't!"

When, following the flood of 1913, the flames devoured the walls of Huston Hall, many of the musical and dramatic memories of the older people of Dayton went up in smoke. For here was where Ole Bull played, where the abolitionists, led by Wendell Phillips, thundered against slavery, where the great temperance advocate, John B. Gough, lectured, where General Tom Thumb, Mrs. Thumb, Commodore Nutt, and Minnie Warren delighted young and old, where Bayard Taylor in "Views Afoot," gave some people the first desire to see Europe, where we saw "Ten Nights in a Barroom," Maggie Mitchell in "Fanchon the Cricket," and Bill Cody's "Wild West." Emerson spoke there, so did Horace Greeley (for whom the society folk prepared a complimentary banquet only to find he ate nothing but bread and milk). Lesser attractions also occupied Huston Hall. A painted canvas panorama, rolled at each end on wooden cylinders which revolved when worked by a handle behind the scenes, gave us our first impressions of the Arctic regions. Thus were displayed marvels of imposing icebergs, roseate aurora borealis and life-like polar bears. Meanwhile the lecturer out in front told his story.

When, during the Civil War, the Sanitary Commission (the ancient equivalent for the Red Cross) needed funds, Mr. Turpin and the singers again came to the rescue and put on another cantata, "Queen Esther, the Beautiful," by Bradbury. Once more Ella James (by this time the recognized leading soprano) sang the title rôle. In royal purple velveteen with near-ermine bands, a golden crown and her long hair in braids, she was a vision. Will anyone who has ever known Mrs. Kneisley, deny that she was surpassingly beautiful or that she sang divinely? In that respect the years do not lie.

It was not until the fall of 1874 that the vocalists of Dayton found themselves, so to speak, in an organization known as the Philharmonic Society. On August 25th of that year a group of musically-minded men met in the directors' room of the Dayton National Bank; among them H. V. Lytle, James A. Martin, John N. Burkitt, W. A. Phelps, Samuel Phelps, J. A. Brenneman, William Gebhart, Walter W. Smith, and W. C. Herron. From this nucleus grew the Philharmonic Society. They had at hand as director, a most remarkable musician—Leon Jasciewiescz, a Russian, whose company of charming singers went aground on the inhospitable soil of America because nobody appreciated them. To hear Mr. Jasciewiescz conduct was a revelation of the capacity and cultivation of the human ear. After quite a few minutes of singing and the chorus had dropped—as choruses will—a tap on the music rack, a pause in the voices, a hummed note from the leader, and we suddenly knew how far we had wandered from the correct pitch. No other director that I ever knew could hold the correct fragment of tone where it belonged against the united voices of the choir.

The writer, being possessed of an ineffective near-soprano voice, able to read notes and pay her dues, was thereby elected to membership in the Philharmonics. Thin qualifications, to be sure, but to what glories did they not admit me! Rehearsals in the dusty upper room of the (then) "Journal" office (across the alley just north of the courthouse) where, with Mr. Herron, president, Mr. Jasciewiescz leading, were the faces and voices of the musical world of Dayton: Mrs. Kneisley, Agnes Stout, John Bell, John Burkitt, John Shauck, Fanny Favorite, Ella Butz, Charles Snyder, and the Dickson sisters. Or, when Otto Singer came up from Cincinnati to direct for our part in the Cincinnati May Musical Festival—ah! those were the days! To see Mr. Singer with raised baton for what he called an "al-lay-gro-wee-wa-che" movement was to taste all the ecstasy that a cat may feel for a king.

The compositions given by the Philharmonic Society from its inception in 1874 until its abandonment some years since would include many of the great musical masterpieces—"The Messiah," "Elijah," "St. Paul," "The Creation," "Athalie," "Stabat Mater," "Judas Maccabeus," "The Redemption," Massenet's "Eve," and many more, a proud program to look back upon.

The mere mention of the Philharmonic Society inevitably brings to mind the name of W. L. Blumenschein, for so many years its patient and painstaking director. Organist and choirmaster of distinction, teacher by the love of it, composer of no mean capacity, Mr. Blumenschein deserves the everlasting memory of his fellow-citizens. He led not only the Dayton society but the Ohio Saengerfests (Dayton and Springfield), the Indianapolis Lyra Society and the Springfield Orpheus. He directed the Cincinnati May Musical Festival in the spring of 1891. Fifty piano pieces, twenty songs, fourteen anthems and seven secular quartettes bear his signature.

Mr. James A. Robert's influence on music in Dayton must not be forgotten. He played in the Baptist Church: he lectured on Palestrina and Bach. During his principalship of Cooper Seminary, in the 'eighties and 'nineties, he attracted to his orbit musicians of the piano and strings who played to appreciative people the best of the great composers' works. He should have due credit for promoting musical taste in Dayton through three decades.

It was in 1888 that, stimulated by the enthusiasm of Mr. Robert and inspired by the example of musical clubs in the East, two friends and music lovers, Mrs. O. F. Davisson and Mrs. Harvey King, decided to put in motion the plan for a club in Dayton. Small informal recitals had been held from time to time in private homes, those most active being the pupils of Monsieur de Ricqiles, or later, Miss Idelette Andrews—Miss Fannie Hyers, Miss Jeanette Turpin, Mrs. W. F. Gebhart, Mrs. H. H. Bimm, Miss Lutie McKee, Miss Charlotte Bishop, Mrs. Thomas P. Gaddis, Miss Jeanette Freeman, Mrs. Charles F. Snyder, Miss Mary Van Ausdal, Miss Laura Thresher, Miss Susie Rike, Miss Ethel Parrott, Miss Jeanette Kratochwill, Mrs. Ella J. Kneisley, and others.

An organization meeting called on October 15, 1888, at the home of Mrs. E. Morgan Wood, resulted in the Mozart Club, with Mrs. Wood as president, and thirty-five active, thirty-five associate, and fifteen honorary members. All were serious musicians of varying talents. They decided on nothing less than the best, and the programs of their thirteen recitals each season proved it. Among the instrumental works given were a number of the preludes and fugues of Handel and Bach, including the Fantasie Chromatique; sonatas (classic and modern) many concertos (the second piano playing the orchestral part); among others the D Minor of Mozart, Beethoven's C Minor and G Major, Chopin's E Minor. Of ensemble work, Beethoven's Sonata Opus No. 3; the Kreutzer Sonata and Gade's Trio in F; also two-piano work from Chopin, Schumann, and Brahms.

The Mozart Club was not narrowly musical, since it exacted from its associate members the reading of essays on the lives of composers or subjects calculated to explain and clarify the musical parts of the program. In the 'nineties a signal honor was conferred upon the club in the form of a bronze medal signed by Theodore Thomas and awarded by the World's Fair Committee to the representative of Ohio in concert at the World's Fair—Mrs. Ella J. Kneisley; already hailed as one of the finest interpreters of sacred music in the country, now, through her lovely talent came this honor to the organization she had helped to form. Mrs. Kneisley is our beloved dean of music in Dayton.* A student from her girlhood, for years the soprano in the Baptist Church, student at Berlin when she was over fifty, a pianist of distinction, and now at eighty still giving pleasure with her playing at recitals—no one will deny her this claim.

So many of the voices and faces and fingers of those past decades are gone! Can it be that they carry a fictitious charm in our minds which the cold facts do not support? I, for one, cannot agree to it. No one who heard Mrs. Kneisley sing, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," will ever be satisfied with a weaker rendering. No one who saw Howard Peirce at the piano will forget how he looked—the human embodiment of the art of music, or how he played. No one who heard the lyrical sweetness of Agnes Stout's voice will be surprised at the verdict by those who heard both, that her voice was like Jenny Lind's. I count it something to remember, from the standpoint of tone quality, to have heard John Burkitt's basso profundo when he sang, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," and shook the window sashes on the last descending phrase.

Of the veteran choir singers whose voices were often and gratefully heard were F. M. Tunison, Jesse Trimmer, Jesse Gilbert, Charles Holland, and Frank J. Kiefaber. All were members of city choirs, all devoted in the pursuit of good music and some of them singing yet. Of the teachers much should be said since they laid the foundations for not only good playing but good listening in Dayton: Hermann Marsteller on the violin, from whose hands came most of those who now belong to orchestras and do solo work. Miss Amy Kofler, with her talented faculty, Miss Parks and Miss Schwill, drew together in the 'nineties, in her studio recitals in the McIntire Building, frequent groups of appreciative listeners. Jefferson Walters, a violinist of remarkable power, who delighted audiences with his finished and sympathetic playing, is also a composer whose pieces are sometimes heard in concert. Charles Waldemar Sprague has been for many years and still is one of Dayton's finest pianists and most inspiring teachers. Miss Idelette Andrews, with her flaming eyes, auburn hair and musical enthusiasm, gave much to Dayton while she lived; when she died—too soon, much too soon—she left to the Dayton Public Library her extremely varied and valuable musical library. Charles Holstein, a violinist of splendid talent, carried on for years, in addition to his teaching, a string quartette of undisputed artistic rank in which he played first violin, Jeanette Freeman Davis, second violin, Albert C. Fischman, viola and Ira Leslie Davis, double bass. Henry Ditzel is what might be called a self-made musician, having worked under such disadvantages to secure his position as organist and teacher. Bookkeeping in the daytime, lessons from Mr. Blumenschein and practicing at night, was the long road he triumphantly pursued to his goal. Germany called him and he went—worked, studied, came home—took the First Lutheran organ and stands in the front ranks of Dayton musicians.

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*Mrs. Kneisley died in September, 1931.

There are whole families who have—as units and collectively—ministered to our musical prestige. The Schencks, for instance—Joseph for years organist and choirmaster at Emmanuel Church; Nora, also a finished organist; Robert, a violinist, now with the New York Symphony Orchestra. The Funkhouser family is all delightfully musical, the grafted members as well as the original clan. Mrs. Charles Funkhouser is an accomplished organist and choir leader, and Mrs. Jessie Landis Funkhouser possesses a sweet and true alto voice. Mrs. Ethel Martin Funkhouser inherited from her father, James Martin, her absorption in music, and from her mother accuracy and feeling in piano work. She ranks easily as the foremost accompanist in the city.

The Turpins were, as a family, leaders *par excellence* in musical Dayton. James Turpin was teacher of private pupils in piano and voice all through the 'sixties and 'seventies and director of singing in the public schools. For years he played and conducted in the Third Street Presbyterian Church choir. His daughter, Jeanette, was a conscientious teacher and musician of taste. Harry Brown Turpin, after a lifetime of singing and teaching, discovered and developed two voices that have meant much to Dayton, Mrs. Clara Turpen Grimes, who for years, ranked as our leading concert soprano, and Cecil Fanning, a baritone. Mr. Turpin discovered the latter, encouraged him, taught him, brought him out, took him on concert tours, ending with a levee and dinner at Buckingham Palace in London, where he sang before the king and queen.

We are in debt to the Lytles for good music. Sixty years ago both John S. and his wife, Mary Voorhees Lytle, were lovers of music and sang in the old Third Street Presbyterian choir. Harry V. Lytle was first a pupil of Dennewitz and then of Marstellar on the violin. He played the 'cello in the old Central High School Orchestra and while there Mr. Turpin prompted him to sing. For sixty years he has kept busy singing and organizing. The first vested choir in the city (Christ Church) was due to him when he was choirmaster; the Philharmonic Society hails him as charter member and the Dutch Club as father. For forty years he has given continual service as singer in the Masonic Temple and is still at it. Mrs. Lizzie Lytle King sends out each season new piano players trained by her, while John Lytle is known to every Daytonian from his place as organizer and leader of the Lytle Band.

The Beckers as a family should not be forgotten, the first one being Louis B., a German-Swiss, who came from Lorraine to Dayton in 1842. Pianist and director at sixteen, he was known here chiefly for his manuscript transcriptions at a time when there were few printing presses for music. His death, in 1914, left a musical progeny: Louis C. Becker, violinist, teacher and leader; Henry C. Becker, director of the Municipal Concert Band; Christian M. Becker, cornetist; John W. Becker, artist of reed instruments (now on the Pacific Coast); Alice Becker Miller, pianist, successful teacher and director of the Alice Becker School of Music. Her daughter, Florence Miller Underwood, inherits the family tradition and uses it with her dramatic soprano voice. The Beckers are proud of the fact that one of their ancestors, a friend and collaborateur of Schumann, made possible the publication of the works of Sebastian Bach.

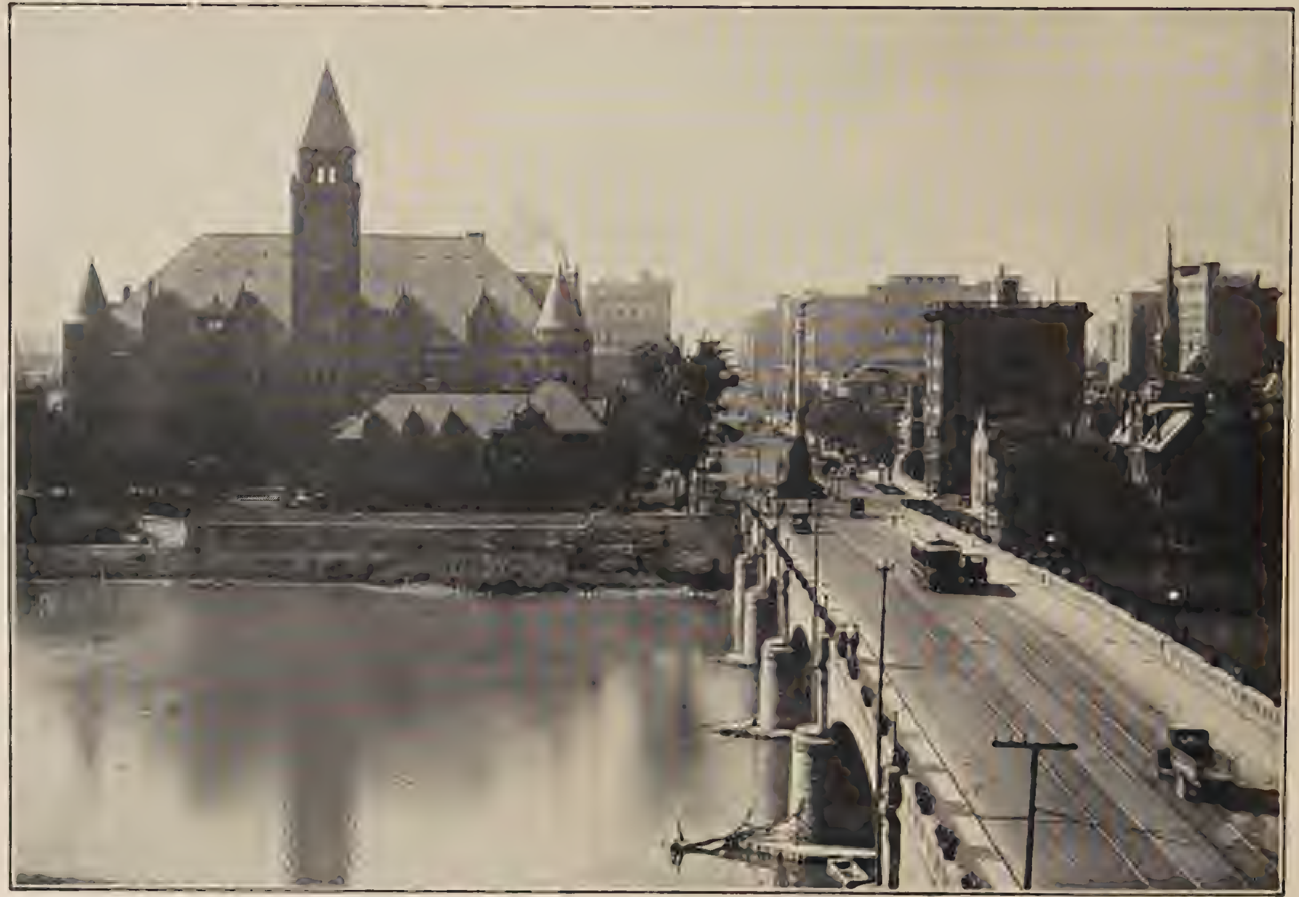
Dayton has many German citizens who brought their music from the fatherland with them—as Germans always do. In a new environment they hardly wait to unpack their belongings before they begin to sing. The Lord made them that way and they can't help it. The outstanding Liederkranz in Dayton is the Harmonia Society under the leadership of Mr. Carl A. Schlaefflin. Formed by a consolidation of the Saengerbund and the Frohsinn societies, it entertained the National Saengerbund most successfully, as recorded in a Detroit paper dated 1853. It would be interesting to know where four hundred singers could assemble in the Dayton of that day and include an audience. Certainly Huston Hall would not have accommodated them. Our Harmonia is a member of the Nord Amerikanerische Saenger-Bund which once in three years gathers in a certain city and gives forth its five thousand voice chorus. For precision, shading, tone volume, and beauty of rendition these German societies are preëminent.

In the 'eighties and 'nineties the Mendelssohn Quartette gave us beautiful music and was much in demand at public functions. The personnel included the leading men's voices of that day—H. V. Lytle, first bass; John N. Burkitt, second bass; Samuel F. Phelps, first tenor; and John N. Bell, second tenor. So long and so faithfully did the Mendelsohn Quartette work together that its singing attained the precision of a single instrument, its shading made listening a delight and added greatly to the solemnity of church or memorial services.

The Dutch Club of our present Dayton is in a way a descendant of the old Mendelssohn Quartette. It made its appearance in 1902 as a male chorus, S. B. Hurlburt was the accompanist, afterwards Henry Ditzel, H. V. Lytle, the organizer. The first names on its roll were the familiar ones—Hyers, Bell, Loy, Kumler, Kiefaber, Bollinger, Trimmer, Emrick, Holland, Bimm, Gilbert, Gebhart, Legler, Kester, Crebs, and Lytle. It was named the Dutch Club because after each rehearsal every member paid for his own treat. There were no rules except that every member should sing from his heart out, which they always do. The Dutch Club is very much in demand, both in Dayton and elsewhere, for concerts on certain occasions.

It was in 1902 that a group of young women, pupils of Mr. Ditzel, Mr. Blumenschein, Mr. Sprague, and Letitia Schaeffer organized themselves into a study club for the better pursuit of their musical education. Miss Alpharetta Brookins (now Mrs. Hoffman) was the chief mover in this enterprise which proved of benefit to all concerned. Mrs. George B. Malone was president for several years. They met and played and studied and during the twelve years of its existence the Chaminade Club did really fine work. Its recitals were held in the old Winters' homestead on West Third Street, then occupied by the Women's Christian Association.

As time went on, quite a number of the members went into the Mozart Club and then, finding a certain overlapping it was decided to merge the two organizations, whereupon the Women's Music Club of Dayton came into existence—later reorganized to take in men and rechristened the Dayton Music Club. Its object was to stimulate musical culture but to do it on a wider and more impressive scale. The membership at the present time of writing numbers close to five hundred, including thirty-seven pianists, twelve string artists, one clarinet, one harp, nine organists, fifty-three voice and three hundred and fifty "associate members"—lovers of music, men and women, who support the organization with their presence at concerts and their money. Among those chiefly active in its early organization were Mrs. Ralph Herbruck, president at different times for seven years; Mrs. F. A. Z. Kumler, who has done yeoman work in its behalf and in behalf of music at large in Dayton; Mrs. Walter D. Crebs, Mrs. Katherine H. Tizzard, Mrs. Ella J. Kneisley, Mrs. H. E. Talbott, Miss Alverda Sinks, Mrs. Alice Becker Miller, Mrs. Charles Funkhouser, Mrs. Robert Funkhouser, Miss Mary Goode Royal, Mrs. Mary Blue Morris, and Miss Anne Church. If more names were mentioned there would be no space left to record the actual accomplishments of the Dayton Music Club, which are many and remarkable. One, and perhaps the best of its activities, is to maintain a community music school where children who show talent are given lessons in piano, violin, or voice, at a merely nominal fee or none at all, and by the best teachers. In case special aptitude is shown for a certain instrument it is purchased. Two thousand such lessons were given in



MAIN STREET BRIDGE AND STEELE HIGH SCHOOL

one year of the club's existence, and recruits from this school are constantly entering the school orchestras and from there to the Civic Orchestra, and into the real musical life of Dayton.

Another novel enterprise was inaugurated by Mrs. Edythe Drake Zuercher in the harmonica orchestra, in which two thousand children are regularly instructed and play on this humble and rather discredited instrument. It is not trivial and frivolous music either, that is produced, but sweet harmonized cadences. In Philadelphia Mr. Albert N. Hoxie has made a special study of the possibilities of the harmonica and instructs large classes all the time. To this teacher and leader were lately sent from Dayton six boys to study. Mrs. E. A. Deeds paid the expenses of four, the Music Club of one, and Mr. Robert Patterson one. Coming home full of enthusiasm, the boys brought with them George Werner, a Philadelphia pupil who is now teaching the harmonica in the Dayton schools.

The Dayton Music Club chorus gives its services wherever in Dayton the people are not likely to get it in any other way—at social centers and community welfare clubs, at the Dayton State Hospital, City Rescue Mission, Children's Home, Stillwater Sanitarium, Barney Community Center. Three pianos presented to the Valley Pike Community Church, two to the wards of the hospital at the Soldiers' Home, and two to the Children's Home are a part of the generosity of the Music Club; all a part of the activities of the above described Community School of Music.

The Mothers Singers Chorus was developed in 1928 and under the untiring musical enthusiasm of Mrs. Charles Funkhouser who recruits, directs, inspires, it is one of the outcomes of the Parent-Teacher's Association and as such began by singing for the various functions of that body. Now it gives public concerts and its membership of one hundred and eight is constantly being added to.

Mention must not be omitted of the Dayton Choirmasters Club, a recent but potent enterprise which grew out of a conversation sometime during 1927 between Rev. Don Copeland, former choirmaster of Christ Episcopal Church, and Scott W. Westerman of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church. Both regretted that the directors of Dayton were not sufficiently acquainted with each other and that so many difficulties existed in placing organists and singers. The wish was father to the act and now we have a permanent association of choir directors and organists, the purpose of which is to promote hearty coöperation among them, to further the highest interests of church music in Dayton. The club has forty members, meets twice a month, and contributes in every way to the improvement of religious musical worship. Its most practical accomplishment is to maintain a free registration bureau for church musicians through which singers and organists may secure positions, and churches the leaders they desire. One result of the activities of this organization was a notable musical service in Christ Church where two hundred vested choristers, the united choirs of the city, moved down the aisle to the rhythm of the processional hymn. It was a lesson not only in music but in church fellowship, since the singers were of the Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish faiths, all with one voice praising the Lord.

If emphasis has seemed to be placed on vocalization, it is not at all because there have been no instrumentalists in Dayton. For nearly forty years we have been moving toward the Civic Orchestra that is our present pride. It had small but potent beginnings and large and potent fulfilment. In 1886 an orchestra of young Young Men's Christian Association members was organized by the leading violinist in Dayton, Herman G. Marstellar. He was succeeded by John S. Lytle and he by J. C. Eberhardt. In the early 'nineties a few schools had orchestras among the pupils. In the membership of the Young Women's League were eighteen women who played every week under the direction of Dr. J. Charles Reeve. Later, boys were admitted and concerts given at the league social functions—all on a purely amateur basis. When Dr. Reeve gave it up he was succeeded by Dr. Firth, and then by A. E. Fischman, and for thirty-three years this modest group of music lovers continued their work. In 1904 a small number of amateur musicians formed an orchestra to meet once a week at the homes of its members. It was then known as the "Morningstar Orchestra"; not, as they explained, on account of its brilliancy but because the leader possessed that name. Tiring at last of their own amateurishness, they engaged the services of Mr. A. E. Fischman, a professional violinist and conductor, who gave his services gratuitously for a number of years. Then the organization was known as the Fischman Orchestra, and held weekly rehearsals at the Young Women's League. After a while they rose to the dignity of giving concerts. First in the Young Women's League parlors, then as a benefit for the Young Women's League building fund with Anny Loy May as reader, in Jean Ingelow's "Songs of Seven"; then in the Young Men's Christian Association with the following soloists: Mrs. F. K. Rigby, contralto; Mrs. Grace T. Allen, soprano; Robert Schenck, violin; and Don Bassett, clarinet. Other public appearances included both vocalists and instrumental soloists, and their advance may be appreciated by a glance at a program given May 11, 1916, when Alverda Sinks, one of Dayton's most accomplished pianists, played Mendelssohn's

DAYTON CIVIC ORCHESTRA, DON BASSETT, CONDUCTOR
Season 1927-28

G. Minor concerto with the orchestra accompanying, and included such composers as Schubert, Wagner, Nevin, Tschaikowsky. It was the first time in the history of music in Dayton that a local pianist played to the accompaniment of a local orchestra. Another musical milestone was January 25, 1917, when in a concert for the government's war savings campaign, a local orchestra first played a complete symphony, and when Mrs. Clara Turpen Grimes was the vocalist. In 1920 the Fischman Orchestra was reorganized and the name changed to the Dayton Orchestral Club, which continued until it was absorbed into the present Dayton Civic Orchestra. It is wisely held to be an educational institution, and when a member is called to another city to play in orchestras, it is held to be, what it indeed is, more of a credit than a loss. The Cleveland Orchestra, the Damrosch Symphony Orchestra, New York, the Cincinnati Symphony Association, all contain musicians who began practice in this little organization in Dayton.

From the before described small beginnings and the gradual and natural rise, the Dayton Civic Orchestra is one of the institutions of Dayton. Since 1920 its upholder and moving spirit has been Mr. B. B. Thresher. A musician himself—passionate but not professional—he has made it one of his dearest pursuits. Together with Don Bassett, the director, Mr. Thresher has gathered musicians from far and wide. If scores were needed, he got them. If a place to rehearse was wanted he, through his influence, arranged for it. In the thirty Dayton school orchestras made up of nine hundred children who play some kind of instrument, there is a background for constant emerging of players for the Civic Orchestra. The present membership of seventy-two contains the best amateurs, professionals and semi-professionals. Under Mr. Bassett's able leadership the standards of the orchestra have greatly augmented. All the choirs are represented in the organization. From the twenty-five taken over in 1920, the membership now stands at seventy-two, thus divided: First violins, fourteen; second violins, fourteen; violas, eight; 'cellos, eight; string bass, four; flutes, two; oboes, two; clarinets, three; bassons, two; French horns, two; trumpets, two; trombones, two; tuba, one; percussion, one; harp, one. In some cases, in wood-winds and rarer instruments, musicians have been found, out of employment, for whom positions have been found so they could play in the orchestra. One great point constantly emphasized is to give opportunity to young musicians, both vocal and instrumental, to appear as soloists. Among these have been Christine Colley, violinist; Harry Rich, violinist; Stanley Lesher, violinist; Elizabeth Love, harp; Martha Smith Greene, pianist; Lorean Hodapp, soprano; June Buriff, soprano; Aletha Faust, soprano; Bess Cecil, contralto; Marie Stayne Marks, soprano;

Ruth Law, piano; Gladys Moser Knee, piano; and the lamented Verne Rothair. From a student group that was half play and half work the Civic Orchestra reached the dignity of accompanying the celebrated Westminster Choir when they gave Gaul's "Holy City," the "Messiah," and Edgar Stillman Kelley's "Alice in Wonderland." Their programs exhibit the names of such composers as Tschaikowsky, Anton Dvorak, Rachmaninoff, Saint-Saens, Sibelius, Bizet; and although they have kept to the general plan of the "POP" concerts in Boston, it is whispered that they entertain symphonic ambitions.

For some time the orchestra rehearsed every Monday night at Steele High School. Then Mrs. Talbott generously offered the Runnymede Play House. Now the permanent home of the players is to be the Dayton Art Institute. At the end of each month of rehearsals a concert is given of purely local talent and of unpaid players.

In 1925 the happy thought struck some one to hold in Dayton a May musical festival, as has so often been done in Cincinnati. The first augury of success was when Nikolai Sokoloff, conductor of the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, agreed to conduct. Practically all the musicians of Dayton rallied to the undertaking—six choirs, and the Dayton Civic Orchestra—in Memorial Hall. It was an occasion to make the older music lovers of Dayton think happy things when they remembered the arid days of the long ago past. The choirs were those of Christ Church under Rev. Don Copeland; St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal, Grace Storey Simmonds; the Westminster Choir; Central Reformed Church, Thomas Warner, Chare Ridgeway, accompanist; John Finley Williamson; Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, Harlan Haines; First United Brethren, George Kester; First Baptist Church, Gordon S. Battelle; the Choral Art Society of St. Mary's Church, J. C. Fehring. Also the voice pupils of the Alice Becker Miller School of Music; the Treble Clef Society, O. E. Gerhardt; and the chorus of the Women's Music Club, led by Mrs. Charles Funkhouser. The choirs were all vested, and the Dayton Civic Orchestra under the leadership of A. E. Fischman opened the program. A mere mention of the standard of music given on these occasions (for they were repeated for three seasons) will assure their excellence. Stravinsky's Suite from "The Fire Bird"; Elgar's "Challenge of Thor"; Verdi's March from "Aida"; Brahms' D Major Symphony, Opus 73; Coleridge Taylor's "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast"; Schubert's Symphony B Minor; Thomas' Overture to "Mignon"; Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus."

With the advent of the new century Dayton passed suddenly from the condition of being music-starved and not knowing it, to one of plenty. And the explanation of that transition lies in the fact that we had a real impressario in Mr. A. F. Thiele. It is within the easy memory of the oldest of us how many times the Mozart Club brought a great orchestra or great musicians to Dayton only to have them greeted by an almost empty house and to make up the difference out of their own pockets. But the seed was sprouting. In 1900 Mr. Thiele began importing celebrities, and although it was an uphill road (his first venture netted him $400, on the wrong side of the ledger), he did at last succeed in putting it on a business basis. Besides managing many local musical affairs he brought to Dayton more than three hundred and fifty fine concerts, of which we may not here even mention all the names. Fifty-two symphony orchestra concerts, eleven grand opera performances, thirty-five chamber concerts, five militia band concerts, twelve plays with musical settings, one hundred and sixty-three famous artists, make up a part of his successful impressarioship. He also introduced the Russian Imperial Ballet, the Ben Greet Players, and such world-known artists as Sembrich, Bispham, Gadski, McCormack, Galli-Curci, Kreisler, Kubelik, Schumann-Heink, Homer, Gabrilowitsch, Bloomfield-Zeisler. In fact, for fifteen years Mr. Thiele *fed* Dayton with good music and slowly but steadily our appreciation grew.

In the meantime, as has been elsewhere told, Dayton was progressing politically as well as musically. From the old Federal plan of government with its insufficiencies and limitations, Dayton had arrived at the modern plan of commission manager form, with Henry M. Waite at the head. His was the principle, belonging to the modern theories of community management, that things like music should be open to all and not reserved alone for people who had money. The Thiele offerings were fine but they cost money and only those who could pay large prices might enjoy them. This Mr. Waite thought was wrong in principle, and if European cities managed the best music for all, then an American city might. It was in a conversation with Mrs. J. B. Thresher that his idea found instant support. He acknowledged that his ambition was to have a civic music league which should present to the people the best artists at a low price. Her reply was that she knew two hundred women who would see it through—the Mozart Club, and it did. Six hundred invitations were sent out for a meeting in the Young Women's Christian Association which, after an address by Mr. Waite on the advantages of community music, effected an organization calling itself the Dayton Civic Music League, with the slogan, "The world's best music at cost." The first president was Mr. B. B. Thresher, with Mrs. E. M. Wood and Mrs. Walter D. Crebs as vice-presidents. After three years of devotion to the cause, Mr. Thresher resigned and Mr. William G. Frizell was elected in his place.

The difficult thing the Civic League tried to do, it has most acceptably done. It brings to Dayton the finest artists, the finest concerts. Season seats sell from $3.50 to $10. Now not only the rich go to these concerts, but anybody who can rake up $3.50. Once they presented an extra concert with Fritz Kreisler at half a dollar a single seat. They paid McCormack $4,500, but sold tickets at the same low price. The secret is that Dayton has grown up musically. Singers face no more empty seats; guarantors no longer put their hands into their pockets. Two thousand and five hundred to 3,000 tickets are sold and it is numbers that turn the trick. The Civic Music League requires no guarantor and asks no favors. If there is a deficit it is carried along and made up next time. If a generously-minded person wants to buy a number of tickets and give them away he is permitted to do so. A partial payment plan enables those who are unable to pay for a course ticket at once to do it later—music on the installment plan, so to speak. Knowing that Dayton is not only one of the first cities to have a Civic Music League and that others have borrowed the idea and the plan from us, we, the citizens, salute the organization and welcome its seventeenth season!

The artists' concerts brought by the league were not enough for those of scientific music knowledge to whom the symphony is the highest form of art. Therefore, and because of which, the Dayton Symphony Association was organized, the only one in a city of Dayton's size which maintains a strictly symphonic course of concerts. Those responsible for the venture in the beginning were Mrs. H. E. Talbott, who remains its enthusiastic president and promoter; Mrs. N. M. Stanley, Mrs. E. A. Deeds, Mr. W. A. Keyes, Mr. F. J. McCormick, Mr. Ferdinand Ach, Mrs. H. G. Carnell, Mrs. Charles F. Kettering, Judge B. F. McCann, Mrs. J. A. McMillan, Mrs. William B. Werthner, Mrs. Harvey King, and Mr. S. H. Carr. These and more and more, as time went on, were organizers, officers and guarantors. What glorious concerts we have heard through the association! They have brought all the big orchestras in the country, not once but several times, and how cheerfully they have supplied the deficit, if any. Moreover they have kept the Dayton Civic Orchestra on its musical feet where it might not have succeeded in staying if left to itself. Music like beefsteak takes money, and those who have it and are willing to give it, act as angels of mercy to a new kind of starving multitude.

During the three years that Walter Damrosch gave his famous young people's symphony concerts, Dayton heard them all and it was largely private generosity that did it.

In time Patricia O'Brien succeeded Mr. Thiele as impressario and business manager of the Dayton Symphony Orchestra, carrying on always his well-founded procedure. The milestones of her symphony concerts are the Philadelphia Symphony with Stokowski; the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, and the return, after ten years' absence, of the New York Philharmonic. She also is responsible for the presentation of Mary Garden, Will Rogers, Paderewski, San Carlo Opera, Pavlova, and Galli-Curci. She managed the Ohio Music Teachers' Chorus in 1929.

We now come to a musical enterprise that has put Dayton on the map of the world almost as much as the invention of the airplane, and although it does not belong to us any more, it will always be a source of pride that the Westminster Choir had its origin in our midst. It was in 1920 that John Finley Williamson assumed the leadership of the choir of Westminster Church and took up his work. He was a man of broad vision, the leading element in which was the conviction that church music needed to be improved. He abhorred the trumpery trash that went by the name of church music, the trivial singsong hymns, the paltry theology. He realized that worship, which is as much the function of music as of prayer, should be adequately framed in music that was high in form and purpose. So he selected only the best compositions for his chorus, and admitted to its ranks only singers who had consecrated their lives to the service of the church through the ministry of music.

In all these aims, in all these standards and ideals, Mr. Williamson found an immediate ally in Mrs. H. E. Talbott, for years the promoter, supporter and inspirer of all things musical in Dayton. Without her sympathetic aid and financial support the story of the Westminster Choir would have been a short one. It was she who fanned the flame Mr. Williamson kindled. Herself a musician of no small accomplishment, she saw in this enterprise a means of educating the public in more elevated standards of devotional music and an outlet for her own supreme vitality of purpose. Her home on the crest of the hill south of the city is a gathering place for musicians both professional and amateur. Her "Runymede Playhouse" holds delighted audiences for operas, dances, and concerts. Either on her wide lawn on summer afternoons or in the Playhouse are large and frequent audiences in her debt for lovely programs. In the augmented homestead where George W. and Eliza P. Houk made hospitality in the 'sixties and 'seventies, Katherine Houk Talbott carries on their example in the new century. The sixty feet long music room, with its pipe organ and Mrs. Talbott on the console, holds frequent delighted audiences. It was a foregone conclusion that the Westminster Choir would appeal to her. She accompanied them on their American concert tours, she arranged for the European triumphs, if funds fell low she supplied them, if publicity languished she promoted it—in fact has been the good angel of the organization since its inception. She approved unqualifiedly of the standards set by its leader.

The choir was not only a choir, it was a school with the most rigid discipline. Four hours a day of practice for three whole years was the order of the day for their training. This bore fruit, as scientific devotion to an art always will. The Westminster Choir began to be known outside of Dayton and to be called upon for concerts. These fifty singers went to New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Buffalo, and twice to Pittsburgh. Perhaps, for a Dayton scribe, it would be wiser to let the critics tell the story of the standing and accomplishments of the choir. Walter Damrosch, not given to empty flattery, said: "The choir shows fine musicianship and work of an understanding character. It is second to none in this country or elsewhere, doing the most constructive work done in the last twenty years." Nine thousand people heard the Westminster Choir in the New Coliseum in St. Louis; six thousand in Convention Hall, Kansas City. In 1929 (we are epitomizing for the sake of brevity), the Westminster Choir went on a grand tour to Europe. Just before they sailed on the "Leviathan" they gave a farewell concert at Carnegie Hall when the New York critics—such a difficult coterie—gave them the highest praise. An official send-off was led by Mayor Walker and the police commissioner, who, if they knew little about music, knew a successful leader when they saw her, Mrs. H. E. Talbott. Leader, that is, for the details of the trip, Mr. Williamson keeping tight hold of his function, which was to wield the baton. Down the bay they went accompanied by the enthusiasm of the greatest city in the world, and off for European triumphs.

Their first concert was at Royal Albert Hall in London, then to Manchester, Liverpool, and Leeds, all of them centers of choir music, and giving our singers a most hearty and appreciative welcome. Back for a second concert at Albert Hall. Then to Paris where they sang first at the Grand Opera House and later at the Trocadero and the Salle Pleyel. At Vienna there was a grand reception held at the town hall with seven hundred guests, planned by the Austrian Government and Mr. Washburn, the American Ambassador. At Berlin seven thousand pairs of rapturous hands brought out twelve encores. The mayor at Hamburg welcomed them in a fine address. The "Budapesti Hirlap" said editorially: "Dayton is a relatively small town in the United States, but its choir is of outstanding artistic development and it is no wonder that it proceeds from one great success to another on its first European tour."

THE JOHN H. PATTERSON MEMORIAL, HILLS AND DALES

The sad sequel for Dayton is that for many and cogent reasons the choir is no longer a part of us. Mr. Williamson was called to be the musical director of Ithaca College, Ithaca, New York, and the choir followed him. Just before the move was made, a concert was given at the White House where the welcome and the appreciation were no less great than across the water. Dayton's send-off was a municipal banquet at the Miami Hotel where, on February 22, 1929, five hundred guests were present to express their appreciation, gratitude, and regret.

The present sponsors of the choir are Mrs. Herbert Hoover, Sir Esme Howard, British Ambassador; Father Finn of the Paulist Choristers; Dr. Walter Damrosch, Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, Ex-Ambassador to England Houghton and Mrs. Houghton, Ambassador and Madame Louden of France, Marguerite de Talleyrand, Frau Wilhemn Miklas, wife of the president of the Austrian Republic; Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, New York; Baroness Von Klenner, president American Opera Association, New York; Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of Boston Symphony Orchestra; Countess Johanna Hartnaue, Austria.

Fifteen years before he died, Mr. John H. Patterson, moved by the idea that music whether it did or not, ought to have an influence in industry, called to his aid Mr. G. B. McClelland, whose particular function in the N. C. R. business was to make men sing. At sales conventions he made them sing whether they had voices or not, and singing together is said to be a preamble to selling together. With his whoop-em-up methods of conducting it is said that Mr. McClelland could bring music out of an audience of tortoises. The idea, like most of Mr. Patterson's ideas, was a sound one and bore fruit. The N. C. R. chorus of eighty-five voices as it was later organized under the leadership of Albert Hartzell, did good work for six years and took part in the May Musical festivals at Cincinnati. Of late years the Welfare Department of the National Cash Register Company in its big schoolhouse, holding 3,500 people, is filled every Sunday afternoon with listeners to some of the greatest artists in the musical world or to good local vocal and instrumental talent. Saturday mornings are given up to the children who are entertained by the company and who, led by Mr. McClelland, learn to sing together, and in neither of these activities is there any charge to the public.

If the foregoing chapter has conveyed the impression that in the century since the Pleyel Society, all musical things in Dayton have advanced and improved, it is misleading. In one respect, and in the opinion of the writer, we have lost what we had and gone steadily backward. I will explain.

Sunday morning in the old Dayton days I used to go out under the trees in the yard (on the corner of Fourth and Ludlow) to listen to the bells. Sixty years ago Dayton was hailed in an encyclopedia as having more churches than any other town of its size in the country. (Doubtful, even if emanating from an encyclopedia.) If it had said "bells" it would be believable. For every church had a bell or a peal of bells or a chime. It was every sexton's duty to set them going at ten and again at ten-fifteen, and they were, to my distant memory, fine bells: some, deep-toned and vibrant, singing in an ever-increasing slow crescendo, "COME—TO—CHURCH! COME—TO—CHURCH! COME—TO—CHURCH!" Others, in a higher pitch and a more staccato measure said, "Cometochurch, cometochurch, cometochurch." It was a peal of three from Emmanuel Church on Franklin Street that first made its appeal, followed by the First Presbyterian bell on Third and Ludlow, and the Reformed, farther up the street. Then the Lutheran chimes joined in from the brick tower on Main Street—the beautiful tower ruthlessly destroyed! These were a peal of three, swung by a rope, also a chromatic scale of bells struck with a hammer and upon which they sometimes played a hymn. It was entrancing if all were correctly tuned. If not, it was decidedly otherwise. The German Lutheran on Wayne and Marshall, and St. John's on East Third always came in with a sort of duet (the Lutherans like the Catholics being infatuated with bells). St. Joseph's on Second and Madison, had good bells, as did the Park Presbyterian Church on Cooper Park. We amused ourselves trying to identify them. Sometimes, when the wind was right, we thought we caught the faint tone from the far western edge of town—the Presbyterian bell on Summit Street, but this, like St. Mary's out on Xenia Avenue, was part imagination. Then, having heard from all points of the compass, the harmonies would die away, leaving the world to the silence of a summer morning—bees, chickadees, buttercups and the soft June sunshine—*on the corner of Fourth and Ludlow!*

Where are all those bells now? Rusting in their steeples instead of telling people when it is time to get out their missionary money and put on their hats. It may be that the clocks and our individual consciences are enough for practical purposes, but how about the call to prayer? And if the bells should be resurrected, what chance would they have against the street noises of today? Then, the low buildings and wide open spaces permitted the dispersion of this really great ensemble; now, instead of lovely inspiring harmonies we get the shrieks of newsboys with the Sunday edition, the grinding of street car wheels, the honk of automobile horns and the overhead roar of a soaring airplane. Too bad!

THE MIAMI AT FLOOD (ST. ELIZABETH HOSPITAL AT RIGHT)

(Photo by Dr. H. S. Jewett)

CHAPTER XX.

THE GREAT FLOOD AND FLOOD PREVENTION.

There was a time when Dayton citizens were justly sensitive about mentioning the flood of 1913, as sensitive as Californians are in connection with their great historical disaster—and for similar reasons. Now, for dissimilar reasons, they are willing to tell you all they know. For, while engineering science has formulated no plan to escape earthquakes, it has to prevent floods. Through the Miami Conservancy plan the valley is forever secure from the horrible cataclysm which overwhelmed it in the spring of 1913. Everybody is safe, and therefore everybody can afford to be frank.

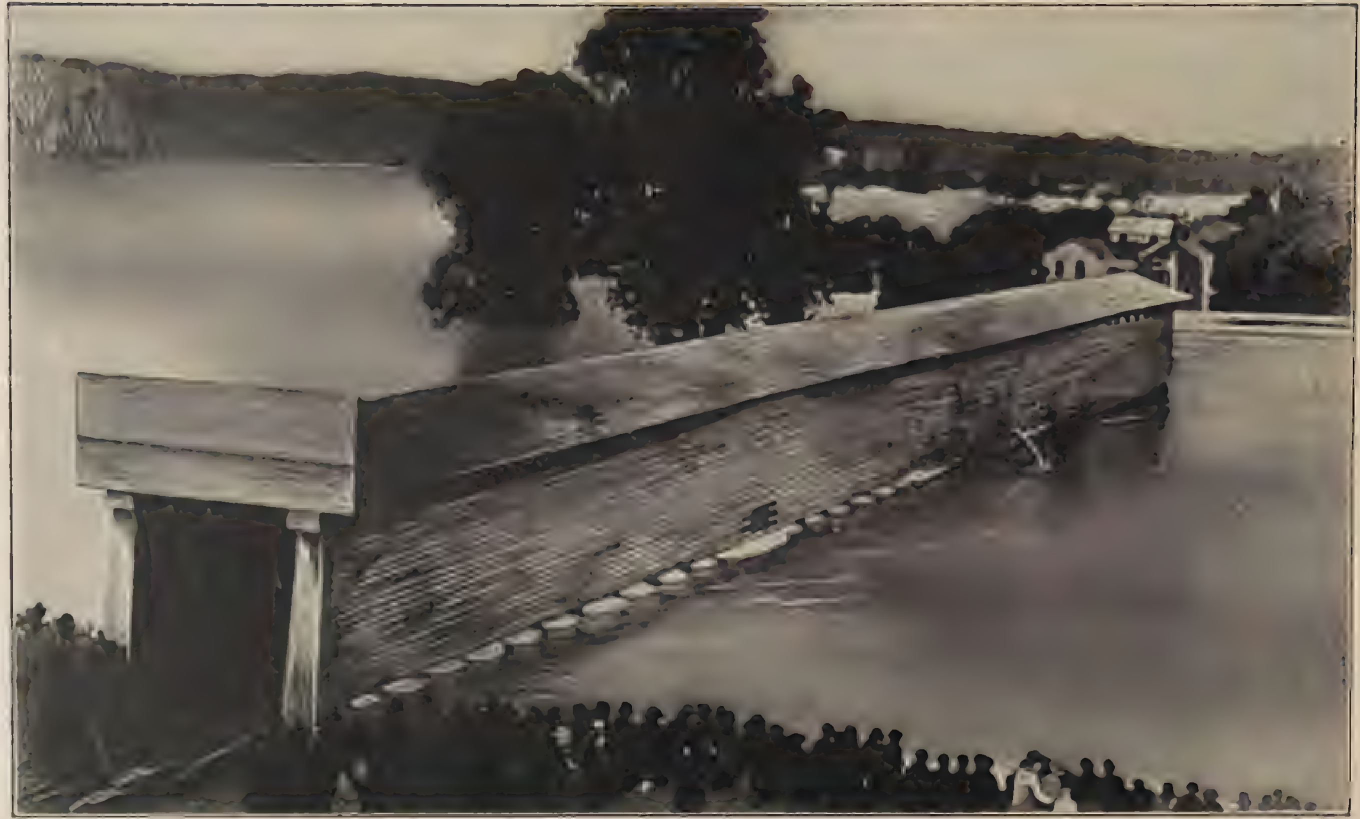
A word as to the topography of Dayton will be necessary in order to understand what happened to us on the night of March 24 and the morning of the 25th. The city lies on low ground surrounded by a sickle which is the Miami River. From the time the latter touches the northern confines of the older part of the town until it tangents off at the southern side it describes a perfect curve, literally nearly surrounding Dayton with water. Just before it reaches the city its current is augmented by the volume of two more streams, Stillwater River and Mad River, which, though inconsiderable in themselves, when added to the channel of the large river do increase its potency. These three streams, together with Wolf Creek coming in from the west farther down, have a drainage area above Dayton of 2,600 square miles. The destruction of former forests, the tiling of swamp lands and other improvements are all natural flood producers. When one of the great storms comes that periodically afflict our beautiful valley there is an insufficient run-off for the water at the rate at which it was precipitated. To those who can put two and two together no other explanations are needed. The storm came and it lasted. For four days the rain came down and the streams of the valley, fed by the steady downpour, rapidly rose and poured over the levees. By all accounts it came suddenly but doubtless it was steadily gaining while people were asleep in their beds. Tuesday morning the 25th, those earliest to appear found water in the streets, the gutters running full as they always did when the river came up. Householders guaged the height of their yards above the street and concluded they were safe. Only one man in Dayton knew, as early as daylight, what was going to happen; John H. Patterson, who from the roof of his factory, the National Cash Register works, saw the valley landscape and knew what was coming. What he did is told in another place. What other people did makes many an interesting story. Men went to market and never got home, being marooned in any business office they could reach. Some housekeepers, with a mind for possibilities, laid in a supply of firewood and drinking water. Others said: "The Miami River has never come into my house and it never will," since when they have acquired more knowledge of that temperamental stream.

When at last the surging waters reached the top of the levees and began to over-run they came with a rush. From the eastern limits of town appeared a yellow curling wave from six to ten feet high, and meeting a similar wave coming from the north swept over Dayton with awful suddenness and awful devastation. It covered the street car tracks and then private lawns, bursting with a roar through furnace registers and filling lower stories of homes with a filthy soup that touched the chandeliers. Lovely parlors with inherited generations of mahogany, books, and carpets were immersed before the owners could lay a preventing hand. Families raced upstairs and watched with fascinated concentration the rise of the water pouring through the streets where it at last attained a depth of twelve feet. All city noises were hushed; no cars moved, nothing was seen or heard but the steady rise of the water and the roar of the current as it swept around corners or through the inside of houses. Happy those whose homes were high enough to keep the flood in the lower story! Thousands of people were marooned for three days and nights in the attics or on the roofs of their homes whither they had cut their way with a hatchet.

It was a time when the essential nobility of human nature—or its opposite—comes to the surface. Some varlets looted or asked big prices for country produce. Others hunted out boats, stayed in them until they were soaked to the skin and worn out in order that suffering people should be taken to homes where they could be cared for. Then Red Cross supplies came and the mariners in skiffs distributed canned milk, baked beans, bread, tinned soups and warm blankets wherever they were needed.

When the water receded and people could walk about in the streets, what a strange and transformed Dayton they saw. Wreckage piled almost to the roofs of the houses, overturned street cars, grand pianos, dead horses, waste lumber, asphalt pavement rolled into huge bales like a carpet; on every side ruin, waste, destruction, unspeakable filth and inconceivable property loss. Four hundred lives snuffed out and a hundred million dollars worth of land and buildings destroyed.

Did the citizens wring their hands and assume sackcloth and ashes? Not the least in the world. They broke up furniture to make fires in the grate, assembled what eatables the flood had spared and shared them with next-door neighbors; they went from door to door calling on citizens



MAIN STREET BRIDGE, BUILT IN 1839, IN FLOOD OF 1866

to form relief stations in the ward schoolhouses. Private cars in the suburbs collected bread, coffee, bedding and blankets and took them to the stations. Fires were made, beds set up, pots filled with coffee or with potatoes to boil—ten to twelve hours a day they worked with faces so dirty that near friends failed to recognize each other and at the end fed themselves with a chip from a can of cold baked beans and went to whatever bed they could find, thinking "Never, *never* again, this sort of thing for Dayton!"

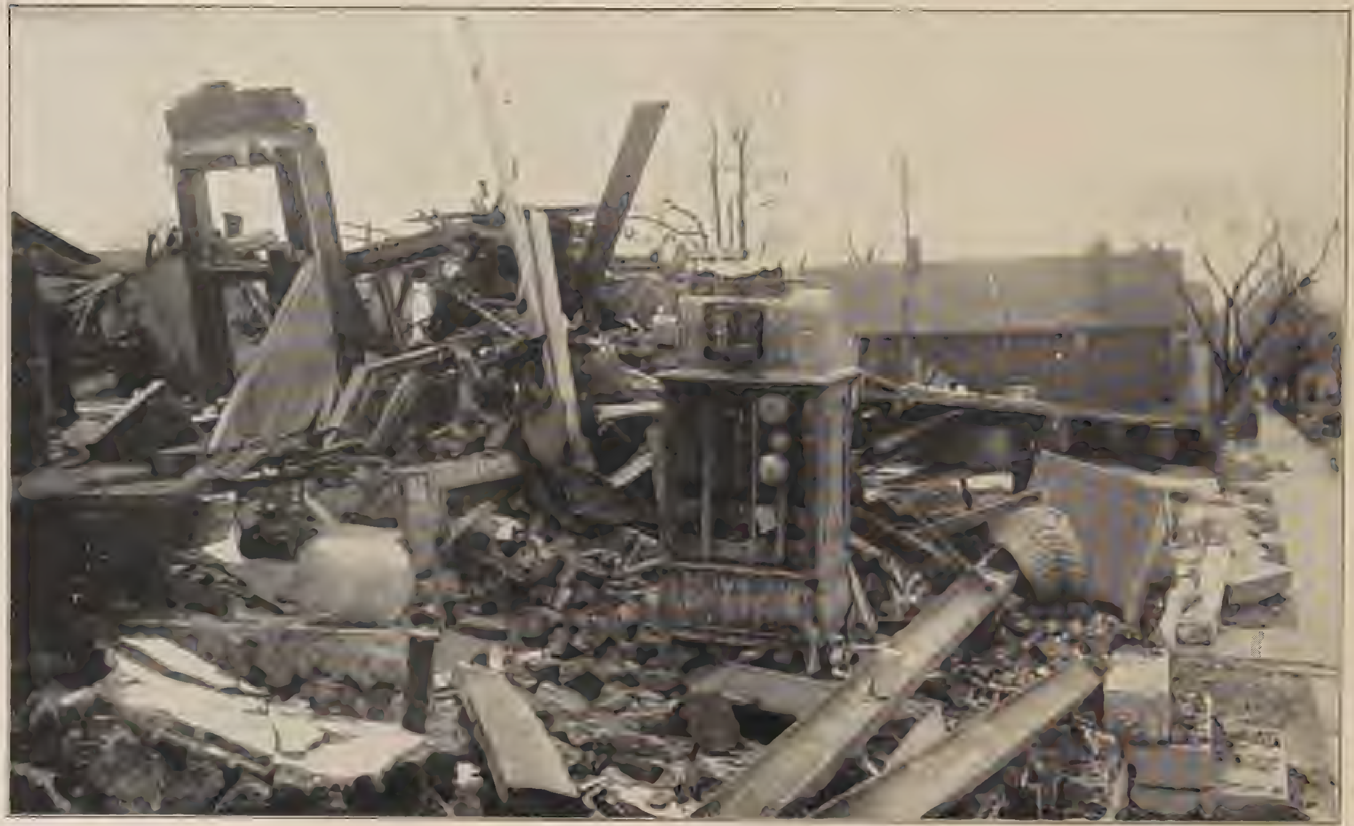
After the militia appeared and martial law was declared, things went better. With great determination the citizens accepted both their individual and community losses, cleaned up the wreckage and reëstablished their businesses. The militia patrolled the streets and enforced order. Every able-bodied man was put to work. Food was distributed and tents supplied for the homeless. Railroads and telegraph lines wrecked by the rush of water were rebuilt and communication restored—the last an inestimable blessing to the out-of-town Daytonians awaiting in other cities the news of their families.

All in all the restoration period proved as good a story, though less picturesque, than the flood itself. People were hardly dried out than they began to make good "the promises made in the attic." Here was Dayton, beautiful, rich, powerful, our fathers' home and ours; should it be periodically threatened with the horrors we had just been through? Somehow, some way, some time, it must be prevented. It would take money, then engineers, to solve an apparently unsolvable problem; it would take agriculturists and soil experts, architects and legislators and lawyers and enough official paper, it was estimated, to cover the continent from here to California.

First they raised a fund to enable engineers to study the problem as a whole, that is all up and down the valley, for there was no idea of wasting time on a piecemeal job. Well, they went to it and while they were studying plans and problems the citizens were raising money. A giant cash register on the courthouse corner showed each day's progress. It clicked around until the result showed that twenty-three individuals had contributed two million dollars. There was an indirect advantage in that it gave people something to cheer about, which up to that time they had had little reason for doing. Housekeepers with ruined carpets and books, cherished family treasures swept Cincinnatiwards, merchants with attractive and expensive stocks scooped out and spread in the mud, churches with organs, vestments, books and brasses destroyed, tried to minimize their sorrow when they walked past the courthouse and saw the mounting thousands rise.

The committee on flood protection was augmented by citizens from other counties, the personnel of which constituted the Miami Conservancy District and embraced portions of nine counties, Montgomery, Shelby, Miami, Clark, Greene, Warren, Preble, Butler, and Hamilton. The first definite act of the committee was to employ the Morgan Engineering Company of Memphis and to put them in entire control of the job. It then developed that not a spade-full of dirt, not even a blue print could be executed for the reason that there was no enabling law to fit the case. Cities could do things but not a lot of cities and counties coöperatively. Consequently the Conservancy Act of Ohio was prepared, chiefly by John A. McMahon and O. B. Brown, and passed by the Ohio Legislature February 18, 1914. The day after the signing of this act by Governor Cox a petition was filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Montgomery County asking for the establishment of the Miami Conservancy District. Then followed a legal battle on the constitutionality of the law and it was not until June 28, 1915, almost two years after the flood, that the district was established by the court and the directors selected.

The plan decided upon was what is known as the retarding basin plan, which is this: At a certain place in the channel of each river a dam is built so solid that it seems just another long hill connecting at right angles the hills that make the river valley. This dam, in time of freshet, lets only enough water through to fill the normal channel of the river—all that can safely be accommodated between its banks. The rest is held back, "retarded" in a lake above the dam and, as the crest of the flood passes, it slowly takes its way down the valley, endangering nothing on the way. In addition to this there were to be other safeguards, such as deepening and straightening the channel, repairing and raising the levees, but the preliminaries to them all were to appraise the farms lying within the conservancy district and purchase them outright. This, as may be imagined, was a long and sometimes painful job. Homes that had sheltered several generations of families had to be surveyed, appraised and taken possession of. In one case the whole village of Fairfield, up Mad River, had to be moved bodily to higher ground. On November 25, 1916, the official plan was approved by the court; the appraisal roll was filed May 9, 1917; on September 13 they advertised the construction work; on December 3 they sold the first installment of bonds amounting to $15,000,000. All this time the general public, ignorant, as the general public always is in technical matters, had been screaming for accomplishment. "Five years" they bellowed, "and no dirt flying yet"! Now, if they have patience to read part 2 of the "Technical Reports of the Miami Flood Control Project," they might gain some small idea of the multi-multitudinous arrangements, plans, surveys, sales, forms and specifications, drawings, court decisions, which had to be gotten over with before the first spadeful of dirt was excavated.



AFTER THE FLOOD HAD SUBSIDED

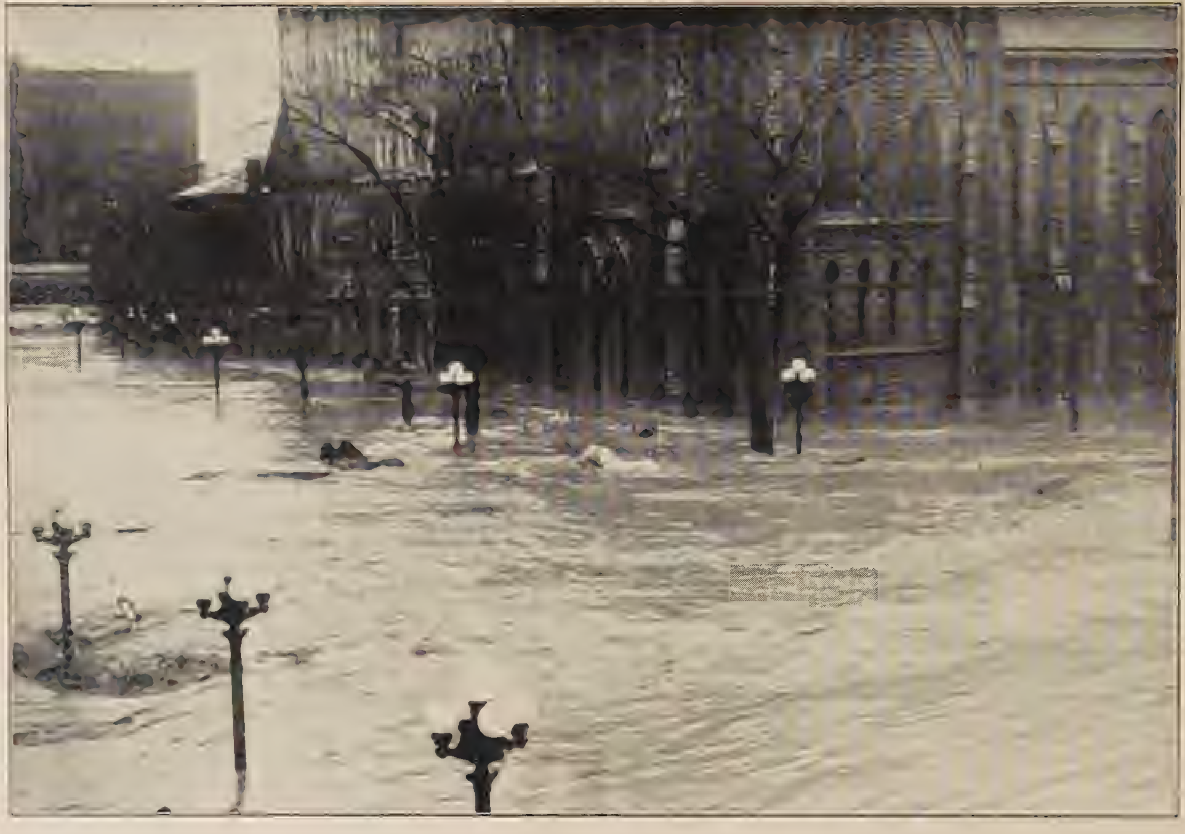
So, therefore, the equipment was purchased and the actual construction period began on January 1, 1918. A flood forty per cent. greater than that of 1913 was decided upon as the maximum to be taken care of by the flood prevention works. Never since the dams were built has there been that much increase over the flood of 1913 but as much as then went down has been experienced several times with not the slightest jeopardy to the banks, channel or abutting property. The rains have come, the lakes have filled up, eighty feet deep on the upper side of Englewood dam, but the outlets have calmly accepted it, passed it slowly down the valley and Dayton has thought nothing about it. Storage is provided for a total of 847,000 acre feet of water under maximum flooding conditions. Part seven of the "Technical Reports," "Hydraulics of the Miami Flood Control Project," gives a presentation of the flood control plans and of the method of working out their application. Four railroad lines and several telegraph and telephone lines occupied rights of way in the basin area. In the case of the railway lines the rights of way were within the areas in which the dams were built. These public utilities are now relocated on higher ground wholly or partially out of reach of the backwater from the retarding basins. The actual work as it faced the committee on January 1, 1918, consisted of the construction of five dams, at Germantown on Twin Creek, protecting Middletown and Hamilton; Englewood on Stillwater; Taylorsville on the Miami; and Huffman on Mad River, all just above Dayton and protecting it and the towns below. Then the quantities of material involved were large—for public service relocations, 2,500,000 cubic yards excavation, 30,000 cubic yards concrete, 55 miles railroad tracks. This only, as it were, to get ready for the real work, which was flood prevention work. For this 8,200,000 cubic yards embankment in dams, 2,550,000 cubic yards embankment in levees, 5,330,000 cubic yards excavation in river channels, 162,500 cubic yards concrete in outlet works at dams, 89,000 cubic yards in walls and levee revetment. The concrete, if put into a road, would make a sixteen-foot highway from Cincinnati to Toledo. The earth removed, if put into ordinary two-horse dirt wagons drawn by teams, spaced far enough apart to allow the teams to walk, would fill a string of wagons long enough to go round the earth six times To move such an outfit would take almost twice the number of horses and mules existing in the United States. And the dunderheaded public, of which the writer was a part, thought it ought to be done in a hurry!

The organization of men to do the job was needed, and not only men to do the actual digging, but accountants, storekeepers, cooks, buyers, warehouse men, chauffeurs, skilled mechanics on repair work, and many others. The district early adopted a definite policy which guaranteed fair treatment, because of which the construction force stuck loyally to the job in spite of the war and the attraction of easy jobs at big pay that existed on every hand. The maximum number employed at any one time was 2,000; the minimum 750.

The equipment for the job called for 29 locomotives, 21 drag-lines, 200 cars, 63 automobiles, many miles of railroad track, 100 pumps, over 100 transformers, 73 miles of transmission lines. The men had to have a place to live, so five little villages were built to accommodate them and their families; 230 houses, 200 sheds, 5 mess halls, 5 stores, with running water and baths in dwellings, and bunk houses. As to supplies, the widely diversified construction required an amazing variety of articles. Millions of small tools, 70,000 tons of coal, 45,000 barrels of cement, 10,000,000 feet of lumber and 400,000 gallons of gasoline filled 7,800 car-loads and several less than car-load lots which if combined would make a solid string of cars reaching from Dayton to Cincinnati. The purchasing, distributing and accounting of these articles was a job of no mean size. Railroad sidings on which to receive and unload freight, houses for sheltering the men, transmission lines over which to transport electrical energy and erection of equipment were undertaken first. As the progress on the dams depended upon the promptness with which the streams were diverted through the permanent conduits, these structures were started at the earliest possible moment. Of the five dams, that at Englewood was the largest, being 4,700 feet long (about nine-tenths of a mile), 415 feet thick at the base and requiring a volume of 3,600,000 cubic yards of earthwork moved.

The spillways were a vexing question since they were planned to be used only when a volume of water should come down the channel forty per cent. bigger than in 1913 and it is quite plain we never will have a flood of that size. But it was decided that the dams could not contain the absolute element of safety which was promised the people of this valley unless these safety valves were included in the design. There they stand, solid concrete assurances that should a flood come which, like Noah's, would cover all the face of the earth, the conservancy dams would still function. As highways cross the valleys on top of the dams, the spillways are all spanned by substantial concrete bridges strong enough to allow two twenty-ton trucks to pass each other.

The conduit tunnels which take up the ordinary overflow are ingeniously constructed. During flood stages, with the retarding basin above the dam nearly full, the water emerges from the conduit tunnels with high velocity. To break up this velocity a carefully designed structure built to utilize the hydraulic jump is placed at the lower end of the conduits. This hydraulic jump uses up energy when the water lifts itself in



CORNER OF FOURTH AND LUDLOW; GRACE CHURCH AND THE FLOOD

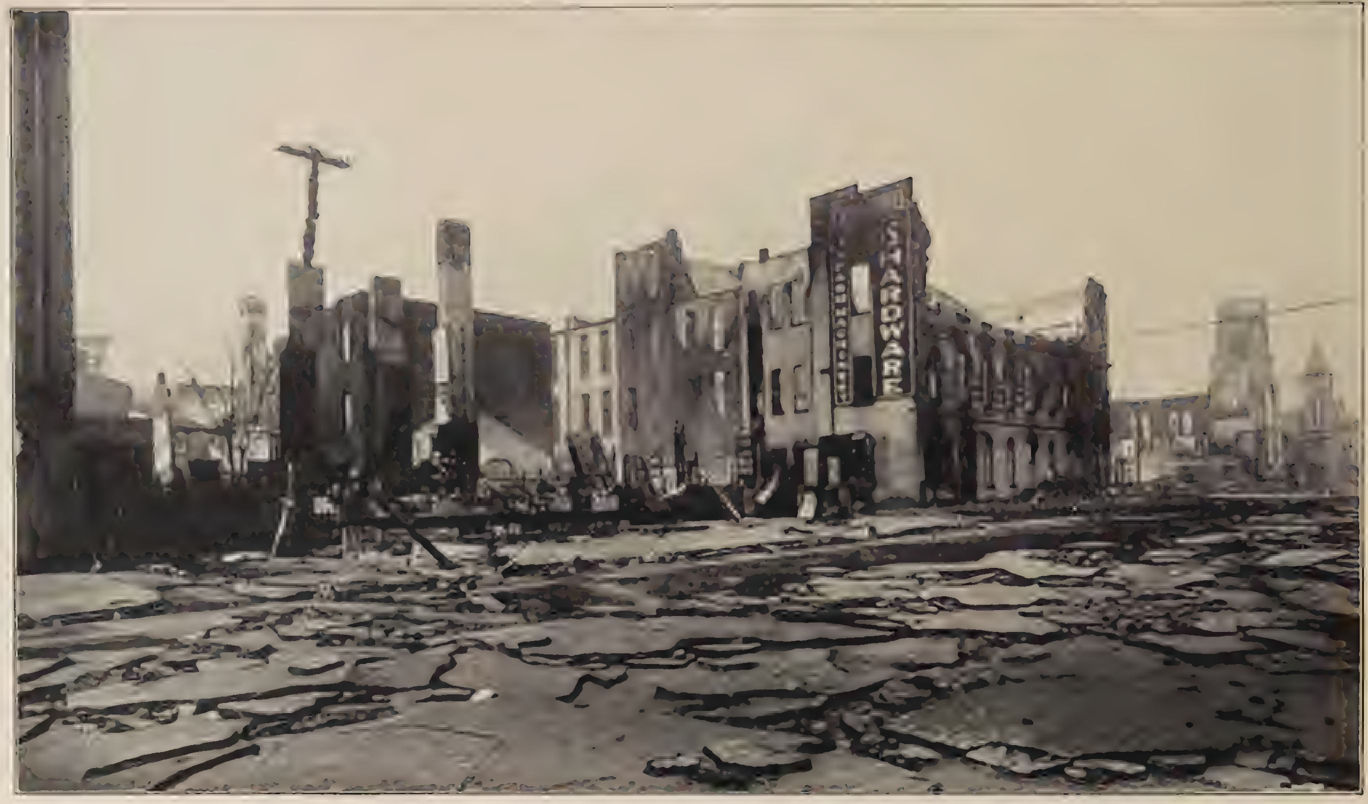
the standing wave, and the attendant pools also use up energy when the water swirls about within them. The water leaves the lower end of the structure quietly, with low velocity, and thus is eliminated one of the gravest dangers of a flood, the wearing away of the river bank on the outside of a curve.

The hydraulic excavation and the hydraulic fill methods were used in construction. In excavating, the materials brought up were those necessary for the after construction. At the Lockington dam gravel suitable for concrete mixing was found in uncovering the rock foundation, to furnish all the material needed. The hydraulic fill method owes its origin to placer mining in the West where it was at first developed. The natural borrow pit materials are thoroughly broken up by water and carried by moving water, either under pressure in pipes or in open sluices, built on a steep grade so as to give the stream of water a high velocity, to the outside edges of the embankment under construction, where the water, with its burden of material, is dumped on the outside edge. The water, released from pressure, flows toward the center of the dam, over the sloping banks, by gravity. The rock drops out first, as the velocity of the stream decreases, then the coarse gravel, then the sand, until when the central portion of the core is reached, only the fine material is being carried along and deposited. This fine material is semi-liquid mud just below the water-line of the pool but at greater depths it soon loses all the characteristics of a fluid and becomes a dense solid mass through which water will not percolate. It is this material which, when spread thickly over household possessions and not immediately removed makes later cleaning so impossible. Added to the refuse of factories and cesspools, slaughter houses and paint works, it forms a concrete which requires nothing less than a pick to get out. When soft it entered the tiniest apertures in woodwork and furniture and even now, nearly twenty years after the flood, small particles of it will drop out of table legs and drawers in solid chunks to make despairing housekeepers ask "Will we *never* get rid of that flood mud?

Channel improvement being a part of flood prevention, much work went into that at all the towns up and down the valley. The removal of sand bars, impeding trees and islands, the lengthening of bridges, the straightening of the bed of the river, the raising of the top of the levees and the revetment of banks were some of the improvements carried out. On one place the entire removal of a factory on each side of the river was accomplished to get the necessary width of channel. Every town had its special problem. Water and gas mains had to be lowered, bridges raised, two new bridges built, many railroad tracks shifted. The handling, housing and feeding of the workers, the endless experiments to speed up and cheapen the work, the social significance of this great coöperative enterprise, the schools provided for the children in the camps are all complete stories in themselves and would make a larger book than the present one. For the interesting details the reader is referred to the "Conservancy Bulletins" which may be had at the Conservancy Building on Monument Avenue, with all the other material available for engineers the world over who come to Dayton to find out about flood prevention. In this building is carefully preserved the cost, down to the last penny, every conceivable item of preparation, whether legal or constructive, every problem and how it was solved—in fact it is happily not the flood which put us on the map of the world but our success in the prevention of floods.

For they have been prevented, and Dayton is as safe from loss by water as if she were situated in the middle of the Sahara Desert. On April 11, 1922, a severe storm poured its contents into the valley, all one day and well on into the night. In some places an inch and a half fell in less than two hours. The total rainfall for twenty-four hours was three and one-half inches and this on saturated ground. Under the old conditions the danger mark in Dayton would have been eighteen feet at Main Street bridge. Actually, however, it only marked nine feet and six inches. Only thirty-two per cent. of the channel capacity was used and only four per cent. of the basin storage capacity utilized. Everything worked out according to plan. The water was carried through the improved river channels in the cities smoothly and swiftly; the familiar turbulent appearance in former floods being entirely absent. At all of the dams the hydraulic jump worked just as it was intended to and only a few hundred feet below each of the outlets the water was flowing smoothly with no intention of scooping out soft banks. Practically no damage was done to property in the valley or to the works of the conservancy district. On June 8, 1924, a near-cloudburst caused a rainfall of over four and one-half inches over the upper part of the Stillwater water shed. The result was a rapid rise of Stillwater River and only the moderate stage of thirteen feet at Dayton. Englewood dam held back a volume of water which made a temporary lake covering 2,300 acres. No scraping off of rich loam from fields, no covering of other fields with gravel, no filling up of cellars in the towns, no tearing away of bridges and farm buildings to send them to Cincinnati on the crest of the flood. No wastage of stocks in stores nor crops in the barns, no ruining of carpets and household treasures, in fact nothing to worry about and nothing to regret. Thus have the forces of nature been conquered.

Of course we have our conservancy taxes to pay and will until we die. Some people object to doing this, which forces us to reflect that the con-



WHAT THE FIRE DID TO THE BUILDINGS AND THE FLOOD TO THE PAVEMENTS

servancy plan lacked just one provision—a method of bringing to his senses a man who begrudges the outlay. It should provide for placing him for a certain number of days without sanitary arrangements, drinking water or food, for keeping a shovel in his hand while he removed several tons of offensive muck from the rooms of his house, meanwhile going without a shave or a bath. After such probation as this, wings wouldn't be quick enough to get him to the assessor's office.

As it is, the flood will always remain the Odyssey of Dayton. "*Haec olim meminisse juvabit*" applies as much to those lugubrious days as it does to the old-fashioned amusements of which some people are so fond of telling. For in those four days Daytonians LIVED as they had never lived before. No volume of adventure could equal it. You may hear it when, on an evening before the fire or on a summer evening on a porch, even at this day, people happen to mention the flood. The very word opens the floodgates of narrative. No one's personal experience is like any other. Those Daytonians who were out of the city when it happened feel as if they have lived in vain. For they cannot contribute. They hear, among other things, how an elderly maiden lady, full sixty years behind the ordinary fence-climbing age, crawled on a six-inch plank resting one end on her bathroom window sill, the other on that of her next-door neighbor, above a raging torrent of water ten feet below her and got there in safety. Or how a family just beginning to set the breakfast table were surprised and fled to the upper story having only placed the butter-balls on ten individual plates. Three days afterward they arrived to view the scene. The dining table had risen on the flood until it touched the ceiling, when it slowly lowered itself, leaving ten butter-balls stuck tight out of the water line. Or of the distracted mother who dropped her six-months old twins out of a skiff and found them again at the landing place where the next skiff that came along had rescued and placed them. How the younger son of a family of refugees found a hammer and tacks and proceeded to drive them into the ancestral mahogany of his temporary hostess. Of millionaires standing in line to receive whatever a generous government could dole out to them and consuming dry bread and bologna sausage with relish. How a train load of three hundred transient passengers were marooned in an upper room of the Union Station with nothing to eat but one box of chocolate creams and rainwater. How one man showed a way of escape by walking three squares on aerial telephone cables and thirty people followed him. How an aged couple, marooned in a small house only one hundred feet from dry land and on account of the swift current every boat overturned before it could reach them, were finally rescued by backing a freight train until the last car touched the house. Three minutes after they had climbed up a ladder to safety the house bulged up on its foundations and left for the south. How complete show cases filled with jewelry crashed through the windows of Newsalt's store and emptied themselves in the mud of the street. How an old couple, faint from cold and hunger, were carried out of their home on West Third Street, past a dead horse, a grand piano and a street car, all stranded on their front steps. How fifteen hundred pianos were hauled to the river bank, kerosene poured over them and burned. How hundreds of poor horses swam and swam and begged with their eyes that people whom they saw at windows would help them and finally sank to the bottom. How the National Cash Register plant served two thousand seven hundred and fifty meals every day to refugees who lay thick upon the floors of the factory. How rescued old people died from exposure and babies were born in those halls and corridors. How sheds were washed away and one deposited on the roof of a small house.

Considered then as a whole, the flood was not an unmixed curse, for it carried with it new moral and spiritual appreciations. When families, having been separated and harassed by anxiety were finally united, they could hear the grand piano breaking the windows of the conservatory with complete equanimity. The wife of his bosom welcomed the husband of her bosom regardless of the fact that he had slept in his clothes on office chairs for four nights. The flood took away from Dayton many precious things but it gave something in return—it illuminated those that were really precious.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION IN DAYTON AND MONTGOMERY COUNTY.

The doctors of Dayton! What a fine group they have been and still are! In my girlhood I used to know them all, as, in the inevitable horse and buggy, they drove on their patient-seeing rounds through the muddy streets of Dayton or out on the country roads. Now I know so few.

My acquaintance with the profession was a vicarious one, through my father, Dr. J. C. Reeve, who had his office in the 'sixties on the southwest corner of Fourth and Ludlow, and in the 'seventies on the southwest corner of Third and Wilkinson. His home in the former locality was an old-fashioned brick house with none of the ancient and mistaken ideas of building left out. The house fronted on Fourth Street, and the office on Ludlow, between them a large yard occupying the vacant corner. Nothing more pleasant could be imagined than that yard shaded with cedars and maples, planted with roses and flowering shrubs, a long grape arbor running the length of the side porch effectually shutting out all the light a family of children needed to grow up on.

That a physician could live in such a house is an indication of the status of the profession and of domestic architecture in that day. No bathroom, no furnace, few and small windows and both dining room and kitchen on different levels from the sitting room; bedrooms all opening into each other, a cellar damp from frequent inundations of the Miami River. But every other doctor lived in that kind of a house; neither doctors, architects or housekeepers having waked up.

In the office on Ludlow Street in the earlier days congregated doctors intent on discussions, "cases," or playing chess or merely exchanging stories and jokes. Among the older doctors at that time were Dr. Job Haines, then the dean of the Dayton profession, wearing a long blue coat and brass buttons; Dr. Steele, whose office was just a block north on the same corner; Dr. Hibbert Jewett and his son, Adams Jewett, both fine men, their characteristics repeated in the third Dr. Jewett, Henry S. Jewett, who came along a generation later. At the Third Street office there were as occasional droppers-in Dr. Thomas L. Neal, Dr. Jennings, Dr. Goodhue, Dr. Clark McDermont, Dr. Shriver, Dr. Pilate, Dr. W. J. Conklin, Dr. John Davis.

The doctors of that day, if we may accept the impressions of a little girl, affected certain mannerisms now happily laid aside. Dr. S. G. Armor, from whom my father bought the Fourth and Ludlow corner, had a large practice, a black beard and a profoundly professional manner.

He began his examination of a patient by rubbing his hands together and exclaiming, "Well! well! well! and how are we today?" When a patient gave a discouraging report to the usual first question as to elimination (only the doctors were plainer spoken in those days) Dr. Armor always shook his head and purred sonorously, "Ah, torpid! torpid! torpid!" Another practitioner, a little hipped (we thought) on diet, used to condemn crackers because they were, he said, "highly farinacious, highly farinacious." We have fallen on lowlier days when we say "too starchy," but both the old and the modern doctors were right. However, we could hardly help overdoing the starchy foods through the long winters with no fresh fruits or vegetables, from September when corn and melons disappeared, to May when radishes and lettuce came in. The more I consider what the doctors of an earlier generation used to be up against, the more I am inclined to admire their capabilities.

Three times a week old Kitty stood at the hitching post in front of a certain house on West Second Street, where just that number of sick headaches appeared regularly for the mother of the family. It was the inevitable result of closed windows with cracks filled with lint for the winter, an "air-tight stove" drying out the atmosphere in every room; pork, fried potatoes, pie, coffee, made up the daily menu of every family. No use for my father to have ordered the windows opened wide, even if he had known enough, which he didn't. He slept with closed windows himself and thrived on it up to past ninety. Such orders in the 'sixties would not have been obeyed, so he just went on comfortably giving calomel.

The word "sanitation" had not been invented. The streets carried the same accumulations for years, first churned up as mud and then dried out to be blown over the city as dust. Manure piles hatched out flies by the million, which were never gotten rid of, only scared away temporarily at meal time to go and settle somewhere else. If a baby broke out with measles the doctor said: "Grease him and keep him warm. It's just as well. It's going round and he'd have caught it anyway." In case of the more virulent diseases, scarlet fever or diphtheria, few precautions against contagion were taken beyond a card on the front door which the neighbors did not take seriously. In those pre-sewer days, household refuse was thrown on the back premises. Carpets having been tacked down all winter were in the spring hung on a line and pounded with a broom-stick until the dust was well distributed throughout the neighborhood.

Those were the days when a doctor made his own pills and plasters, now the products of scientific laboratories; when he took off his coat and operated in his shirt sleeves with instruments that had been cleaned at the kitchen sink. Now what boilings and sterilizings of everything in

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the remotest connection with an open wound! Those were the days when a doctor drove six miles up the Covington Pike and brought a baby to a farmer's wife for five dollars. When he hitched up his horse in the buggy shafts and drove unheard of miles in stormy weather with no protection except a leather apron fastened to the dashboard, and which always leaked. There have been many books and papers written about the family doctor and his self-forgetful service to humanity, but not by any means enough. He did not look like a hero, climbing stiffly out of a buggy in raincoat and slouch hat after a drive of twenty miles, but his portrait would be more complete with a pair of wings sprouting from his shoulders.

Another strking contrast between doctors of that day and this is that medical custom and social habits now give a certain amount of protection to his leisure. The doctors of the 'seventies and 'eighties were slaves to the public; forever at the beck and call of small unimportant demands. No office hours, all around the clock was office hours, no secretary to meet patients and make appointments; no possibility of theatres, concerts or other social pleasures. A sufferer who was too busy during the week to call on the doctor took Sunday morning to do it. I grew up with a firmly fixed adage in my mind: "Let the doctor alone on Sunday." Night calls were inevitable. I have seen my father, after a long hard day, sitting with his head in his hands bowed before the open fire, looking up hopefully from time to time at the clock. When it struck nine he was reasonably sure no one would open his office door. I have seen him go upstairs to bed. Hardly had the light gone out and he comfortably settled than a sharp peremptory ring at the bell meant that he must rise, go to the barn, hitch up Kitty and drive to a distant country call. Oliver Wendell Holmes has preserved this situation in the amber of his clever verse:

Hour after hour the busy day has found
The good physician on his lonely round.
Mansion and hovel, low and lofty door
He knows, his journeys every path explore
Where the cold blast has struck with deadly chill
The sturdy dweller on the storm-swept hill
And where the solemn whisper tells too plain
That all his science, all his art were vain.

How sweet his fireside when the day is done
And cares have vanished with the setting sun!
Evening at last its hour of respite brings
And on his couch his weary length he flings,
Soft be thy pillow, servant of mankind,
Lulled by an opiate art could never find!
Sweet be thy slumber—thou hast earned it well,
Pleasant thy dreams—Clang! goes the midnight bell!

Darkness and storm, the home is far away
That waits his coming ere the break of day
The snow-clad pines their wintry plumage toss,
Doubtful the frozen streams his road must cross,
Deep lie the drifts, the slanted heaps have shut
The hardy woodman in his mountain hut.

Why should thy softer frame the tempest brave?
Hast thou no life, no health to lose or save?
Look. Read the answer in his patient eyes,
For him no other voice when suffering cries.
Deaf to the gale which all around him blows,
A feeble whisper calls him and he goes.

Another pitiful handicap to the medical profession fifty years ago was the lack of trained nurses. The profession, as such, had not been born. In a maternity case the nearest neighbor took hold. It was hard on her, to leave her own household and still harder on the patient. But both had to stand it. There were, it is true, in every community a few women who answered calls, but they were mostly good-hearted creatures without a vestige of scientific knowledge. It seemed to be a generally accepted principle that when a woman was too old and feeble to do anything else it was time for her to take up nursing. Bitter memories arise in my own mind of snuff-taking, beer-guzzling old harridans, real "Sairey Gamps" before Sairey's day, who inhabited our home at stated intervals and left my mother in tears and with a new baby.

One outstanding fact in considering the early Dayton doctors is that few of them in the beginning possessed a medical degree. Practitioners in the east had their degrees from Europe since there were few or no medical colleges in the United States. But those in the west learned their medicine from older doctors in whose offices they studied and whom they accompanied in their patient-seeing rounds. The senior physicians acted as censors to judge on the qualifications of an applicant for a license to practice medicine within a certain district. Our local district was made up of the counties of Montgomery, Preble, Drake, Miami, Green and Champaign. This informal procedure lasted as late as 1896, when the State Medical Practice Act began to be enforced. The requirements then became much more strict, a high school graduation and a diploma from a recognized medical college before being permitted to take the examination. Since 1916 the applicant, in addition to high school is required to have had two years of "pre-medic" collegiate work before enrollment in a medical college.

As early as 1816 the need of closer association among the physicians was recognized and a medical society was organized and met more or less regularly for thirty years. In 1849 when Dayton had grown to be a city of ten thousand population, there were forty-one physicians, one to two hundred and sixty-eight people. The society was then reorganized to take in outside practitioners, and became the Montgomery

County Medical Society, which except during the four years of the Civil War has functioned regularly and effectively ever since. As stated in the constitution, the objects are the improvement of the members in scientific and professional knowledge, the promotion of personal character and fellowship and the elevation of standards of medical education.

A consideration of the medical profession is impossible without dealing with the Board of Health, the last a logical outcome of the first. In 1868 the first Board of Health was established with Dr. Thomas L. Neal, who served for sixteen years, as health officer. The first obligation which met the members was the necessity for sewers. It was plain to the doctors, if to nobody else, that Dayton's water supply was being contaminated by the proximity of wells and cesspools in an under strata of gravel. Sewers are expensive luxuries, and Dayton was small and poor. More than twenty years of agitation elapsed before our present system of sewers was accomplished. It will scarcely be believed that as late as 1913 there still remained fifteen thousand open vaults and cesspools in Dayton, each a potential threat of disease.

A pure water system is an imperative condition of every community, and in this, as in all other health measures, the doctors have always been to the fore, battling against the mountainous odds of prejudice, ignorance and penury. The people who had been getting their drinking water from a pump in close proximity to a privy vault did not realize the danger, and objected to the extra taxes a system of water works would involve. To describe the long and discouraging struggle, involving the survey of wells, the bacteriological examination of water, the arguments for and against in the daily papers is too long a story to tell here. Suffice it to say that we now have the Holly system, which assures us pure water. The orders, "All wells for drinking purposes will be condemned and city water installed," doubtless meant expense and trouble for many citizens which they could ill afford, but its ultimate result was a lowering of the death rate, and that is what the doctors seem to live for.

With all these things in view it has seemed wise, instead of listing the physicians by name, with limited biographical data for each (a long and possibly uninteresting story) to make this chapter a history of their accomplishments as a corporate unit. A doctor does not work for renown; he works for results with the statistics of health as his gospel. He does his little bit in preventive medicine; the rest all help. As the years grow the work widens and improves. Dayton shows the accomplishments in a lowered infant mortality rate and longer lives for the majority, whether they know about it or not. The doctors put forth their best efforts, not so much toward the curing of disease, which is where they make their living, as to the prevention of disease, where they don't make anything at all.

Therefore, the sewer system may be said to be in a way, a monument to the vigilance and public spirit of the medical men of Dayton. Similarly are the hospitals, which not only could not exist without the service of the profession, but are a direct result of the initiative and devoted service of the physicians.

No element in the preservation of public health is more basic than a pure milk supply. Until 1889 no notice was taken by public officials of the conditions operating in the production and distribution of milk. Indeed, it was only beginning to be suspected what horrors lie in the treatment of milk and the danger involved to the babies. Dirty stables, dirty cows, dirty hands to milk them, dirty cans and dirty premises were the rule forty years ago. The Medical Society of New Jersey began the agitation for pure milk, but it was a long time getting under way. The public would not believe in the danger, the babies had nothing to say because they couldn't. Their only reaction to the situation was to die in large numbers, which they promptly and continually did.

From the doctors of New Jersey a new term came into the vocabulary of health prevention, "certified milk," meaning milk that had been produced under law-regulated conditions. This subject began to be agitated in medical magazines, but very rarely in the public press. In the 'nineties two young women physicians, Dr. Gertrude Felker and Dr. Everhard came from Boston fresh from experience in the Massachusetts General Hospital and from health work among the poor. The former read a paper before the Montgomery County Medical Society on the necessity of milk control. Dr. Light, having young children of his own, took it up. In 1907 a committee was formed consisting of Drs. A. L. Light, chairman, C. W. King, J. S. Beck, D. B. Conklin, A. H. Lane, George Goodhue, H. O. Collins, After due examination the report given was that the dairies of Ohio, and Dayton in particular, were just as bad as those in New Jersey, and that "there was not a drop of milk in Dayton fit for children to drink."

It is only fair to state that the dairymen themselves were waking up and a few declared themselves interested in constructing barns and dairies after the advice of the Department of Agriculture at Washington. Therefore, for their first allies against public ignorance and indifference the doctors had a few intelligent dairymen. "Certified Milk" became the slogan for both, which now means tuberculin-inspected cows, kept with as scrupulous care as a human baby, scrubbed before each milking, milked by electricity, housed in barns as clean as a parlor, situated with regard to perfect drainage, cared for by white-uniformed attendants, who are inspected as often as the cows, twice a year by the American Medical Milk Commission, Inc. (a nation-wide organization), and very often by the

SURGICAL BUILDING, MIAMI VALLEY HOSPITAL

local medical corps. The public may thus be assured that while they pay more for "certified" milk than for the old-time raw milk, they are thereby assured of as perfect freedom from contamination as human ingenuity can accomplish.

In a less understood but no less important matter have the doctors of Dayton interested themselves in a better building code for the city. At a meeting of the Montgomery County Medical Society as early as 1905 the matter came up for consideration, and a committee was appointed to bring the matter before the City Council. The population of Dayton at that time was 100,000, and growing constantly. The need for buildings resulted in the construction of many in which the needs of light, air and safety were disregarded. It was Mr. Kearns who introduced into the City Council the building code, "Necessity for building regulation in the City of Dayton," backed by the Medical Society. Dr. Webster Smith served as the medical member on the committee.

The usual discouraging delays arising from public indifference and scarcity of funds occurred. Two things were necessary to bring the plan to fruition: the dreadful catastrophe of the Collinwood school fire in Cleveland, and the city manager plan of government in Dayton. The State building code was also a contributing help, and since 1916 we have had a satisfactory building code.

Of no accomplishment may the physicians of Dayton be more justly proud than the campaign against that fearful scourge of the human race —tuberculosis. Dr. J. S. Beck was one of the first movers in this enterprise. Through a committee appointed of both doctors in the Medical Society and laymen measures were taken with a double purpose, first of educating the public on preventive means, and next of establishing a sanitarium for the nursing care of tuberculosis patients. Both are now in process of accomplishment; the Stillwater Sanitarium in a pleasant situation on the Covington Pike, has a medical director and a full time physician, a sufficient number of consulting physicians and a full corps of nurses. The tuberculosis clinic opened in 1921 is a clearing house for the sanitarium. Patients receive there examination and advice, if found advisable, and are sent to the sanitarium. The society publishes pamphlets for the instruction of parents on preventive measures, and others for distribution to factory workers, and from time to time issues newspaper publicity in behalf of disease prevention.

The latest example of preventive work sponsored by the medical profession under the Health Education Committee is the examination of supposedly well children. It began in 1914, and is intended to point out to parents certain conditions in their children which should be corrected. This measure, at first meeting with not a little opposition is now generally accepted as a wise means of ascertaining disease conditions before they become active.

The goal towards which the physicians are constantly working is a lowered death rate. In New Zealand in 1920 it was 50.4 per thousand; in Dayton in 1925 it was 51.7 per thousand. Total death rate in Rotterdam in 1926 was 8.3 per thousand; in Dayton it was 11.6. If the public were as careful as they should be and obeyed unquestionably the orders of the doctors we should have only the unpreventable cases of disease and death. Fifty per cent., we are told, could be eliminated if the public were alive to the facts. No stronger proof of this could be needed than an experience with an epidemic of smallpox which occurred about twenty years ago, and can be verified by consulting the figures still on record in the health archives.

A child in a certain schoolroom was discovered to be flushed with fever and was sent home. Another child and then another displayed the same symptoms; in short the doctors found they had a well-defined epidemic of smallpox on their hands. Forty, in all, contracted the disease. Investigation elicited the fact that only ten per cent. of the children in that school had been vaccinated; that further every vaccinated child in that deadly schoolroom had escaped contagion, even the one occupying the same seat with the first victim, while every unvaccinated child without exception, came down with the disease. A chart of the area affected, still to be consulted, shows the absolute preventive effect of vaccination. Public opinion in some quarters opposes compulsory vaccination as an interference with the liberty of the individual. In this case the fanatic effort to preserve personal liberty resulted in the freedom of forty children to suffer pain and fever from a loathsome disease with disfiguring results; liberty of the well children to be deprived of school privileges while the building was empty and fumigated; the parents had liberty to destroy every article of clothing and furniture and bedding in those forty homes where the patients had been nursed; liberty on the part of the teachers to lose their pay until health conditions were restored; liberty on the part of the tax-paying public for loss of public funds through the School Board for repairs and renovation. All because of the unwillingness of the public to take the advice of the physicians on medical matters. It would seem that liberty may be purchased at too high a price.

School inspection proved most unpopular when it was first instituted. Parents were heard to say that it was none of the city's business what condition their children were in. They resented both the questions and the examinations. At one time this inspection resulted in the finding of eighteen cases of diphtheria and as many of scarlet fever in one locality in one month. From such a focus Dayton would speedily have become a pesthouse. Severe quarantine and regulation confined the contagion to its original locality and saved hundreds of lives.

A large wall map hanging in the Division of Health carries pins indicating sporadic cases of contagious disease. With the first registered outbreak the inspectors, doctors and nurses appear like a defensive army. The premises are cleaned, disinfected and isolated, and the patient treated and quarantined. Thus with argus-eyed and never-ceasing activity the health of the city is protected.

It has never, it seems, been sufficiently recorded, the debt that the city owes to the medical profession after the flood of 1913. When that sudden and terrifying disaster enveloped our community, the people were temporarily paralyzed. It was the doctors who answered most quickly to the call for redemptive efforts. Those in the center of the town had lost every instrument, bandage and medicine bottle they possessed, but their own arms and legs still functioned, and with these they hastened to do what they could.

The War Department at Washington had loaned Major Thomas L. Rhoads, himself a physician, as special representative of President Wilson and chief sanitary officer, and he came to the aid of the stricken city. Dr. Wm. A. Ewing was the local physician who acted with Major Rhoads; together they divided the city into sixteen districts, a doctor in charge of each district with other willing helpers as aids. Dr. George Goodhue was head of one district; Drs. Josh. Kramer, E. M. Huston, F. R. Henry, L. G. Bowers, A. H. Dunham, C. C. Davisson, Charles Ginn, A. L. Light, D. B. Conklin, Dr. Prathers, others. Their work was to inspect premises and houses, get helpers together and instruct the people what was to be done. A stupendous task it was which faced them. In some cases the storm sewers had invaded the sanitary sewers and the contents poured into homes, covering everything with a loathsome muck. Even before the city was controlled by militia and Dr. Ewing working in the central part of town, the doctors on the west side, whose office supplies had been carried away by the flood, had commandeered the Fourth Presbyterian Church as an emergency hospital, giving what relief they could to drowned-out families.

Governor Cox had appointed General Geo. H. Wood, of the State Militia, as commander-in-chief of the stricken city, and his authority supported the medical clan in all that was imperative. It was he who issued the curfew law and enforced it, a necessary regulation when houses stood with wide open doors and the city lights went out. The worn-out citizens were glad to go safely to bed knowing there would be no robbery while the military were in control.

The soldiers stood guard and the doctors worked and made everybody else work throughout those dark, cold, wet weeks. Cellars gave up rubbish they had hidden for decades; alleys that never had had a cleaning had it then; the private homes went under the strokes of spades and brooms; the streets were heaped with refuse and then cleared of it. When the work was over it was so well done that there was not only no epidemic as is usual in such conditions, but what was still more remarkable, no unusual amount of sickness.

The members of the Montgomery County Medical Society must be given credit for a generous support of all public welfare interests. They have done their share in the success of state and national medical associations, serving on many committees and, as officers, giving of their time and scientific knowledge freely and without stint.

Dr. Reeve was one of the organizers and first vice-president of the American Gynecological Society, and was president of the Ohio State Society. Dr. George B. Evans was president of the National Proctological Society, and for one term vice-president of the American Medical Association. Drs. Everhard and Felker were for two years chairman and secretary, respectively, of the Committee on Public Health Education of the American Medical Association. It was under this committee that the first organized education of the public in the prevention of disease was established. Dr. Eleanora Everhard worked effectively in the Red Cross during the Dayton Flood. Dr. Gertrude Felker was also bacteriologist on the first milk commission established in Dayton. Dr. H. C. Haning is a representative of the State Medical Society to the House of Delegates of the American Medical Association.

Dr. E. R. Arn is president of the National Society for the Study of Goitre. The elder Dr. Conklin was unremitting in public service on various boards and committees, and did a tremendous amount of work both in professional and non-professional channels. The brass tablet to his memory in the Public Library gives proof of his beneficent contributions through a series of years to that institution.

The final proof of the efficacy of the medical profession in the community lies in the import of a few figures. Since 1911 when regular statistics began to be kept, we find death rates from scarlet fever, diphtheria and tuberculosis steadily decreasing. In twenty years the infant death rate in Dayton has been actually cut in half. This means that babies born in Dayton today have more than twice as good a chance to live than they had twenty years ago. The death rate for the whole population has decreased from 13.77 per 1,000 population in 1911 to 10.9 in 1930. In 1902 there were forty deaths from typhoid fever out of the then population of 94,000; in 1930 there was one death out of a population of 200,763.

Credit for slicing down the infant death rate to among the lowest in the United States belongs to the city health department and allied nursing and health groups of the city and the pre-natal clinics of the hospitals which have coöperated in educating mothers in the care of their babies.

The Story of St. Elizabeth Hospital.

The Sister got up from her knees where she had been, not praying but scrubbing, and answered the call. It was a policeman with a wagon at the curb, on the bare boards of which lay a man, groaning and bloody.

"He was hurt at the railroad yards," said the officer. "There was no place to take him, and we heard there was a hospital started down here and so we brought him to you."

The Sister looked desperately at the bare disorderly rooms of the tenement recently rented by the Order of the Poor of St. Francis, at the half-cleaned walls and floors, the six iron beds not yet in place, and the shelves as yet empty of medical and surgical supplies. She looked at the poor sufferer and with the trained sympathetic spirit of her order she said: "Bring him in. We'll do the best we can for him."

That, in 1878, was the beginning of the great hospital which now, after more than a half century of public service, stretches its 675 feet frontage on Hopeland Street; with its 408 beds, forty nursing sisters, its eleven clinics, expertly equipped, and its roster of thousands of patients ministered to all through the years without regard to religious affiliation.

Little by little it has grown to its recent size supported by voluntary contributions. Formerly it was a constant sight in the city to see the Sisters going from house to house and from store to store, soliciting help for the hospital. Devoted to the care of the indigent sick they had no other object in life nor have they now. No disease so loathsome that they will not care for it. They know no rest nor leisure, they receive no remuneration, they own no personal belongings. They have laid aside family ties, worldly pleasures, and personal satisfactions. For them the only interest in life is filling the twenty-four hours of every day with service.

A part of the Sisters' duties, that of soliciting alms, has been wisely taken from their shoulders in late years by the Community Chest. The public has been educated to give, not so much as a charity as a positive duty not to be evaded. Previous to 1878 when the hospital was started there was no place for a desperately sick patient to be taken. Dr. Reeve, who was the foremost promotor of hospital facilities in Dayton, and the chief of staff for years at St. Elizabeth's was sometimes moved to tears at the wretched plight of patients he was trying to care for. A molder, scalded at his job, with no better place in which to be cared for than the one room in which his wife was doing the washing; a man with a broken leg in bed with a small restless child! For years Dr. Reeve begged and pleaded with the church people of Dayton to rise above this condition and build a hospital. It was the Catholic Sisters who answered his call, and it must never be forgotten. No rewards have they but to be remembered. It is all they ask.

From that small day of beginnings to the present, St. Elizabeth Hospital has constantly enlarged its facilities. One hundred and eighty-seven patients were admitted the first year and eleven hundred in the first four years of its existence. Naturally there was need for increased space and facilities. So the new hospital was built in 1882, with two hundred and sixty beds. In 1929 there were 7,063 patients cared for at the expenditure of 114,503 nursing days, in addition to the 8,688 patients receiving free treatment in the free hospital clinics.

In the first years of its existence the following physicians gave gratuitous services: Drs. J. C. Reeve, J. D. Daugherty, H. S. Jewett, John Davis, Eugene Pilate, Thomas L. Neal, and W. J. Conklin. Since then their name is legion: Drs. G. A. Hochwalt, F. C. Gray, Curtiss Ginn, N. C. Hochwalt, C. P. Grover, W. G. Clagett, O. B. Kneisley, C. C. McLean, W. H. Delscamp, and others.

Together with all public institutions St. Elizabeth Hospital suffered from a lack of comprehension of modern needs and requirements, not only on the part of the public, but of the administration. The laws of the State require that every first class hospital maintain a School of Nursing and a Nurses Home. In the early days there was no State law, and the good Sisters held their work sufficient if according to the rules of their order they cared for the indigent sick. Dr. Reeve in the beginning always hoped and pleaded for a school of nursing, but it was Dr. Gray who, years later, laid the matter before the head of the order of the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis in such a way as to convince her of the advisability of the plan. The same could be said of the department of obstetrics, also one of Dr. Reeve's strong objectives in his day, and of Dr. Gray's efforts in later years. Both these important departments have been brought to a fine condition of scientific completeness.

In 1916 the St. Ann Maternity Hospital, with a capacity of twenty beds was established. Its existence was justified by the treatment of one hundred and forty-five patients the first year. Recent extensions and improvements provide for a large increase of patients—1,141 mothers in 1929. It is the charity work that finds its most beautiful expression in the maternity work of St. Ann's. In the time of greatest need poor women receive there not only medical and surgical aid, but that quick and lovely sympathy which the Sisters know so well how to give. The statistics show that while in 1929, 8,720 nursing days were given to the care of private patients, 3,710 were devoted to the care of public patients. Dr. W. G. Clagett is in charge of this department, assisted by Dr. Jerold K. Hoerner. Every facility to safeguard the well-being of mother and child is afforded

Pre-Natal Clinic—Since 1927 the lowered infant mortality rate in Dayton is due, with other influences, to the pre-natal clinic. Expectant mothers are instructed on diet, elimination, rest and clothing, and after confinement are visited in the homes and taught in the care of the baby. Three hundred women were thus benefited during one year, the department being under the supervision of Dr. Jerold K. Hoerner.

The School of Nursing—The teaching of nursing is a correlation of theory and practice. St. Elizabeth has recently completed the modern building which houses the school and provides a well rounded curriculum approved by the State of Ohio. The practical work includes experience in all departments, surgery, diet kitchen, obstetrics, the children's department, and diet and nutrition.

Dermatological Department—One of the most important departments of the hospital is the dermatological division, founded in 1927 for the study and treatment of all types of skin diseases. Because the skin eruption is often merely a symptom of internal disorder this department coöperates with all other units of the hospital and its physicians are constantly called into consultation in the diagnosis and treatment of other diseases. This department is now under the supervision of Dr. Rudolph Ruedemann, and in one year it received two hundred and forty-five patients and administered three hundred and sixty-one treatments without charge.

Urological Department—This department treats all diseases pertaining to the genito-urinary tract with the exception of venereal diseases. It gives a thorough examination, using the most up-to-date methods and equipment with an array of special instruments and the Young type of table which eliminates the necessity of moving the patient when X-ray pictures are to be made. Dr. Charles D. Padan reports that since 1925 there have been 2,029 treatments, the majority of the cases representing charity patients.

X-Ray Department—St. Elizabeth Hospital was one of the first institutions to recognize the importance of X-ray, the first machine for the use of the staff having been introduced in 1898 through the generosity of Dr. J. C. Reeve. Established in 1907 it has been in operation ever since, with repeated improvements and alterations. Dr. W. H. Delscamp, one of the earliest students of X-ray, and now a conceded expert in this particular field, is the present head of the department.

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Department—For forty-five years this department has achieved widespread recognition for its skillful technique and the success of its corrective methods. During the past six years more than twenty thousand treatments have been given. Dr. Duff W. Greene, one of the most eminent aurists and oculists of the day, was the first head of the department, assisted, a few years later by Dr. Horace Bonner. This was in 1885. Dr. J. W. Millette, his successor, has just retired full of honors after twenty-five years' service in the same post. Dr. Roy S. Binkley and Dr. Frederick J. Driscoll are the present incumbents.

Surgical Department—The number of surgical operations has shown substantial increase each year since the opening of the institution in 1878. In the modernly arranged and equipped surgical suite is a daily theatre of widely differing operations. In 1929, 2,656 operations were performed in general surgery in addition to 1,516 patients who received 3,006 treatments in the out-patient department. The record for the current year is 1,585 operations in general surgery and 3,181 treatments in the out-patient department.

Medical Department—Aided by the most exact instruments at the command of medical science St. Elizabeth Hospital is noted for its dependable conclusions and intelligent treatment of all diseases. At its service are the X-ray, metabolism tests, blood chemistry, and a modern laboratory for the study of all ailments. Unlimited types of cases handled, and the well-rounded experience of each member of the organization in the diagnosis and treatment of such diseases as cancer, paralysis, Bright's disease, arterio-sclerosis, tuberculosis, assure the sufferer of the best that human science can afford, even in the days when there was no other provision for their care in Dayton. The hospital has given marked attention to contagious diseases such as erysipelas, diphtheria, measles, and scarlet fever.

Pediatric Department for the study and correction of children's diseases has made rapid advance during the last few years. Dr. Sterling Ashmun presides over three divisions, one being for children under twelve years, another the isolation department where all the contagious diseases (except smallpox and diptheria) are given care and prophylaxis, and the third which handles a great number of children at its morning clinics. A staff of four physicians, a registered interne and nurses are in constant attendance. The record for 1930 was 1,407 patients and 1,693 treatments. The most conspicuous piece of work done is that of infant feeding, which, with the assistance of visiting workers is extended into the homes.

Dental Clinic—An average of 1,800 persons, the majority being out-patients, are cared for annually in the Dental Clinic at St. Elizabeth

Hospital. In 1914 funds for the establishment of the clinic were subscribed by a number of civic-spirited citizens, by whose generosity the department was equipped with a complete modern outfit of dental instruments and furniture, the Sisters in charge, and one student nurse. An average of one hundred and fifty patients, mostly charity cases, are received every month.

Anæsthetic Department under the administration of Dr. John K. Larkin and two experienced specialists gives the highest scientific service in the administering of anæsthetics. The department also owes its inception to Dr. Reeve, who was one of the foremost anæsthetists in the country.

Pathological Laboratory—Another of the trails blazed by St. Elizabeth Hospital was founded in 1891, among the first in the State of Ohio. Dr. D. A. Scheibenzuber was the first chief, taking charge shortly after his return from long study under distinguished pathologists in Vienna. Dr. Foy C. Payne is the present chief, and has a staff of full-time technicians. Fifteen thousand examinations is the record of this department for one year.

CHAPTER XXII.

DAYTON THE CRADLE OF AVIATION.

During the closing years of the century just passed and the opening years of the present one an idea-germ was floating around both hemispheres seeking a human brain to give it an abiding place. Here and there, on rare occasions, it found temporary lodgement. Those who first offered it hospitality were marked men, for its mere possession was enough to make other people tap their brows and shake their heads dolorously. For the idea was no more or less than that men might, at some future time, learn to fly in the air like birds—literally the most amazing, unbelievable, incomprehensible idea ever hatched and of course never to be entertained except by a simple-minded pipe-dreamer.

In the course of time this incredible idea came to Dayton and there it concluded to stay, because two minds instead of one took hold of it. It is an ofttold story about the "Wright boys," as they were called. How they became interested in a self-propelling toy brought home by their father to lessen the boresomeness of a childish convalescence. This toy, when thrown into the air, instead of immediately falling to the ground, fluttered and soared for some seconds before being overcome by gravity. How these brothers, being clever with tools, thought they could make one like it and did; how they made another larger one which also flew, and then a still larger one which did not fly at all, and how this very failure precipitated invention. The toy was a primitive helicopter only the makers did not know it, even the name not having been invented.

The mystery of the failure gripped their curiosity; why a contraption of a certain size would fly when loosed from control while another of the same construction but of double the size should fall ignominiously to the ground. It is now well understood, even by laymen, that when doubling the size of their machine they should have quadrupled the power, a principle up to that time unguessed. They applied the principle to kites and kept on constructing, experimenting, inventing, all merely as an interesting recreation while the neighbors continued to tap their foreheads and commiserate with Bishop Wright for having such a worthless pair of sons. Suddenly their occupation ceased to be play and became work—the conquest of the air. That is what lay behind their apparently aimless potterings.

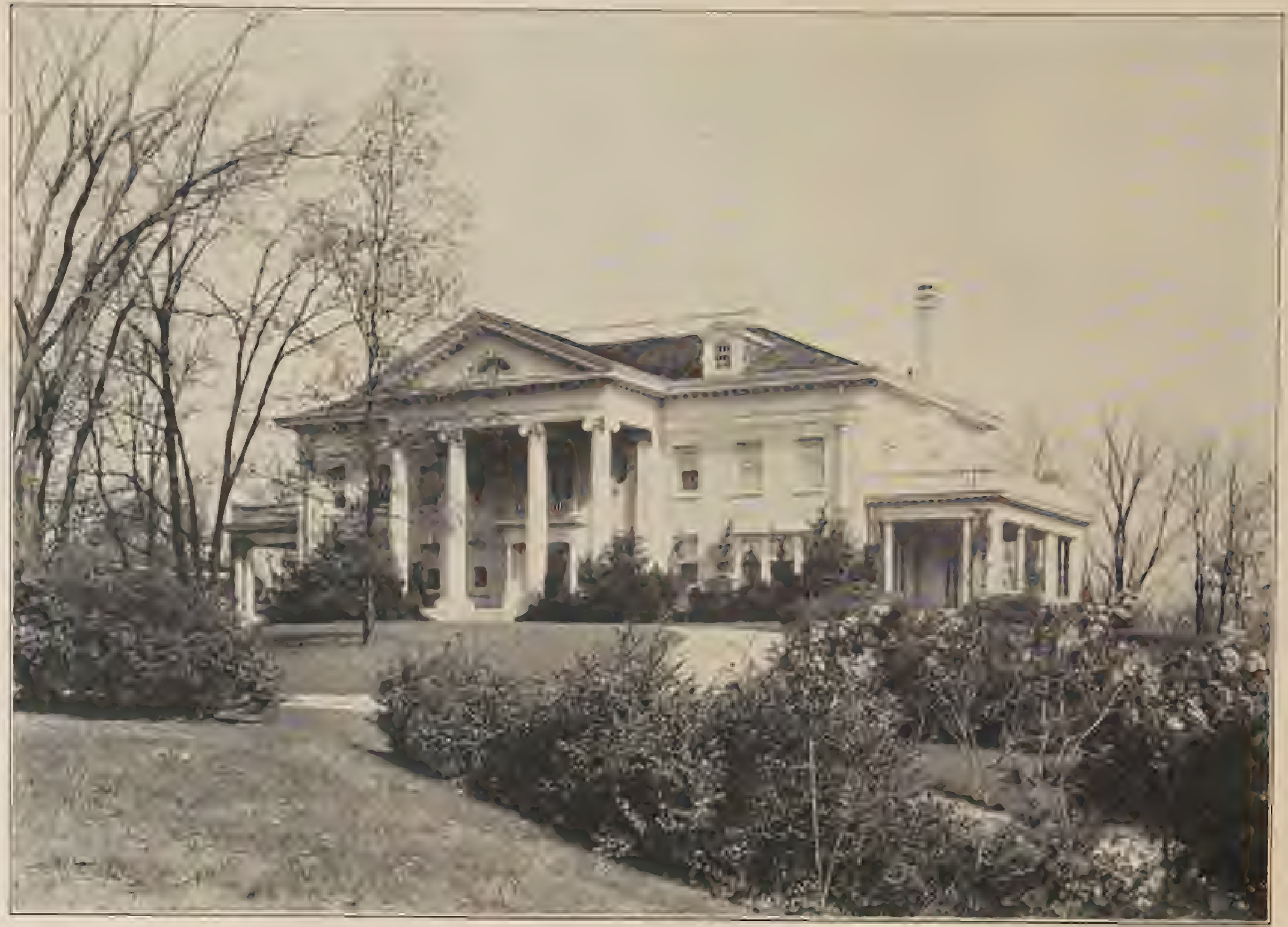
While European dreamers were hesitating, the Wrights went ahead and, with such scanty means that it seems impossible to believe, made a practical application of the flying germ-idea and perfected it. The world therefore never must be allowed to forget that the mighty science of aviation was born in the Miami Valley. Lord Northcliffe, the great British editor and statesman, bore irrefutable witness to this fact when he came to Dayton in 1918 to bestow upon Orville Wright the medal of the Society of Arts and Science of Great Britain. "In spite of all contradictory evidence," he asserted, "Dayton is really the home of heavier than air flying."

If the brothers had begun as amateur dabblers they did not remain so. Omnivorous readers, they assimilated every book on the subject so far available; serious observers, they put every proposition to the test; with a colossal capacity for work they were at their shop laboratory from the earliest dawn. Their immediate objective was a study of the principles of wind currents—"Mathematics of the Air." For, early in the enterprise, it was discovered that the mechanism of the flying machine was only half the story; the air, like the ocean, is full of inequalities which must be taken into account in navigation.

Their first help came from a system of logarithms worked out by Lilienthal who was the first to discover that the great problem of flying rests upon figures. The technical details are too complicated for mere laymen, suffice it to say that four years were consumed in the study of these mathematical problems and the working out of theories on paper before actual flying was accomplished.

Their uttermost plans at that time went no further than to construct a kite on the principle of the helicopter and operated by cords from the ground, which would remain in the air in winds having a velocity of from fifteen to twenty miles an hour. The world knows how they went to the barest, windiest, sandiest place in the United States, Kitty Hawk, on the North Carolina seacoast not far from Cape Hatteras. How they made a "glider" with ground ropes like a kite; and how, having made a machine that would stand up under the wind, they put a man aboard to guide it. And how at last the day arrived when, with no ground ropes, with an improved engine and contributing winds, the clumsy machine, weighing seven hundred and fifty pounds, rose on the wind, stayed up for fifty-nine seconds and landed without wrecking. This was on December 17, 1903, an epoch-making date in the history of the world.

We remember now how the brothers came back to Dayton, got permission to use Huffman Prairie for experimental flying; how they minded their own business, kept to serious study, allowed no wildest guess to remain unanswered and took nobody except one or two clever mechanics into their confidence. At that day in Dayton not a soul knew anything about them or cared. The few who suspected what they were aiming at quoted "Darius Green and his Flying Machine." Because, of course, it



THE ORVILLE WRIGHT RESIDENCE, OAKWOOD

was the wildest, silliest, most impossible of achievement, and the most unproductive of human ambitions. If they had minded all this we never should have been able to keep an appointment for luncheon in Washington. But they were too busy and happy in their work to know they were being neglected. And the adulation, when it came, they accepted with equal serenity.

The following is in order of time an anticipation of twenty years. On December 28, 1928, the Rotary Club, of which Orville Wright had been made an honorary member, gave him a banquet and the president, Mr. George D. Antrim, invited as his guests some of the old habitues of the West Side who had seen the airplane in its doubtful youth. He recalled the early days when the Wright brothers were only bicycle repairers in a small shop on West Third Street and were tinkering on an old engine that they hoped one day might fly. Three old neighbors were present, the barber who used to shave the brothers, the landlord who owned the shack they worked in and who sometimes had trouble collecting his rent, and a hardware man who, during the flood, "tipped" Orville Wright a quarter for helping him move a carload of nails out of a water-threatened cellar. These guests were invited to speak but for obvious reasons declined. There were two mechanics, however, Charlie Webbert and Charles Taylor, who had been foremost in bringing the airplane into being. On a street corner some days before, the former had told an eloquent story describing the first flight, and Mr. Antrim related in the original words the narrative to the Rotarians. Said Webbert, through the lips of Antrim:

> Well, Sir, we pulled that fool thing around over the ground of Huffman Prairie about thirty or forty times, hoisting it up on the derrick so it would get a good start, and we were all hot and sweaty and about played out. What was the use of wasting our time over such a ridiculous thing any longer? But once more we pulled her up again and let her go. The old engine seemed to be working a little better than ordinary. Orville stuck his head out and nodded to Wilbur and Wilbur turned her loose. *And by God the damn thing flew. Round and round and round that field it went for thirty-one minutes. Some of the time he must have been a hundred feet up and every time he passed over us we all three threw our hats in the air and yelled our damn heads off.*

The year 1908 was a notable one in the annals of the Wright brothers. First there was the accident to Orville on September 27, when in a flight at Fort Myer, Virginia, with Lieutenant T. Selfridge as self-invited passenger, the plane crashed. On the bank of its fourth circle a hundred and fifty feet up, a cracked propeller blade snapped the rudder wire and the plane wavered for a plunge. Orville, by lightning swift action, leveled the craft for a down glide but he had only seventy-five feet of elevation left and a defective front rudder. Thousands of horrified spectators saw the crash and perceived the two men helpless upon the ground. It was indeed a tragic flight. Lieutenant Selfridge died a few hours later and Orville Wright suffered a broken leg and several fractured ribs, neither injury equaling in agony his mental suffering.

At this time Wilbur Wright was in France and Katherine Wright, the only sister, was teaching in the high school at Dayton, Ohio. Upon the receipt of the telegram she closed her desk forever and took the train for Washington, where the strongest prop the brothers had in life sat at the bedside and cheered the patient with her hope and confidence.

There was abundant need for cheer. The family fortunes were low, Bishop Wright, the aged father, had retired from the ministry three years before; the united savings of both brothers and the sister were exhausted in perfecting the machine and the family home had been mortgaged . The United States Government was slow in making up its mind that the airplane was of sufficient importance to receive federal aid. And now, broken bones, grief and family separation.

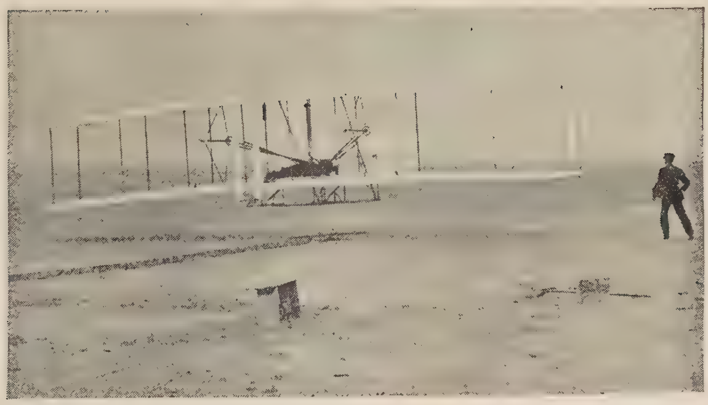
However, "the darkest before the dawn." Four days after the accident Wilbur, at Le Mans in France, made a world record flight exceeding an hour and a half. Stepping from his plane just at dusk, surrounded with thousands of excited spectators, he said calmly, "This will cheer Orville up." This feat across the ocean was not only a message of fraternal love but it was proof to the world that the disaster at Fort Myer did not mean that the airplane was a failure or that it impaired the future of aerial transport. The French government awarded the hero a substantial sum and the cable forwarded several thousands of dollars back to the convalescent in Washington.

Wilbur's triumphs culminated on the last day of the year when, by a world record flight of two hours and twenty minutes, he won the Michelin prize of four thousand dollars. Not all the interest centered in his feats of aviation. To the ordinary Frenchman Wilbur Wright was a *rara avis*. He was austere and silent; he kept the Sabbath as his minister father had taught him; he used no tobacco, drank no wine, ate the simplest food and attended strictly to business.

But his letters home bubbled with enthusiasm. Since Orville was out of danger why should not Katherine come to France and act as her brother's "social manager"? She accepted the invitation and came. Orville followed later. At Pau the brothers organized an air school to train pilots for the French Wright Company. No textbooks were available, no theories of instruction worked out, no medical examination exacted to sift out the physically unfit. Teacher and pupil took their places in the open frame of a plane, rose in the air and took their chances.

It was then that European royalty woke up to what was happening. The King of Spain sent word that he was coming and requested an exhi-

ORIGINAL WRIGHT BROTHERS HANGAR AT KITTY HAWK, NORTH CAROLINA



FIRST AIRPLANE FLIGHT AT KITTY HAWK, NORTH CAROLINA, DECEMBER 17, 1903

bition flight on Sunday. A royal request is a command but not to the Wright brothers, who had taken the Old Testament seriously. They courteously replied that they would be pleased to entertain His Majesty on any week day. It was on a Friday then that the king and his suite arrived at the hotel, shaking hands vigorously with both brothers and expressing delight at their accomplishments. The royal visitor then inquired for the sister, who by this time everybody knew had stood so loyally by her brothers in all their achievements. Katherine was over in a corner of the field taking her first lessons in curtseying under the tutelage of Lady Northcliffe who had volunteered to instruct her in this essential of greeting royalty. When the crucial time arrived however, formalities were forgotten and Katherine met the king's reception in the truly American way of shaking hands. Alphonso was curious as a boy, running across the field, climbing into the seat by the side of Wilbur and demanding to know the uses of the various parts of the mechanism.

The Emperor William of Germany, with his suite, was another visitor, for once interested beyond the honors due to himself, talked cordially for some time with the brothers and the sister. Edward VII of England, Victor Emmanuel of Italy, Prince Francis of Teck, Lord Haldane, Ambassador Reid—in fact the leading royal and political lights of Europe came from time to time to meet these Americans who were turning the world upside down. To all of them the Wrights were serenely polite and politely explanatory, but they did no more bowing and curtseying and their manner was as if they were in the habit of meeting them all quite often in Dayton.

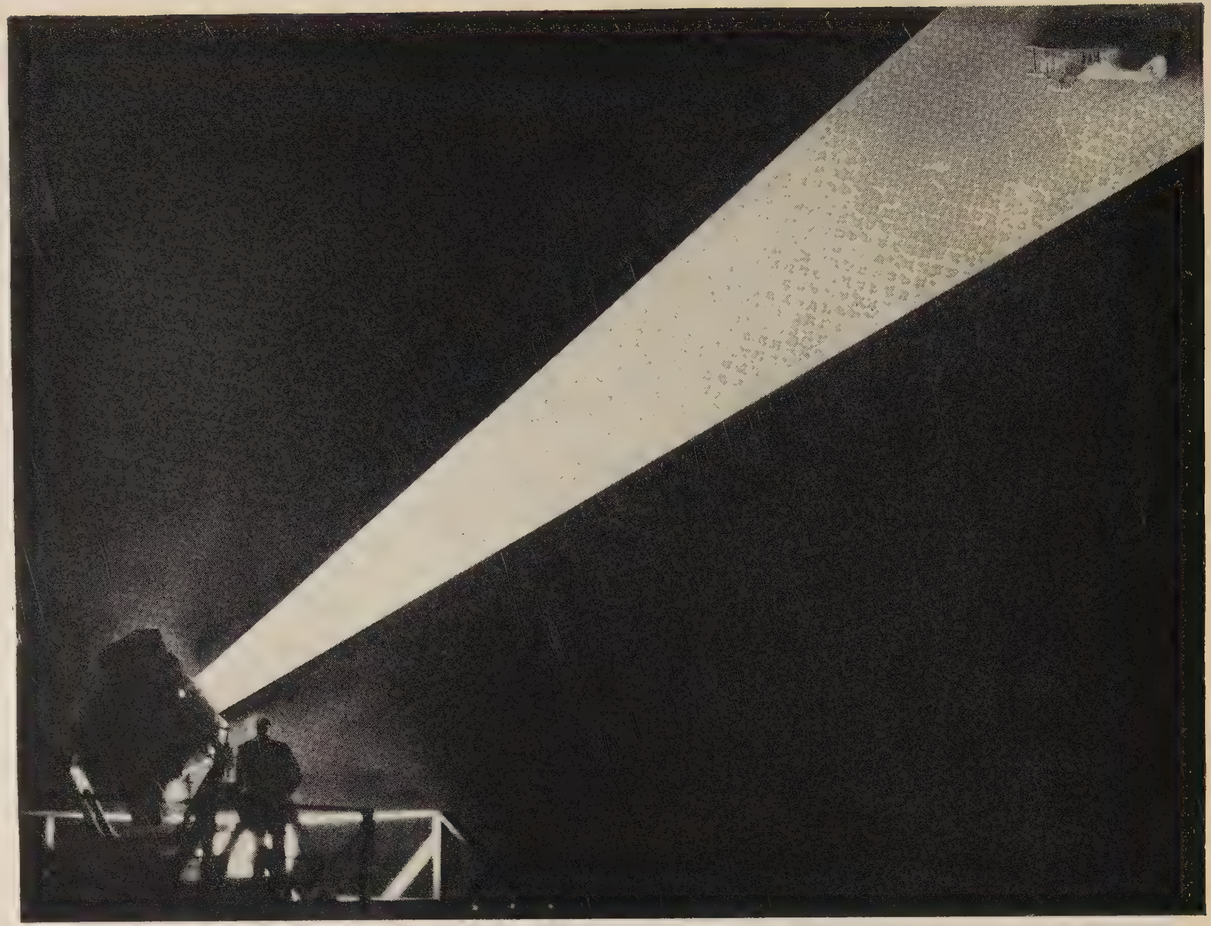
Now it was 1909, and the Wrights were back at home again. What could we do to match the glorious experiences of their foreign sojourn? Not much in one way, but in another we would show them, as best we might, the pride, affection and joy with which our hearts went out to meet them. For two whole days, June 17 and 18, Dayton did its utmost with speeches, bells, fireworks, medals and cheers to express what was less, perhaps, than any other occasion in its history, mere hero worship. The first day began with the firing of a salute on the river bank and the blowing of all the factory whistles. John V. Lytle directed a band in Van Cleve Park, to usher in our patron saint, Jonathan Dayton, who advanced surrounded by heralds, an escort of Continental soldiers, the city council, the board of education and members of the celebration committee. Jonathan Dayton made a speech, so did Leopold Rauh, president of the Chamber of Commerce; Ezra M. Kuhns, president of the city council; Conrad J. Schmidt, president of the board of education, and all the people cheered wildly. The afternoon was ushered in by a parade drill of the Dayton Fire Department, filling Main

Street from Monument Avenue to Sixth Street, and at 4:30 there was a review of troops. At eight in the evening all their fellow-citizens had a chance to shake hands with Orville and Wilbur at the Young Men's Christian Association Building, then on the corner of Third and Ludlow.

Friday, June 18, the scene of festivities changed from the city to the Fair Grounds where the people gathered as they had never gathered before. All the record breaking crowds for which Dayton has been locally famous in the past were outdone. When Goldsmith Maid ran in 1873, when the Grand Army dedicated the Soldiers' Monument, the Centennial in 1876, and that earliest and most wonderful of all, the Harrison Log Cabin campaign in 1840, all paled into insignificance compared to the crowds assembled to do honors to the Flying Wrights. Rising tier on tier at the race track was a blossoming, blooming American flag composed of five thousand school children, some in white dresses, some in red and some in blue, to form a background for the speakers' dais.

Here sat representatives of the government at Washington and of the State at Columbus, but not a single king, nor emperor, nor foreign dignitary—just our city fathers and the two brothers with their sister and father. What an unprecedented thing to have the opening prayer made by Bishop Milton Wright, whose feelings probably surged up with pride and affection past all belief. The yellow program, now twenty-three years old, records another item which challenges our credulity. It says: "Response by Messrs. Wilbur and Orville Wright." But we don't believe it. They were not the speech-making kind. Wilbur once said, when urged to make a speech, that it would be too much like a parrot, which talks a great deal but can't fly. The most oratory in which either of them ever indulged was to rise and bow and perhaps say, "I thank you." But whatever they did, or did not do or say on this occasion, the great thing was to see them stand there so quiet and self-possessed (though rumor said blushing) and receive the greatest honors ever paid American citizens.

Three sets of medals were presented, one awarded by act of Congress, one by the Ohio Legislature and one by the city of Dayton. The managers of this celebration wisely determined to make it a lesson in history, therefore the really admirable transportation pageant which closed the day's proceedings. On Main Street spectators saw on the leading float the first vehicle of transportation that the Miami Valley ever saw, the Indian canoe; after that the scow or pirogue, that ungainly vessel which brought our first ancestors up the river from Cincinnati in search of a new home. Then a Conestoga wagon with its accommodations for the pioneer family, the dog and the cow following slowly; next the canal boat with a stovepipe pointing aloft. From that to the wonders of steam trans-



SEARCHLIGHT BEACON PICKING UP AIRPLANE

Courtesy of N. C. R. Co.

portation, the locomotive, the steamboat, the automobile, and finally and triumphantly last, *the airplane*.

One of the unrecorded but plainly remembered results of this great occasion was the large number of people who had always known that the Wrights would succeed in flying. There was no more tapping of foreheads and grave nods; instead, jovial and repeatedly expressed versions of "I told you so."

Thus far the history of aviation had been composed of equal parts of sentiment, experiment, enthusiasm, apathy, and success. Flying was indeed wonderful but its fruits were thus far negligible and remained largely in the future. The fireworks, welcoming speeches and brass bands seemed to have exhausted our capacity. Then and there Dayton should have established those facilities which every inventor needs to carry on his work. Had this been done, in due time we should have developed into the manufacturing center of the world's airplane production. It was with a gasp of incredulity that we suddenly perceived other nations outdistancing us. The French were making extraordinary strides; England was already giving more credit to some of her own workers than to the Wrights.

Then Came the War and with it profound and saddening revelations. We found as Americans that we knew little about airplanes. We practically had none. In spite of Orville Wright's repeated declarations that the United States ought to appropriate a sufficient sum to carry on the work, we were, here in Dayton, at the tail end of the great and lengthening procession of air transportation. The war had disclosed the value of the airplane for offense and defense. Germany was developing an aptitude for quick production and success in air fighting. There was no time to be lost. Throughout the country sounded the call "Build Airplanes! Airplanes will win the war!" But what uncharted territory it was, to be sure. Great factories would have to be built and highly skilled workmen assembled, mechanics who had not the slightest idea of the construction of an airplane. The demand was unique in the history of manufacturing.

It was the Dayton Wright Airplane Company that in this community answered the call. Foremost in this organization were Orville Wright, H. E. Talbott, H. E. Talbott, Jr., Charles F. Kettering, Thomas P. Gaddis, George Mead, Carl Sherer and G. M. Williams. At that time the Domestic Engineering Company, manufacturing the Delco light, was just completing a mammoth concrete and steel building at Moraine City some miles south of Dayton. The largest structure of its kind in Ohio at that time, it measured a thousand feet in length. This building was immediately taken over, its dimensions increased to two hundred feet in width and two thousand five hundred in length. Four more buildings were constructed before the housing of this unprecedented undertaking was complete.

The company was incorporated in July, 1917, and the roof to cover it completed. But what a task lay ahead! Much necessary raw material was not to be had. Linen for wings, oil for lubricating, spruce for framework, all had to be procured under the most extraordinary difficulties. Only five or six men in the company knew anything about the mechanism of an airplane, and not one of them had any experience in quantity production. The force of mechanics numbered only forty, which number was rapidly increased to seven thousand men and women. Up to March, 1918, production was limited to the making of training planes of which five hundred were completed but, as soon as the release from the government had been secured, enabling them to proceed with the manufacture of battleplanes, the pace was set for rapid work. By the following July one thousand fully equipped battleplanes had been constructed; by October another thousand finished and the production rate definitely set at a thousand per month. It was no miracle, except it be the miracle of organization. In this case the secret seemed to be in a progressive system of manufacture by which no time was wasted in useless transfers from one department to another. All raw materials, wood, metal, textiles, etc., entered the receiving room just at the south door of the factory; from there they passed, by an admirable trucking system, into the first department; from there, when transformed into the required part, into the second department, each being fitted as it went. The finished parts gathered at last into the assembling room at the extreme farthest end of the huge plant, emerged from the hands of the assembling force a complete airplane, ready for trial flight and shipment to France.

"Trial flight!" But that meant a place to fly them. And where should it be? Another hurry-up job for these doughty pioneers! So, behold three men in hip boots tramping the muddy fields north of town in search of space to fly airplanes. They were Orville Wright in the lead and following him Mr. Kettering and Mr. Smith. They were investigating a tract of level land west of the Troy Pike and east of the Miami River. The land belonged to the heirs of the Anson McCook estate and there were a lot of them. This tract and more of it on the opposite side of the river was purchased by Mr. Deeds and Mr. Kettering who offered to lease it to the city of Dayton on a basis of three per cent. on the cost of the land with improvements. This proposal was accepted by the city and an ordinance passed by the city commission June 17, 1917, authorizing the city manager to execute the necessary instrument. On April 1, 1917, the city took actual possession. The original idea on both sides in the beginning was to provide an amusement park for the citizens of Dayton but, when

PLANE LAYING SMOKE SCREEN

Courtesy of N. C. R. Co.

war necessities arose, other uses had to be arranged for. Eventually the southern part of the tract was leased to the government as a flying field and named after the "Fighting McCooks" whose record in the Civil War made the title highly appropriate.

Work was at once begun levelling the ground, vacating several streets and alleys, and removing sheds, trees, etc. The total area of McCook Field was 121.547 acres. Hangars were erected, office buildings provided and a tall fence built shutting out from the eyes of the curious whatever went on inside. Many nationally known engineers and skilled mechanics were mobilized at the field for the purpose of pooling their aeronautical knowledge and making the results of their combined efforts available for the defense of the Nation. A considerable portion of the development work on the Liberty engine went on at McCook Field. Skilled test pilots and engineers were employed to measure the performance and determine the adaptability of the new machines for the use of our armies in Europe.

Then the War Stopped!—And the stopping was as great a jolt as the starting. Suddenly no more use for the high powered battleplanes that had been pushing forth from the big plant south of town under the stimulation of the big plant north of town. All was at a forced standstill. But not for long. The airplane had come to stay. The war was over but other uses called. The history of civilization is largely the history of communication and transportation. We who have lived in the years since the end of the war have seen the airplane developed into a tool of everyday living. Mail air routes cross the continent, and the post office has its air mail stamps. If Chicago is our objective and we are in a hurry we take a plane. Regular routes for daily use connect city to city. Airplanes take food and medical supplies to regions devastated by flood. Airplanes scatter insecticides over infected agricultural areas. The Red Cross has its air ambulance like its motor ambulance, forest fires devastate large tracts of woods in the northwest but it is the airplane observation which first sees and reports the danger. In three years of aerial patrol in the State of Oregon the amount of territory burned over was reduced by sixty-two per cent. Aërial photography is another important phase of peace time aviation in greatly facilitating mapping, surveying and city planning. The United States Coast Guard is finding aviation a great aid in carrying out its duties.

But all these things were as yet unfolded. Wise heads saw into the future but wise heads were few. The airplane was going to be improved, but the question was, who was going to do it? Dayton was logically the place in which to establish every facility, every stimulation, every impetus, only there was no one to make a start. Appropriations there must be from Congress. During the year of 1923-24 Great Britain appropriated more than three times as much as America did. Italy expended nearly twice as much. The United States ranked at that time, in aëronautical appropriations, about on a level with France and Japan, each smaller than the State of Texas.

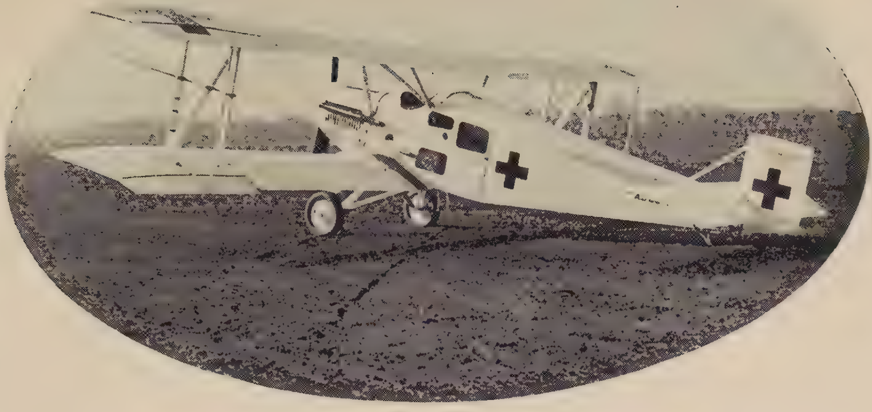
The need for scientific development of aviation in America was the outstanding lesson of the great war. The engineering department of the United States Air Service came into being because it was a war-time necessity. It proved to be no less a peace time necessity.

Talk bubbled everywhere. Orville Wright declared that "When we entered the war we did not have in America a real fighting airplane. . . . Individuals could not afford to develop airplanes at their own expense and the United States, before the war, was spending comparatively nothing for that purpose. We were fortunate in having the Allies to help us in getting designs for our first planes. . . . Another war and we may not have an ally. . . . Development work cannot be done in the hubbub of actual warfare. The expenditure of ten million dollars before the last war would have saved the hundreds of millions that had to be spent to accomplish the same result after the war had begun. . . . Economy demands that we keep abreast of the world in aëronautical research."

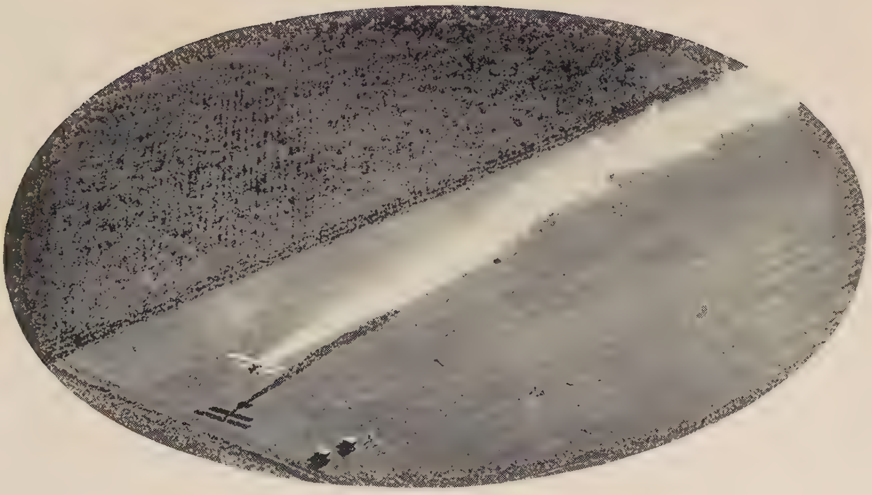
In 1922 General Dawes, director of budget of the Army Air Corps, had submitted to Congress a request for the appropriation of four million two hundred thousand dollars for aëronautical research work. When the bill came before the House appropriation committee that sum was reduced to two million two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. It was recognized by the air service officials that if the proposed reduction were made but a small part of the large aims of the air service could be accomplished.

At this point Mr. J. H. Patterson comes into the story. He had just returned from Europe, an old man enfeebled with his herculean efforts to make people understand the importance of the League of Nations. When the proposition was brought before him his clear vision grasped it at once. That all money spent in research was clear gain was evident to him from its part in the development of his own business, the manufacture of the cash register. Some of his declarations as sent to publications on the subject are: "Industry progresses in proportion to the research work done. . . . Private industries cannot afford to carry on extensive research work because of the small market for airplanes. . . . The remarkable progress that has been made in aviation should be continued. . . . If there is any change in fiscal amounts the proposed appropriation should be *in*creased rather than *de*creased."

Being asked by General Mitchell in what way the National Cash Reg-



THE FIRST AMBULANCE AIRPLANE



AIRPLANE USED IN INSECT DUSTING

Courtesy of N. C. R. Co.

ister Company could influence Congress to appropriate the larger figure, Mr. Patterson's answer was prompt and practical. He commissioned two of his most trusted and efficient subordinates, John F. Ahlers and Horace W. Karr to go immediately to Washington armed with convincing ammunition for the senatorial mind. They departed March 1, 1922, and stayed five weeks. They called on Senator Fess and the leading members of the lower House; they talked to the military affairs committee, to the house appropriations committee, and the Ohio delegation in Congress; they interviewed four hundred Congressmen and ninety-six Senators. The result of all this persuasive oratory was the appropriation of three million seven hundred and forty thousand dollars to which the obliging Senate afterward added five hundred thousand more.

Highly gratifying, of course, this was to everybody, but after all is only half the story as far as Dayton was concerned. For her public-spirited citizens wanted not only the money for the work but they wanted the work to go on where it had begun—in their own city. One of the many lessons taught by the war and one which was perhaps the more forcibly thrust upon our attention because of our previous attitude of apathy, was the absolute necessity for a continuing program of air-craft development. The appropriation of huge sums would, it was felt, be of little avail without a definite knowledge of what to build and how to build it. This realization came too late to be of appreciable advantage in the war. In 1917, under the pressure of actual war conditions, the government realized that a central experimental plant was necessary and Dayton was chosen as the most logical location. The first practical difficulty was a lack of proper space. McCook Field had become quite inadequate. The smallness of the area and its proximity to the streets and homes of Dayton made experimental flying highly dangerous. Dwellers in North Dayton did not want parachutes dropping into their radish beds or their ears assailed by the droning roar of engine testing.

The inference was inescapable. If Dayton wanted the research field she would have to produce for the government a suitable site. Eight miles east of the city lay the tract of land originally known as Huffman Prairie where, as has been described, for the first time "The damn thing flew." Part of this area lay in the retention basin above the Huffman conservancy dam, had been purchased of the Miami Conservancy District and used as a training field. This, the original Wilbur Wright Field, was a very important unit during the war and owed its selection for use of the air service to Colonel Edward A. Deeds, then head of aircraft production in Washington.

At the eastern extremity, near the village of Fairfield, a number of buildings had been erected where war supplies in large quantities were stored. It was known as Fairfield Air Depot. The proposition, as it finally took shape, aimed at buying the Wilbur Wright Field, the Fairfield Airport, and in addition five hundred and fifty acres to the southwest in Montgomery County, the original tract being in Greene County. Between the two tracts lies a high ridge comprising several acres on which it is hoped, at some future time, to erect a suitable memorial to the Wright Brothers. From this elevation can be seen the original wooden hangar used by the brothers in their early experiments.

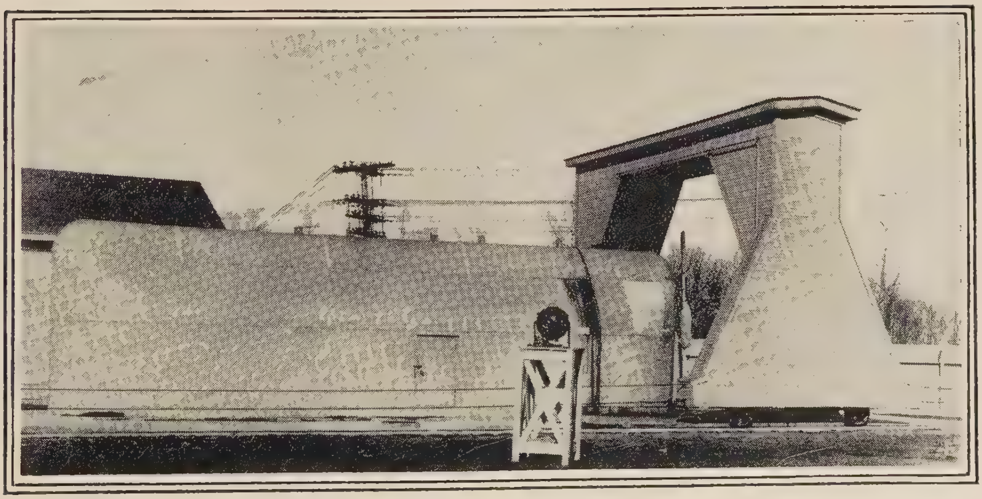
That portion of the land lying in Montgomery County was equipped with buildings to house the various projects carried on at McCook Field and eventually became known as Wright Field, while the original Wilbur Wright Field had been rechristened to honor the memory of a Dayton boy who gave his life to the cause and is called Stuart Patterson Field.

This in brief was the plan, the recounting of which has gotten ahead of its own chronology. The mere statement of the idea was enough to set a campaign in motion. John H. Patterson had died, but he left a son, Frederick Beck Patterson, whose interest in flying was due to the fact that he had held a commission as lieutenant in aërial photography during the great war. The first step towards the raising of the money was to organize the Dayton Air Service committee with the following personnel: President, Frederick Beck Patterson; vice-president, Frederick H. Rike; secretary, Ezra M. Kuhns; treasurer, W. M. Brock; board, W. R. Craven, Valentine Winters, H. H. Darst, I. G. Kumler, Colonel Frank T. Huffman, Colonel E. A. Deeds, G. W. Shroyer, F. J. Ach, J. C. Haswell, H. W. Karr, Edward Wuichet, George B. Smith, H. D. Wehrley, John F. Ahlers, and C. E. Comer.

Calling to his assistance the citizenry of Dayton, Mr. Patterson outlined a plan which included, as its main feature, the acquirement of five thousand acres of land to be presented to the government free of charge for the establishment of a research station. The National Cash Register Company led in publicity work, the papers loyally did their share. It was insisted upon that other cities, no less than thirty, and especially Detroit, with Selfridge Field, were competing strongly for the honor. If this opportunity were allowed to pass, Dayton, the logical cradle of aviation, would forever take second or third place. The greatest honor we could bestow upon the man who had invented the airplane would be to make secure the plan for centering all the activities of aviation in Dayton.

For two heated days everybody thought and talked Wright Field. Not a man was left unapproached. All the arguments were aired; all our civic loyalty was drawn upon. When the final count of contributions to the fund was made it showed that Dayton had "gone over the top" to

THE NIGHT AIR MAIL



PROPELLER WHIRLING TEST LABORATORY

Courtesy of N. C. R. Co.

the tune of $425,673. F. B. Patterson sent the following telegram to Major-General Mason M. Patrick, chief of the United States Air Service:

> Our public spirited citizens today subscribed sufficient money to buy the new site for the government's aviation experimental field on the eastern boundary of Dayton. Enough money was raised to pay for the five thousand acres in the proposed gift and a sufficient amount to be used as a nucleus for a memorial to the Wright Brothers.
>
> . . . . The spirit which dominated the campaign will ever mark the attitude of Dayton toward the United States Air Service. Our citizens will always extend a hearty hand of fellowship to its members.

So now, the Wright Field being definitely established, what, after nine years, are the conditions and accomplishments? First it is the home of the Materiel Division of the United States Army Air Corps. The interested observer sees two runways, each one mile long, grass covered. There are three hangars of steel and concrete construction having a total area of 86,300 square feet with a plane capacity of seventy-five. The lighting system consists of a beacon, 1,000 watts, rotating; two floodlights, observation, best approach and runway marker lights, illuminated wind indicator. Twenty-nine buildings house the Materiel Division activities, including administration building, main laboratory and radio, power plant, wind tunnel and propeller laboratories with a total floor space of 2,200,000 square feet. These are the physical characteristics. The Materiel Division is divided into six main engineering sections: Airplane, power plant, equipment, armament, materials, and lighter than air (balloons).

Airplane Branch—Contrary to usual opinion, no flying is taught at Wright Field. It is a vast laboratory for experiment and the production of all that concerns the art of flying. The airplane branch deals primarily with the military airplane structure. Before a new type of airplane is completed, all its parts are tested to learn their actual strength values. There is a wind tunnel laboratory where small models are tested. Wright Field uses two such tunnels, a large one and a small one. Propellers are developed in this section and Wright Field possesses the largest propeller test rig in the world. Propellers up to forty-five feet in diameter may be whirl tested.

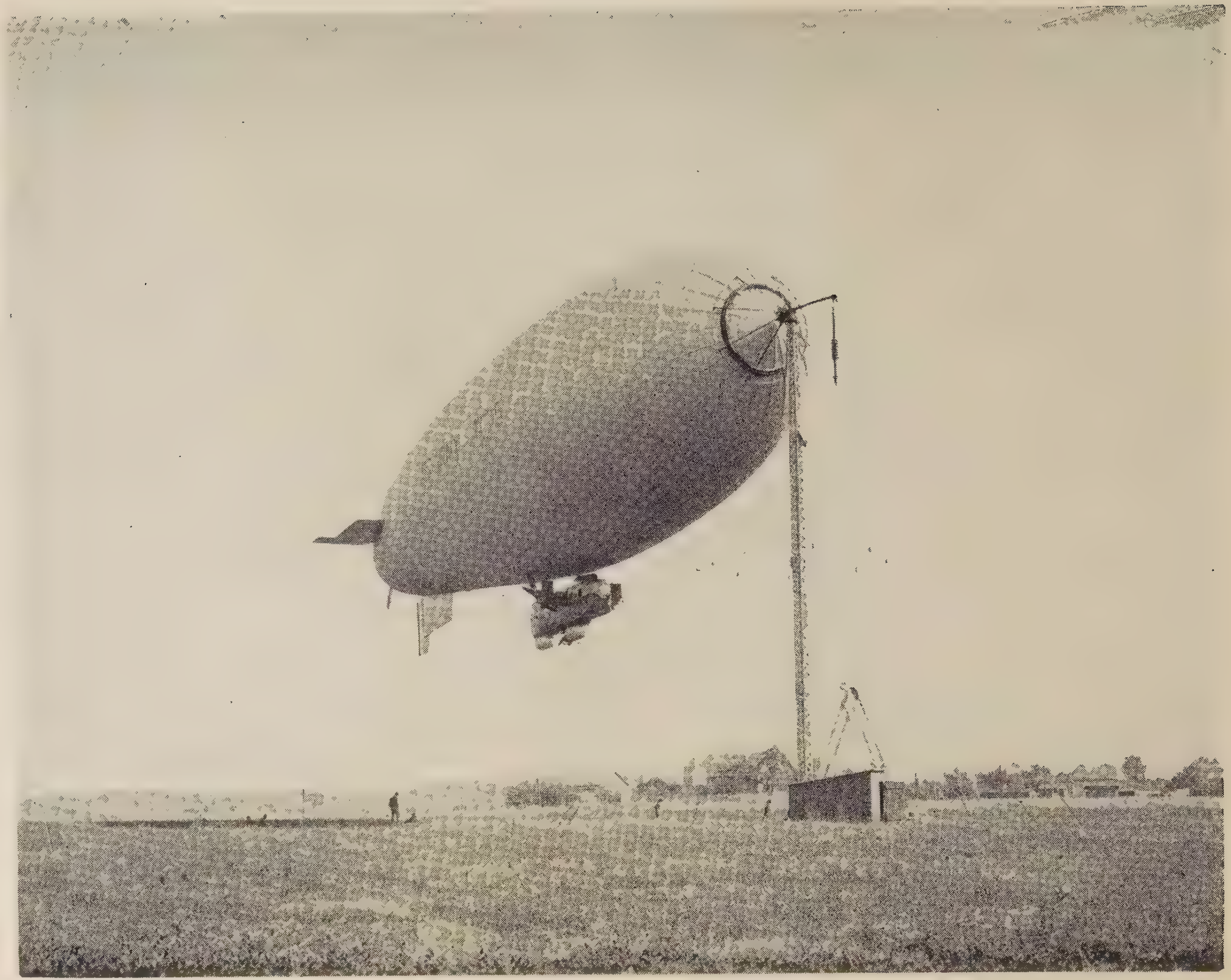
Power Plant Branch—The aircraft engine forms the kernel of activities here, the constant aim being for higher power without increase in weight. A new cooling system, permitting great reduction in the size of the radiator, is an important development. A supercharger for supplying the engine with sufficient air pressure for operation in very high altitudes; the obtaining of a higher standard fuel and oil have resulted in much engine improvement.

Equipment Laboratory—Hundreds of projects of special interest are under way all the time in this department. Parachutes, field and air-lighting equipment, aviators' clothing, oxygen apparatus (to enable the flier to breathe in an altitude above 17,000 feet), photographic supply, including an aërial mapping camera with five lenses are among the products in use here. Also a flight tutor in which the embryo pilot may learn quickly how he will react to the different positions of an airplane, and the gyro pilot, an instrument which keeps the airplane stable on its course without the aid of the pilot, are two enormously important inventions.

Materials Branch—This department is used for testing all materials used in the air corps, wood, sheet steel, wire, cloth, fuels, oils, paints, varnishes, fabrics, rubber goods, all must come up to the necessary aircraft standard. Common enough materials, all of them, and easy to procure in peace time; but every piece of an airplane is of uncommon material, perfect to a degree never before demanded. And a man's life hangs on every piece. Where a material which would be necessary in time of war, such as parachute silk, is not available in quantity in this country, effort is made to obtain a substitute which may be domestically produced. During the war, when linen for airplane fabric was unobtainable in sufficient quantity, this laboratory developed a mercerized cotton which proved better for the purpose than linen. It also invented an aluminum alloy for use in cylinder heads of air-cooled engines. Innumerable small parts such as tires, wing-ribs, metal and wood wingspars, cables, and propeller blades are the subjects of ceaseless experiment.

Armament Branch—The war uses of airplanes include the carrying of bombs, guns, cannon and ammunition and it is this department which controls offensive and defensive operations. Instruments for the accurate dropping of bombs upon definite objectives, taking into consideration the speed of the plane, its pitching and yawing, the speed of the wind and the trajectory of the fall of the bomb have all been developed. Gun sights, machine gun synchronizers (a timing device which makes it possible for the pilot to fire dead ahead through the plane of rotation of high-speed propellers) are undergoing constant improvement. Pyrotechnics, including signal and lighting flares, are handled by this branch.

The Hangars—But all these technical elements in aircraft production are of less interest to the casual visitor than the giant hangars with the airplanes equipped and ready to be rolled to the flying line. Virtually every type of military airplane is represented—training planes, bombardment planes, observation planes, attack planes with guns mounted in the wings, light pursuit planes, transports for carrying troops and supplies,



TERRY MAST FOR MOORING AIRSHIPS

Courtesy of N. C. R. Co.

photographic and ambulance planes. Machines that were undreamed of fifteen years ago are here like steeds in a stable, ready for the race. Wright Field is the testing ground of new planes for the Army Air Corps, the only one of its kind in the United States. A group of special test pilots are stationed there to ascertain of each new plane its speeds, rate of climb, its "ceiling," in short, just what it will do in the air. This taking up of an untried plane is pioneering of the most venturesome kind. Although the risks are ever present, thousands of test flights have been made without accident. In other instances aviators have lost a propeller, landed planes that caught fire in the air, taken to parachutes to save their lives or sometimes, in dreadful disaster, given up their very existence for their work.

The amazing history made by the Wright Field pilots would fill a volume. Major R. W. Schroeder flew to 33,113 feet through sixty-seven degrees below zero to set a new world altitude record. Lieutenant Louis Meister landed his plane in a tree to break the fall when his engine failed. Captain A. W. Stevens established a record for a high altitude jump, going over the side of the plane at 23,894 feet. Lieutenant J. A. Macready on September 5, 1924, made a world record when he lifted his machine to 32,400 feet. Lieutenants Macready and Kelly stayed up for thirty-six hours, beating the world at it.

Many more records of equal importance are increasing with every annual report. The core of our national defense is the *airplane* and in the airplane as it is in its home at Wright Field on the eastern horizon of Dayton.

We can best conclude this chapter by the estimate of General Patrick J. Hurley, Secretary of War, which he paid to Dayton when he landed at Wright Field on a recent flight from Tulsa, Oklahoma, to Washington: "There is no question that Wright Field is the nerve center of aeronautics in the United States and that it is the greatest air and air-equipped experimental station in the world."

CHAPTER XXIII.

DAYTON'S MUNICIPAL HISTORY.

By Arch Mandel.

Only a few years ago facilities now universally enjoyed every day and taken as a matter of course were still in the realm of dreams. Watching them day by day, changes in living conditions are barely perceptible and similar expansion of governmental functions to meet these developments also go unperceived from day to day and year to year. Rarely is the contemporary community conscious of the great difference between life now and in the simple days and between government now and in those early days. In this chapter an attempt is made to tell the story briefly, from such data as is available, of this growth and development in Dayton's city government. For present purposes the story will be divided into two parts—from 1805 to 1914 and from 1914 to the present. This division is made because in 1914 Dayton, by adopting a commission-manager form of government, pioneered in municipal administration, and it was also then that Dayton's government was being adapted to the modern industrial age.

In the beginning, with a population of no more than forty families, municipal functions were practically nil. The only things done by the people on a coöperative basis were the maintenance of law and order, the construction of a few streets and roads, such as they were, and the care of the poor. In other words, in those days each family carried on for itself services that are now carried on as a community enterprise. Each resident carried his own water from the two springs in the village or from the river; sanitary measures were unknown; modern knowledge of the origin and transmission of disease was undreamed of; nobody had to worry about building heights, what type of building should be erected or the manner of its construction. In brief, each inhabitant, providing he did not transgress upon the rights of his neighbor, was hardly conscious of the existence of any local government.

In each generation, increasingly higher standards of living and the advance of scientific knowledge create a demand for public services not known to the previous generation. One by one services have been added until today every phase of life is directly affected or regulated by the community, and necessarily so. The old methods, suitable to the simple life, would make living in a modern city a nightmare if it were at all possible to do so. Now, a shut-down of the water system for only a few hours throws the community into a panic. The human being is watched over and guarded from the period before birth, through the health department, until after death when the traffic officer directs the hearse to the cemetery.

First Government—It is interesting to note that Dayton was originally in Hamilton County, the latter including what are now Montgomery, Greene, Clark, Champaign, Logan, and Shelby, counties, and was governed by county commissioners and township assessors. In 1802, when Ohio became a State, Montgomery was separated from Hamilton county and in 1803 Dayton was recommended as a county seat by the first State Legislature meeting at Chillicothe. During all this time Dayton was governed by county and township officers. On February 12, 1805, the Legislature passed an act incorporating the town of Dayton. In the charter it was provided that the town be governed by a board of seven trustees, a collector, a supervisor, and a marshal, to be elected by freeholders who had lived in the town for six months. Trustees were to choose one of their number as president and recorder, and to elect a treasurer, who need not be a member of the board of trustees. This board was to be known as the "Select Council of the Town of Dayton." The term of office of the first trustees was to expire in one and two years, so the entire board would not go out of office at the same time. The first election was held the first Monday in May, 1805. In 1808, 196 votes were cast, and in 1819, 795 votes were cast.

Subsequent Changes in Dayton's Form of Government—In 1829, by modification of the charter, the office of chief magistrate of the town, independent of the president of the council, was created and the title of mayor was given to the head of the town. In 1841 the growing complexities of the community and also its higher aspirations led to a demand for a new charter, which was granted by a special act of the State legislature. The advantages of the charter were that it provided for contingencies of every kind and a more specific definition of authority. In 1851 the Legislature provided a complete system for all cities in the State, dividing them into two classes, first class, over 20,000, and second class, under 20,000. Dayton was in the second class, and under this charter the city council was given the authority to provide a special board of education. Accordingly, the first board was created in 1855.

A new municipal code was adopted for cities in Ohio, May 7, 1869. This code left the classification of cities unchanged. On May 14, 1878, another municipal code was adopted, according to which Dayton became a city of the second grade of the second class, that division requiring a populaton of more than 20,000 and less than 30,500. By the census of 1870 Dayton had a population of 30,374. Limited by its classification in its governmental functions the city resorted to the practice of securing special acts from the Legislature upon personal and partisan demands, for authority to carry on functions not specifically provided for in the municipal code.

Down to 1890 the city council had not only legislative functions to perform, but also functions of an executive character. An act of the Legislature on March 18, 1890, provided for a special executive body consisting of three members, and called the board of city commissioners. The first appointments to this board were made by a special commission, later appointments being made through regular election, and it was stipulated that only two members of the board could be of the same political party. The constitution of this executive body was changed and it was renamed the board of city affairs by an act of the Legislature on March 17, 1892. At this time the number of members was increased to four, to be appointed by the tax commission, appointees of local judges or judges of the circuit court. The board of city affairs was non-partisan or bi-partisan.

On October 22, 1902, a new municipal code was adopted, which went into effect May 4, 1903. This provided for home rule through the council and two executive boards—the board of public service and the board of public safety, the former to be elected by the people and the latter appointed by the mayor. Management of the water works, city infirmary and workhouse passed into the hands of the board of public service, and control of the fire and police departments and the board of health passed into the hands of the board of public safety. The council determined that the board of public service should consist of three members and the board of public safety of two members. The code provided for one councilman from each ward and three councilmen-at-large, in addition to the president of the council.

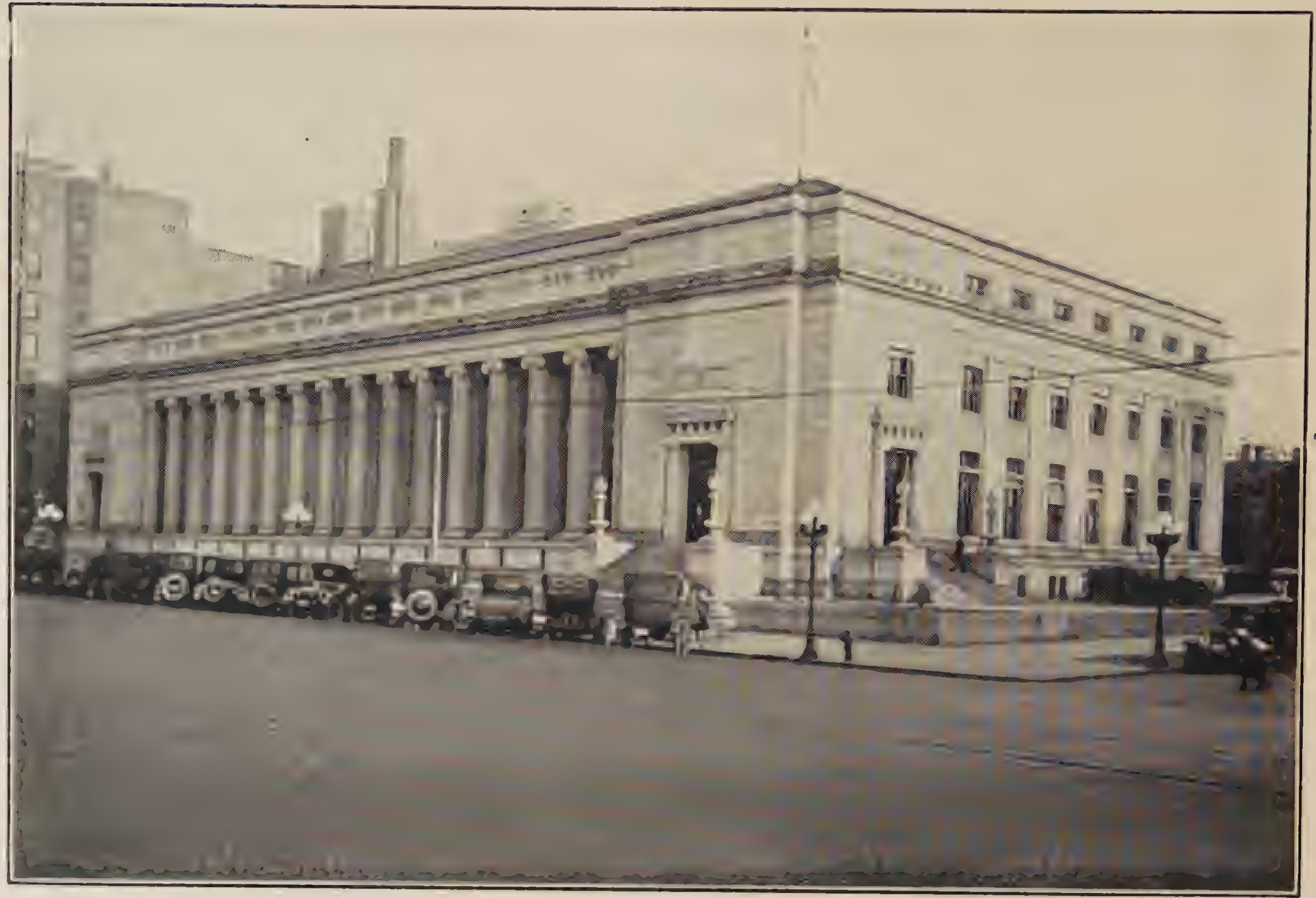
In 1908 the Paine law was adopted, which established what is known as the Federal plan of municipal government. Under this plan executive authority is concentrated in the hands of the mayor, who is given authority to appoint the heads of the department of public service and the department of public safety, these two, with the mayor, forming a board of control. All of these activities before managed by the board of public service and the board of public safety were placed in the hands of these two directors and the board of control. In all these changes it will be noted that the trend has been to centralize more and more responsibility and authority in the mayor. It is true that up to 1892 he also had the function of police judge, but his power was augmented in the appointment of important officials. This form of government was in operation until January 1, 1914, when the commission-manager form, adopted August 12, 1913, became effective. This phase of municipal government will be discussed later.

At the time this is being written there is considerable agitation in Dayton and Montgomery County because of the large amount of unpaid taxes, which amount has been increasing from year to year, assuming alarming proportions in 1931 during the economic depression. This state of affairs, unsatisfactory as it may be, seems to show some progress made in the last hundred and twenty-five years, because the early residents of Dayton, during the first few years of the organization of the town, definitely refused to pay any taxes.

Early Financing of City Government—On August 10, 1805, the year of incorporation, the inhabitants were asked to meet at the home of Hugh McCullum, used as the courthouse, in order to vote a tax for the expenses of the corporation. The inhabitants did not appear, nor did they appear on August 28, the date of the second call. However, on January 2, 1806, they did meet upon summons and an estimated budget of $85 was approved; the legality of this procedure being questioned they met again on January 11, but this time defeated by a vote of seventeen to eleven a revised budget of $72. Almost the same story was repeated in 1807. In February the inhabitants met and voted a tax of $300, but this act was held to be illegal. At this same meeting a repeal of the ordinance restricting the freedom of hogs to wander at large in the village streets—a measure considered far in advance of the times—was voted down. Fortunately, perhaps, because through the sale of hogs gathered into the pound, many of them belonging to neighboring farmers, this ordinance became the chief source of revenue. It is interesting to note the similarity of methods in 1931 with automobiles substituted for hogs. The State Legislature, importuned by the farmers, reduced greatly this source of revenue. This conflict of interests and acts of the Legislature throws some light, perhaps, on the present urban-rural conflicts to express themselves in legislation.

Finally, on May 21, 1808, by a vote of twenty-seven to eight, the city of Dayton voted a tax of $400. From that time until now, and undoubtedly from now on, the taxes have gradually increased. In 1810 the tax levy for Dayton was $865.78½; in 1811 the revenue from taxes amounted to $1,848.67, while the expenses were $1,968.66, indicating that the creation of deficits is not new to government in the twentieth century. In 1930 the total revenue of the city from taxes and other sources was $2,400,000. It is interesting to note that in 1850 the income from taxes was about $90,000. The following table may also be of interest:

Year	Valuation	Rate	General Debt
1900	$43,741,840	26.60	$2,501,500
1910	63,631,280	29.60	3,939,100
1920	227,339,580	25.60	8,106,480
1930	401,263,260	25.20	16,087,869



DAYTON FEDERAL BUILDING

While it may be difficult to have bond issues approved in these days, it apparently was not done with any more ease in the earlier days. The year 1836 records the first bond issue for Dayton. In April of that year the council appointed a committee to consummate a loan of from one to ten thousand dollars, with interest not exceeding six per cent., and for a period of not less than five years. The money so obtained was to be used in improving the streets and appearance of the town. Recorded in the proceedings of the next meeting of the council is found:

> The Common Council of Dayton, at their meeting April 25, 1836, passed the following resolution: That they would appropriate and spend so much money (provided a loan can be obtained) as will make the following improvements, viz: wharfing across the head of the State basin; improving the public commons as requested by D. Z. Cooper, in consideration of his releasing a part thereof for the benefit of the corporation, provided the balance can be improved immediately; to extend the market house on center market space to Jefferson Street; to grade the streets and walks throughout the town, and so soon as the grade is correctly ascertained, to raise and lower the walks in the different wards to the said grade; to finish the cisterns already commenced with lime cement, and to purchase five hundred more feet of hose for the Fire Department.

There was considerable difference of opinion on the propriety of borrowing money and making such improvements, the opposition affirming that the proposed improvements were more for ornament than use, that they would increase taxes, and the advantages would be unequally distributed. A town meeting was called by the council at the courthouse. Resolutions were passed by a majority, commending the improvements and loan.

Considering the intimacy of the community a century ago, when 3,000 people comprised the whole town, with all the voters directly cognizant of the almost negligible needs, it is remarkable that the present citizenship, composed of 200,000 persons, only a handful of whom are intimately acquainted with ramifications of the government and its functions, vote for bond issues and tax levies into the millions, to be spent by officials known to the great majority only by name and reputation.

Police Department—Our first indication of community responsibility for maintaining law and order was on June 10, 1797, when Cyrus Osborn was made constable of Dayton township. In the charter of 1805, creating the town of Dayton, provision was made for a marshal, whose duty it was "to suppress all riots, disturbances and breaches of the peace." Up to 1833 this officer was the sole peace officer of the town, and in that year Joseph Allen was made a watchman, authorized to patrol a section of the down-town, his salary to be paid by individuals whose property he watched. The marshal's salary up to that year did not exceed $25 annually, but, as he usually held the position of clerk of markets, he doubled his salary. Beginning with 1835 nine persons served as assistant marshals from one to three nights each week, and received $1 per night for their services. In 1838 the mayor was authorized to swear in any number of individuals up to ten as watchmen, to be paid by individuals whose property they guarded. In 1841 an ordinance was passed providing that in addition to the marshal and his deputies the city should employ full-time constables to be elected each year.

This apparently proved insufficient because, as the town grew, the problem of crime and law enforcement became more difficult and more serious, and in 1835, because of an epidemic of burglars, the council, appealed to by the citizens, authorized the mayor to employ one hundred detectives or watchmen. This authority was not exercised, but the show of spirit and readiness to meet the situation apparently had the desired effect.

This organization of marshal and watchman was continued, the number of the latter being gradually increased. However, it proved inadequate to serve the growing community, which was also growing in the number of offenses against the law, and finally in March, 1867, the Legislature passed a law giving Dayton, a city of the second class, the privilege of organizing a police department, a privilege heretofore conferred only on certain cities of the first class. A board of police commissioners was created as the administrative head, with E. W. Davies president of the first board. P. O'Connel was made chief, who was in direct charge of the force consisting of twenty patrolmen and two sergeants.

This was Dayton's first metropolitan police force. Unfortunately, for some reason or other, a new democratic legislature repealed the act of 1867 and the police department, after a short life of eleven months, was put back under the council with a marshal again in charge of a corps of watchmen. This scheme was in effect until 1873. The city was again able to organize a metropolitan police force and from this time it was a permanent organization. This force consisted of a chief, two lieutenants, twenty-six patrolmen, three roundsmen and three turnkeys. The latter were on duty in the "city prison," at the corner of Sixth and Logan streets, which until 1872 had been a United Brethren church, when the city bought it and remodeled it for police use. From 1868 to 1872 the old engine house on Main Street between Fifth and Sixth streets was fitted with cells and used as a jail.

In 1887 the first police surgeon was appointed in the person of Dr. P. N. Adams. In July, 1888, Miss Lou Bowman was appointed a police matron, but the position was a temporary one. After many years of effort, however, Miss Bowman was again appointed police matron on January 1, 1894, and as there were no funds for the payment of her salary, the Woman's Christian Association, in the beginning, paid her.

A Republican legislature in March, 1887, passing an act establishing "an efficient and non-partisan police force," would seem to indicate that the police department had suffered from the effects of politics and the provision in this new act that four police commissioners be appointed by the mayor with the latter as ex-officio member, two from each of the political parties, would further indicate that the difficulty lay in the system of electing the police commissioners, which had been in vogue up to that time.

In March, 1892, the General Assembly passed an act by which police commissioners were to be appointed by the tax commissioners, not more than two of whom were to be of the same political party, the mayor to be an ex-officio member.

In 1903 an entire change was made and the board of public safety took the place of the board of directors. The new board had under its jurisdiction the fire and health departments. This continued until 1908, when the Federal form of government was adopted by the city, at which time the board was abolished and a safety director, appointed by the mayor, took its place. In 1914, under the commission-manager form of government, the police department became a division of the department of public safety, under the direct control of the chief of police. In 1931 the police department had a personnel of 236.

Fire Department—The fire department is one of the most outstanding examples of the transition from individualism in the community to expert municipal service for the members of the community. On June 20, 1820, the first fire of any importance occurred in Dayton, the Cooper Mills conflagration. This brought about the first public provision for putting out fires. Compared with the modern organizations, this, of course, was extremely rudimentary, but it gives an indication of why the cost of city government steadily advances as the city grows and more efficient methods and facilities are developed.

The extent of the city's investment in fire fighting apparatus was the purchase of some ladders which were hung on the outside of the market house, the same to be conveyed to the fire by those who first discovered it. Upon each householder was imposed the obligation, by ordinance, to provide himself with two long, black leather buckets, to have his name on them, and to keep them in some place easily accessible in case of fire. This plan worked reasonably well until the latter part of 1824, when the first large fire since 1820 occurred. The fire ladders were not in the place provided for them, which created difficulty in combating this large fire. It was also found that all the householders had not provided themselves with fire buckets. To correct the first, the council passed an ordinance imposing a fine of $10 for persons removing public fire ladders from the market house wall except in case of fire. In 1827 it corrected the second difficulty by approving an expenditure of $112.50 for buckets, half of which were to be kept in the fire house.

In the spring of 1827, the city bought a fire engine for $226 and at this time the first volunteer fire company was organized, with George C. Davis as foreman. A rival hook and ladder company was organized soon after, with Joseph Hollingsworth as foreman. John Van Cleve was appointed by the council as chief engineer of the fire department, and under him there were four fire wardens. It was their duty to inspect, periodically, all fire apparatus and for twenty years they inspected, every April, the fire buckets kept by the citizens. Fire guards were also appointed, their function being to take charge of a neighborhood during a fire and immediately afterward. Church bells sounded the fire alarms, and if a fire occurred after nine in the evening each sexton was paid fifty cents and the one ringing his bell first received one dollar.

Even when Dayton was a village it was difficult to operate the volunteer fire department peacefully and as Dayton grew into a city, with the rougher elements largely represented, fires became scenes of wildest excitement and disorder. In 1856, while Thomas Morrison's carpenter shop burned, the rival companies engaged in a fight, and one of the firefighters received a blow with a brick that caused his death two days later. The Vigilance Company, because of its part in this affair, was disbanded by the mayor, but was later reorganized as the Miami Company. There was considerable rivalry between companies in reaching fires and obtaining advantageous positions. The destructive "Journal" fire of May 5, 1863, was the last large fire fought by the volunteer companies.

On January 12, 1864, council resolved: "That an appropriation be made in favor of the fire department for the sum of $300, payable to the chief of said department for the payment of employed men, purchase of feed, etc." It also resolved at the same time "That the compensation of engineers of steam fire engines shall be $50 per month, and the firemen, drivers and pipemen shall be $36 per month until further order by Council." The following resolution caused the disbandment of the volunteer companies: "Resolved: That the city council disband the Deluge, Miami, Independent, Oregon and Pacific fire companies; and be it further resolved: That all of the above-named companies be disbanded from the first day of March, 1864, and that the chief of the fire department take charge of all the city property and have it placed in the several engine houses and fitted up for sale." It is not indicated that any vote of thanks was tendered the fire companies for services previously rendered.

From 1864 to 1880, the paid fire department was under the management of a committee on fire under the council. As was usual during that period in municipal government, with city councils assuming administrative functions, the fire department was a plaything of the politicians and suffered accordingly. At the close of this perod the department was composed of only nineteen men, three second class rotary engines, six cumbersome hose reels, twelve horses and 8,000 feet of hose, half of cheap and questionable quality, and operated on a budget of $20,000 per year. Yet, as far as efficiency is concerned, it was a great improvement on previous facilities.

In 1880 the legislature passed an act establishing a metropolitan department, administered by a bi-partisan board, which was really the beginning of the present fire department. Daniel C. Larkin was appointed chief in this year and served until 1906, when the present chief, Frank B. Ramby, succeeded him. This is particularly significant to Daytonians of 1931, because Chief Ramby began his career with the fire department when it was reorganized and has already completed his fiftieth year of honorable and faithful service.

The first commissioners, after assuming control of the department in 1880, made the following statement to the public in their first report:

> Upon assuming the management of the department, the board found it without a chief officer, themselves inexperienced, and a general reorganization imperative. The houses in many cases were needing repairs. New hose was needed. The number of horses was not sufficient to move the apparatus, and in many respects the department was greatly in need of immediate improvement. The committee on fire department of council doubtless realized this state of affairs, as fully as we, but were as helpless financially, as we, to remedy the evil, and with less authority under the law to raise funds for present wants. . . .
>
> It has been the aim of the commissioners, as fast as possible, to effect a thorough discipline throughout the department; to get the department out of politics, and away from its influences; to encourage the men to make the business of a fireman a permanent one during efficient services and good behavior.

Under the municipal code of 1902 the fire department, together with the police and public health departments, were administered by the board of public safety appointed by the mayor. Under the Paine law in 1908, when the federal plan of municipal government was established, the department of public safety was created, with a director appointed by the mayor as the administrative officer. This continued until the commission-manager form was adopted in 1914, which provided for the continuance of the department of public safety under the control of a director. In 1930 a beautiful building was erected to house the signal system for both the police and fire departments. The fire department has a personnel of 122.

Health Department—In 1832 cholera prevailed extensively throughout the country and because of the danger of a local epidemic the mayor, John W. Van Cleve, asked the local physicians to suggest some measures to be taken by Dayton for its protection. Drs. John Steele and H. Van Tuyl signed the report of the committee, which recommended that a board of health be organized, a temporary hospital be established, and nuisances be abated generally. Accordingly, the first board of health was appointed by council in 1832, which consisted of a member of the council and two other citizens from each ward. The following persons were appointed: First Ward, Aaron Baker and George C. Davis; Second Ward, James Steele and William Bomberger; Third Ward, H. G. Phillips and Stephen Wuichet; Fourth Ward, Dr. Haines and E. W. Davies; Fifth Ward, James Mitchell and William Patterson.

Hardly had the organization been completed when a canal boat arrived bringing twenty-five cholera infected immigrants, of whom seven died, together with two nurses, who had been provided by the town for their care. These cases were attended by Drs. Gans and Hibbard Jewett, for which services they were paid $65 by the council. Apparently the work done at this time was effective, because no other cases occurred until June, 1833, which were ascribed to a new source of infection.

This board of health seemingly passed out of existence, because records show that a second board was organized to fight the epidemic of cholera which prevailed in the Miami Valley in 1849. From then until 1867 boards of health existed intermittently and in that year the first permanent board was formed under authority granted by an act of the legislature. The following persons were health officers during that time: Thomas L. Neal, 1867-83; A. H. Iddings, 1884-86; Dr. James M. Weaver, 1886-91; A. H. Iddings, 1892-98; C. A. Bonner, 1898-99; C. W. King, 1900-05; F. W. Murphy, 1906-07; George Goodhue, 1908-09; C. L. Patterson, 1910-13; A. L. Lane, February 1, 1913-December 31, 1913; A. L. Light, 1914-17; A. O. Peters, 1918 to present.

All of these health officers were employed on part time and even as late as 1912 the organization consisted of a board of health of five members, who received no salary, no medical inspectors, no city nurses, one part-time food inspector, one meat inspector, one dairy inspector, five sanitary policemen, one chemist and bacteriologist, one clerk, one stenographer and one health officer, part-time.

Up to this time the policy was of a negative character, fighting disease epidemics rather than carrying on a program of disease prevention and health promotion. In this year it was necessary to issue bonds three times to fight epidemics and so severe were they that the schools had to be closed for weeks at a time. Under the commission-manager plan inaugurated in 1914, the board was eliminated and a health division, under the direction of a full-time health officer, part of the department of public welfare, was created. In 1931 the health division consisted of fifty-two employes, including five physicians, eighteen nurses, eighteen food and dairy inspectors and five in the laboratory.

Water Works—Dayton was fortunate in having an abundance of cool, wholesome water, readily secured. The first well was sunk on the Newcom lot at the corner of Main Street and Monument Avenue, and when additional wells were sunk in all parts of the original plat, many thought that no other provision for water supply would be necessary. However, because of the increased needs, common council on June 2, 1826, passed a resolution requesting Mr. E. Brabham and Mr. J. W. Van Cleve "to survey and ascertain the practicability of conveying water from some point on Mad River into the town of Dayton" and to make a report as soon as practicable. There is no record of anything further being done at this time.

The subject of a city water works came up again on December 27, 1845, when common council resolved: "That the mayor of the city be directed to make application to the legislature for the passage of a special act authorizing the city of Dayton to borrow a sum not exceeding $50,000 for the purpose of supplying the city with water from any point in the vicinity, which may be deemed most desirable, and the council be empowered to levy a tax (if deemed requisite), to pay the interest of said loan." But on March 15, 1848, it was resolved that it was more expedient to give the rights of the streets to the Dayton Water Company rather than for the city to build its own water works. That resolution was finally adopted by the council, with certain conditions, on October 15, 1852. The question of water supply was before the council again on February 1, 1856, and came up intermittently until 1869.

On March 19 of that year an ordinance placed before the voters a $200,000 bond issue for the erection of a water works. This was adopted by a vote of 2,769 against 1,936 on April 5, 1869. Council appointed a committee of eleven, who visited various water works and made recommendations back to the council. The majority favored the "Holly" system rather than a standpipe or reservoir. By March 16, 1870, the works was completed and the pipes filled with water for the first time. Some days later the official test took place at the corner of Third and Main streets "in the presence of a large multitude of spectators, many of whom being from distant boroughs and cities to witness the first exhibition of the kind in the western states." The test consisted in throwing two streams of water through two sets of hose 1,000 feet long over a wire stretched 100 feet above Main Street, and the "Dayton

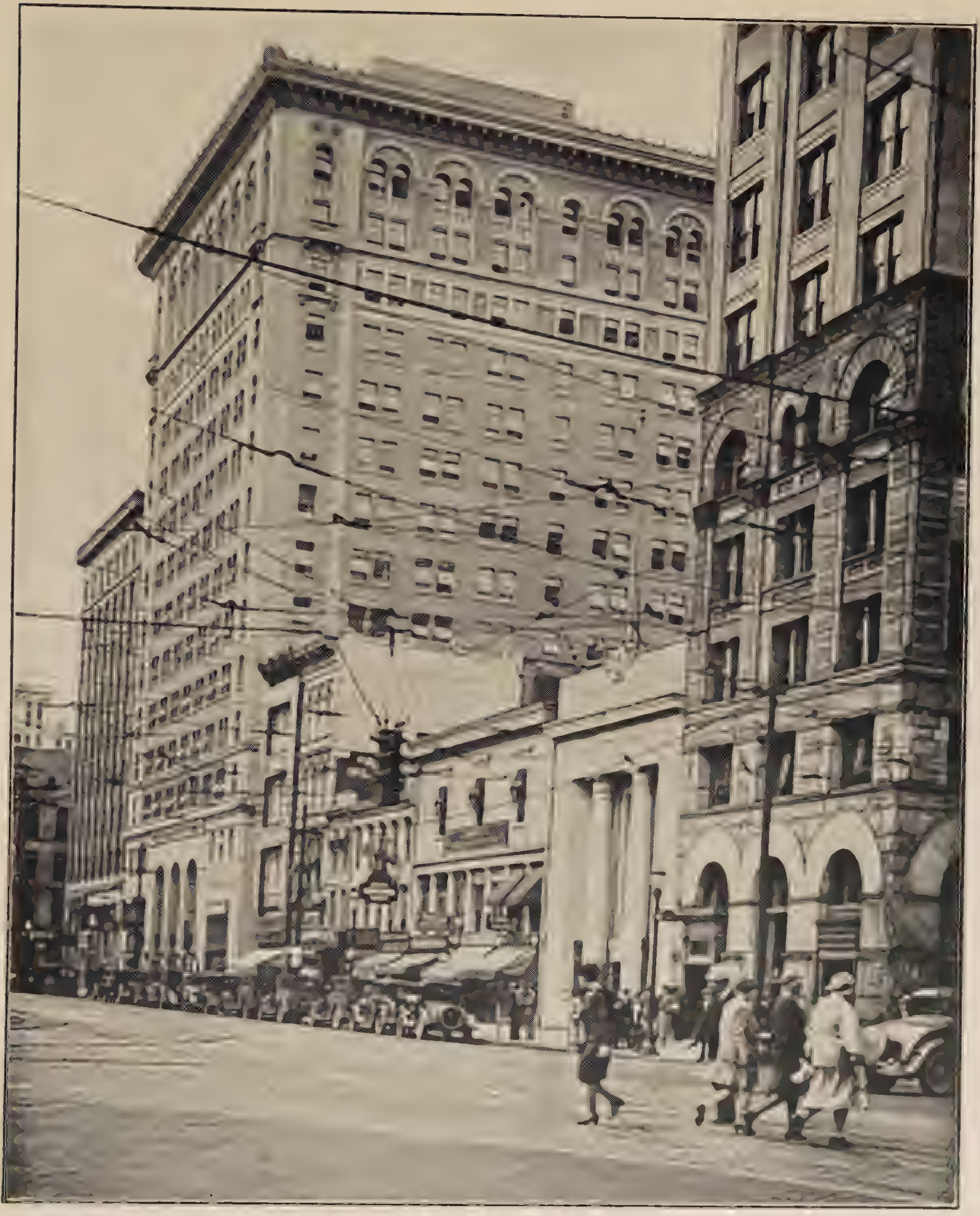
Journal" of April 1, 1870, reported "that it was one of the most notable events" that had ever taken place in the city. The total cost of construction, including engine house and wells, was $230,083.14. The first report of the water works board, for period ending December 31, 1870, showed the gross receipts to have been $3,168.66 and the running expenses $10,325.85.

The water works department has been, in large part, kept free from the influence of politics. A determined effort was made in 1895 to secure through the legislature a reconstruction of the water works board. This was opposed so strenuously by the business men and citizenship generally that no action was taken. In 1914 the water works was made a division of the department of public safety, under immediate charge of a superintendent. Since that time it has been operated as a self-sustaining public utility, paying its own way, both operating and capital charges. In 1928 it became a separate department under immediate supervision of a director responsible directly to the city manager. In 1931 the water department had a personnel of 142.

DAYTON'S GOVERNMENT SINCE 1914.

Immediately Prior to 1914—Prior to January 1, 1914, Dayton's government was not particularly worse than that of many other cities; there was practically no health service, with the result that epidemics necessitated the closing of schools for weeks at a time; no collection of rubbish; streets that required extreme discrimination in selecting driving routes about the city; laying off of firemen and policemen because of lack of funds; only 35 acres of parks for a city of 130,000 people; and not a playground operated by the city government. These are a few obvious manifestations of nineteenth century city administration carried over into the twentieth century. Perhaps this was no worse a picture than most cities presented then, but it was bad enough for an alert minority—a very small minority, it is true—weary of such municipal housekeeping to want a change and to make others conscious of a need for improvement. This group was weary of a government carrying on without effective budgeting, which for six successive years had shown a deficit of $60,000 a year in operating expenses. It is true that money was not too plentiful, and that the limit imposed by the tax laws provided, as it still does, an insufficient amount of money with which political subdivisions could operate satisfactorily. But there is a question of whether the best was done under the circumstances.

Up to 1914 Dayton had been operating under the federal plan of city government. The mayor, auditor, treasurer, solicitor and fifteen councilmen constituted the list of elected officials and were chosen on



MAIN STREET IN 1930—EAST SIDE LOOKING NORTH BETWEEN SECOND AND THIRD

partisan tickets. One councilman was elected from each of the twelve wards, and three were elected to represent the city at large. It was the usual partisan, political government, with the local unit considered merely a subdivision of the national party organization, and as such, its primary reason for existence seemed to be the furnishing of jobs to the "key men" of the political party, so that the organization might thereby be strengthened. The victorious party at the polls emptied the offices of those who held jobs because of political performance, only to fill them with its own faithful. Qualifications for offices and positions were naturally of secondary consideration.

The mayor, as executive, was presumably responsible for the actual operation of the city service, but all he had under his jurisdiction were the two main departments—public service and public safety. The health department, such as it was, operated under a board appointed by the mayor. The legal department and the finance department were each under separately elected officials. When the executive and the majority of the council were of opposing political faiths the community paid the penalty. The appellation "government by deficit" characterized the kind of administration Dayton had.

It would be untrue to imply that the people of Dayton as a whole were acutely conscious of a need for a change in government, much less in the form of government. If there was such consciousness it was unorganized and insufficient to attain even that moderate degree of efficient operation possible under the cumbersome antiquated form. But there were leaders in the community—men who knew a change of some kind was needed and who were articulate on the subject. Outstanding among these leaders was John H. Patterson, then president of the National Cash Register Company. In 1896, seventeen years before the change in government took place, at the Centennial celebration of the founding of Dayton, he made the following prophetic statements:

> What ought the Dayton of the future be? Does its greatness depend upon the matter of its population? If it does, then Peking, with all its squalor and vice, is a great city. To become really great, however, our city must accomplish the largest amount of good for the largest number of her citizens, uniting all the best things which exist in other cities into an ideal city. Does she do this now? No; and why not? Because we are not educated sufficiently to realize our most urgent needs. We have no definite municipal ideas. Before we can have a great city, we must learn what a truly great city should be. We must first educate the people.
>
> A city is a great business enterprise whose stockholders are the people. . . . Our municipal affairs would be placed upon a strict business basis and directed, not by partisans, either Republican or Democratic, but by men who are skilled in business management and social science; who would treat our people's money as a trust fund, to be expended wisely and economically, without waste, and for the benefit of all citizens.

Good men would take an interest in municipal government, and we should have more statesmen and fewer politicians.

This statement of how a city should be operated was a forecast of the commission-manager form of government. Seventeen years later Mr. Patterson became head of a Citizens' Committee to study forms of city government incident to the movement for a change. The commission-manager plan was recommended and the people of Dayton were given an opportunity to apply it. And they did.

Mr. Patterson was first to promote interest in public affairs through lectures at his factory and through his factory house organ. He inspired the creation of neighborhood improvement associations after having introduced one into the district around his factory. Those organizations directed attention first to their own neighborhoods, but later, when a federation was organized, to improvements for the city as a whole. For a number of years educational work was carried on to interest people in their local government.

In September, 1912, Ohio adopted the home rule amendment to its constitution. Immediately afterward George B. Smith, president of the Dayton Chamber of Commerce, appointed a committee of citizens to study the question of initiating a movement for a local charter and to suggest ways and means of doing it. This committee, composed of five leaders, John H. Patterson, chairman; E. A. Deeds, F. H. Rike, E. C. Harley and Leopold Rauh, favored the commission-manager form, and its decision was approved by the Dayton Chamber of Commerce because:

1—The plan was simple.

2—Responsibility and authority were definitely fixed.

3—It seemed most responsive to the electorate.

4—It was free from the meaningless, yet harmful, labels of national party organizations.

5—Its form of organization, similar to that found in business corporations, was planned to render service.

6—It was devised to make possible a continuing policy in the administration of the city's affairs, because the administrative head would be appointed for an indefinite tenure, and would not have to be elected every two or four years.

7—It provided for the selection of the administrative head by appointment, on the basis of experience in the field of governmental administration, as against the selection of a qualified executive head by chance through election.

How Adoption of the Plan Was Secured—This committee of five was expanded to a committee of one hundred, representing every interest in the community. With the organization of this larger group a public meeting was held, attended by more than two hundred, at which the three types of government were discussed, the sentiment being clearly in favor of the commission-manager form. Other meetings were held by smaller groups at which the relative merits of the commission-manager and straight commission forms of government were discussed until the whole group of two hundred was unanimously in favor of a charter commission pledged to the commission-manager plan.

By a primary election conducted through the mails, the two hundred selected fifteen of their number to become candidates for the charter commission, and these fifteen were pledged to write a commission-manager charter containing among other things the following provisions:

> A commission (council) of five elected at large on a non-partisan ticket and subject to recall.
>
> A city manager selected by the commission, on whom would repose all administrative duties relating to the government of the city.
>
> A referendum and protest on all legislation.
>
> And what is more important—a charter which would secure the greatest welfare of the citizen body and not conserve the interests of any faction, political party, or individuals.

By putting up a charter commission pledged to a definite form of government it was felt the election of this commission would reflect definitely the wishes of the voters. Two other charter commissions were placed in the field—one by the Democratic party and the other by the Socialists, both pledged to some federal form of government. The Republican party was not opposed to the change. As individuals, the members of the party lent their aid.

The task now confronting the Citizens' Committee was to overcome the advantages of the other two parties with their city-wide organizations experienced in campaigning year after year. The Citizens' Committee left nothing to chance. It created a city-wide organization with the election precincts as units, in each of which a captain was appointed, who, in turn, selected a subordinate in every block, all being under the general direction of a ward leader. It was a thorough-going campaign, with a house-to-house canvass pledging every person to vote for the commission-manager plan. The campaign was not merely to elect a charter commission; it was to elect a commission pledged to a brand new form of government. A task of this kind could not be accomplished by enthusiastic speeches and vague generalities. It had to be done by intensive education. It had to overcome a form of government, however inefficient, to which the people were accustomed. It had to overcome a strong self-interested political machine. However, by a vote of two to one a charter commission was elected and authorized to write a commission-manager charter. On the day of election the Citizens' Committee worked as effectively as an old-time polling machine, leaders in every precinct with a list of the voters favoring the commission-manager form visiting the voters and sending them to the polls. In each polling booth and at the counting of the ballots the Citizens' Committee had adequate representation.

The personnel of this commission shows its widely representative character:

John H. Patterson, manufacturer.
E. C. Harley, wholesale grocer.
F. H. Rike, merchant.
John F. McGee, merchant.
J. B. Zehnder, furniture superintendent.
O. B. Kneisly, dentist.
Fred Cappel, furniture merchant.
William A. Sparks, laboring man.
Lee Warren James, lawyer.
E. E. Burkhart, lawyer
C. E. Bice, lumber merchant.
E. T. Banks, negro representative.
A. I. Mendenhall, union printer.
Leopold Rauh, representative of business organizations.

The people having declared themselves for the commission-manager form of government, it remained for the commission to write a charter embodying this principle. The election for the charter commission was held on May 20, and on June 23, 1913, five weeks after its election, the commission, by intensive work, had completed its task. The vote on the charter was to take place on August 12, 1913, and the Citizens' Committee again set to work to carry on a campaign to assure success. The same citizen organization which had done such effective work in the first campaign was called into action a second time and a process of education was begun through hundreds of meetings of small groups of voters, in churches, on street corners, and in homes where neighbors would gather to hear the charter explained.

The campaign was a strenuous one. In spite of the campaign for the election of the charter commission, it was necessary now to defend and explain the detailed provisions of the city-manager charter. The Socialists conducted an open campaign against the charter and raised some fundamental questions. Was not the commission-manager form of government autocratic, giving too complete power to the city manager? Was it representative, since it provided for a commission of only five elected at large? The initiative, referendum and recall were attacked because it was felt that the number of signatures requested was too large to make them effective. In brief, all the fundamental points in the charter were attacked, but this attack had a salutary effect because it required continual and persistent explanation which informed more and more people about the details of the charter and the form of government.

The Dayton charter's principal features are:

1—A commission (or council) of five, elected at large on a nonpartisan ticket, whose duties are purely legislative and policy-determining.

2—The manager is appointed without regard to his political beliefs and need not be a resident of Dayton at the time of his appointment. His principal duties are as follows:

- a—Supervision of departmental administration.
- b—Execution of laws and ordinances.
- c—Recommendation of legislative measures.
- d—Appointment and removal of heads and sub-heads of departments without restriction. Employees of classified service are subject to the civil service provisions of the charter.
- e—Preparation of the budget.

3—Initiative, referendum and recall.

4—Five departments: law, public service, public welfare, public safety, and finance.

5—Power of commission to discontinue any department by ordinance and to determine, combine and distribute the functions of departments.

6—Advisory boards of citizens to serve without compensation, whose duties are to consult and advise with departments.

Education and organization won. The charter was adopted by a vote of 13,318 for to 6,010 against.

No story of Dayton's adoption of the council-manager plan would be complete without mention of two events, the establishment of the Bureau of Municipal Research in October, 1912, and the Dayton flood of March, 1913. These two events are unrelated, but they each played a significant part. The Bureau of Municipal Research, with L. D. Upson as director, immediately set to work studying scientifically and impartially, the operation of Dayton's government. It built up a body of facts which were used most effectively during the next spring and summer in the charter campaign. This information was not collected primarily for this purpose, for in common with the policies of similar organizations in the United States, the Dayton Bureau of Municipal Research offered its services to the public officials as a citizens' research and fact-finding organization for the purpose of helping them apply scientific methods to government, using research as a basis for improved changes wherever needed. This agency, however, proceeded to study public records, followed fiscal policies and procedures, kept in close touch with the council activities and checked departmental operations where opportunity permitted. Accordingly, proponents of the new charter did not have to depend upon opinion, prejudice or belief for campaign material. They had solid, incontrovertible facts.

It would be untrue to say that the Dayton charter, or the successful campaign for its adoption, was the result of the flood. The movement for the charter had gained full headway before March, 1913, but the flood did help. It brought out in bold relief the incompetency of the administration which had broken down at a critical time, and necessitated the creation of a citizens' relief committee to lead in bringing order out of chaos. Exposure to this experience of expeditious, effective handling of public affairs at a particularly difficult time undoubtedly convinced the public what could be done by an administration motivated by the single purpose of rendering service. This detail of events in Dayton's movement for adopting the commission-manager charter is given because in it may be contained part of the answer to the success of Dayton's government from that day to this.

Promise Really Fulfilled—In November, 1913, the first commission was elected. The five men chosen could not have been induced to hold public office under the old conditions, but they did consent to serve under the new régime. None of them had been active party workers and their election was on an absolutely nonpartisan basis. Behind them was the Citizens' Committee, a really significant organization at the time, which helped elect them from a field of fifteen candidates, five of whom represented the Democratic party and five the Socialist.

The first business and the first test of the commission was the selection of a city manager. An administrator was promised, chosen for his qualifications for the job. No plums were offered and no faithful wheel horse or controller of votes was wanted. The commission met the test with eminent success by appointing Henry M. Waite, then city engineer of Cincinnati, under the efficient administration of Mayor Hunt. What were Mr. Waite's politics? Nobody cared. Mayor Hunt was a Democrat; the majority of Dayton's commission voted the Republican ticket. This appointment was the outstanding achievement of the commission and if the charter campaign had done nothing more than give Dayton four years of Henry Waite as manager, it would have more than repaid the effort.

Mr. Waite's salary was fixed at $12,500 a year. It required some courage to pay a city official as high a salary as that in 1914. The mayor of New York was being paid only $15,000 a year, and the mayor of Dayton had received $5,000. There was criticism from some quarters for paying the manager $40 a day. This seemed even greater extravagance than when the amount was mentioned on the annual basis. But events proved to the public's satisfaction that Dayton had secured a bargain.

One of the conditions attached to the appointment was that the manager would be manager and would be given a free hand in carrying out the duties imposed upon him by the charter. Anyone who knows Mr. Waite realizes he would not have accepted the position under any other agreement. He brought to his task not only unusual administrative ability and dynamic force, but breadth of vision and a charming and colorful personality, equally at home in the drawing rooms of Dayton's elite, in the fire stations with the "boys," or swapping a word with the street gangs at work.

Appointments of department and vision heads were made on merit. A leading attorney was made director of law; one of the manager's assistant engineers from Cincinnati director of public service; an outstanding minister and student of governmental and social problems, Dr. D. F. Garland, was appointed director of public welfare; a public accountant, director of finance. The safety department directorship was not filled for a year and a half, the manager himself working directly with the police and fire chiefs. It was an efficient setup. In the minor unclassified positions the same care was used. There was no wholesale dismissal of old employes. Although he found the departments filled with political appointees, Mr. Waite let it be understood that all would be given a chance to qualify and if they proved satisfactory would be retained. Practically all were continued and he won the full-hearted support of all the employes, many of whom are still in the city's service.

It was not an easy task that confronted the new administration. The people sat back waiting to see what this marvelous new machine and this high-priced manager would do, what wonders they would perform. They had voted for all this because they were promised everything they lacked under the old form of government. So well were the people educated during the charter campaigns as to what was wrong with the old government and what constituted unsatisfactory government that they became extremely critical and discriminating. They were enlightened, and "they would never again be satisfied with what they had before." This feeling was wholesome because it kept the administration on its toes, ever striving to meet increasing demands. Yet so quickly did the people acquire the habit of accepting improved service, that they too readily took it for granted and frequently became unjustly critical, although a few months previously they would have been most grateful if they had received even a fraction of this service.

Die-hard politicians and the Socialist newspaper lost no opportunity to pick flaws, but the commission and the manager went on cheerfully doing the job before them, meeting criticism with performance. The first administrative task of the manager was to prepare the budget, the work program for 1914. The charter called for definite information, comparisons with other years, and a minimum of data—which insured at least a sound form of budget. Prior to this time Dayton had had no budget procedure in the modern sense of the word. Money had been appropriated by council without a very exact relationship to the estimated income. As a matter of fact, the council had never had sufficient data to appropriate intelligently or to the best advantage. Operating deficits might have been somewhat condoned if there had been something to show for the money in the way of improvements of services, but with no evidence of either of these the annual deficits of $60,000 did seem ironical.

In 1914, with practically the same resources but with careful budgeting and with appropriations based on careful departmental estimates, scrutinized item by item by the manager, services dropped in previous years were resumed, others never before rendered were added, and $30,000 of a floating debt of $125,000 was paid off in the first year.

Following is a report showing what the new administration did in its first six months and what has been continued on an increasing scale since that time. Attention is called particularly to the creation of a real health department with a full-time health officer for the first time in the history of Dayton, with public health nurses and five city physicians who took care of the indigent sick—all of which resulted in a reduction of the infant death rate from 124.6, 114.3 and 123. per thousand in 1911, 1912 and 1913, respectively, to 95.8 in 1914. It is true that infant mortality was being reduced in many cities before 1914, but that had not been true in Dayton. Attention is also called to the new service given through a free legal aid bureau which has done excellent work since that day, to the operation by the city of a number of playgrounds which until 1914, had been provided entirely by a private social agency, to the establishment of a municipal lodging house, to the resumption of rubbish collection, and to the inauguration of a central purchasing department which saved thousands of dollars during the first year and in subsequent years, through modern, intelligent methods in purchasing. In short, Dayton's government was humanized—imagination, intelligence and resourcefulness were being applied to the administration of its affairs.

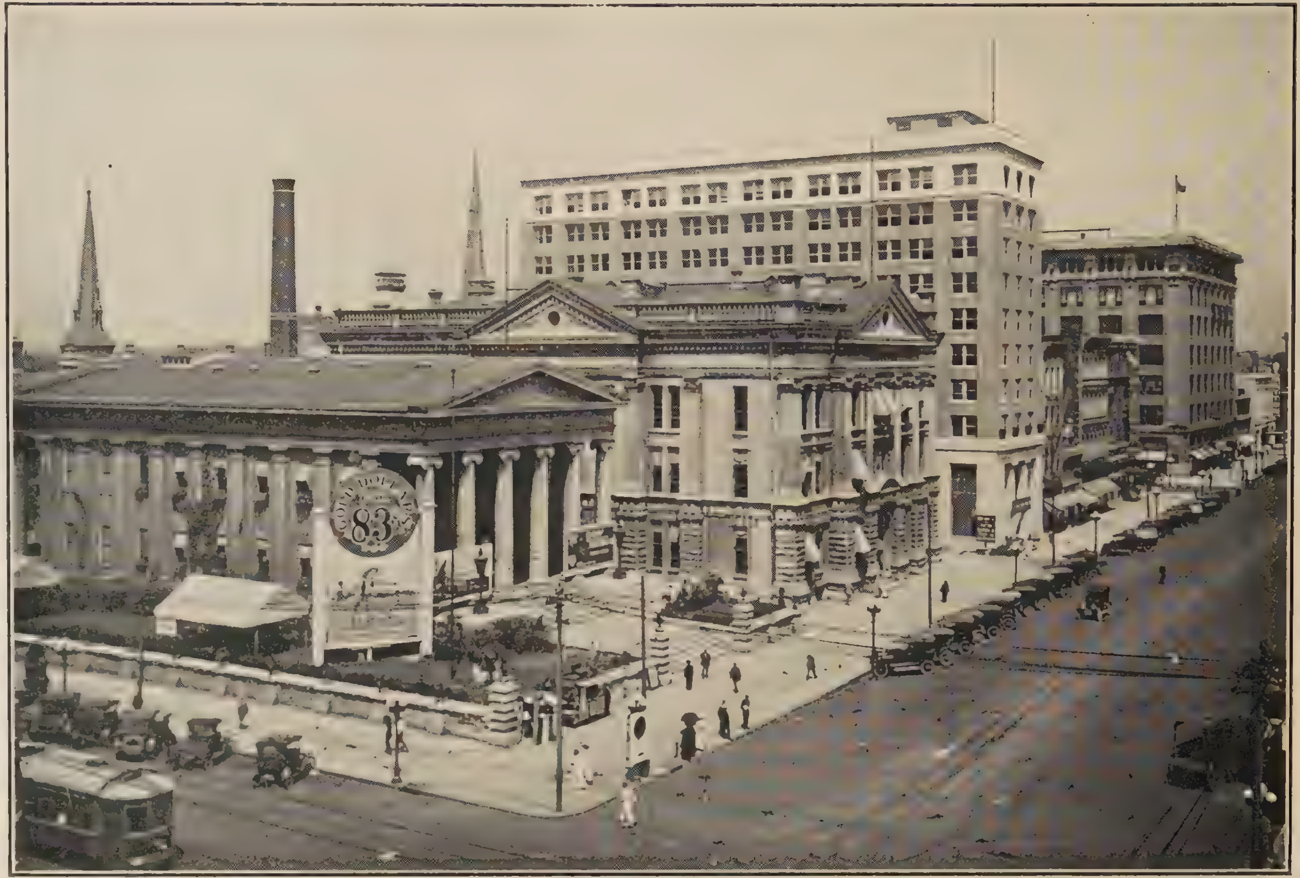
Partial report for first six months of 1914:

STAFF CONFERENCES—Regular conferences with the heads of departments were held, where all important matters were considered and departmental coöperation was developed, and the programs and activities of each department were discussed and planned.

EXPENDITURES LIMITED BY INCOME—In planning the expenditures of the year, appropriations were limited to estimate revenues, and expenditures were kept within the cash receipts. The old deficit of $125,000 was reduced rather than added to. The issuance of bonds to meet current expenses was not resorted to.

AN EIGHT-HOUR DAY—Payrolls were not now passed unless a time sheet had been kept showing the number of hours that each employee worked. In this connection the number of hours was reduced from ten to eight, at the same pay, and office employees were required to work a full eight hours.

BUILDING CODE—Arrangement was made for the drafting of an entire building code for the city without cost to the city.



MAIN STREET, NORTH FROM THIRD, SHOWING OLD AND NEW COURT HOUSES

Civic Music—Amateur and professional musicians were interested in providing high-grade music at more popular prices. A high-class symphony program was arranged for the coming winter, and half of the seating capacity was sold in season tickets.

Garbage Removal—Plans were prepared for a disposal plant and equipment necessary to care for all garbage and other refuse of the city for twenty years.

Parole of Workhouse Prisoners—In many worthy cases workhouse prisoners were paroled and placed on probation, and work secured for them.

Expediting Public Work—By borrowing on the credit of uncollected assessments contractors were paid promptly, and work rushed with a resulting lower cost. Formerly contractors were paid only as assessments were actually collected.

Permits Simplified—All permits were issued from one office, on a uniform form, and the amount collected recorded on a cash register. At the same time the machine stamped the permit as legal, and indicated the amount paid.

Sewers—Both the storm and sanitary sewer systems were inadequate for the needs of the city and funds were voted to design a complete sewer system; all sewers laid in the future were to be in accordance with this plan. A complete topographical study of the city was planned to provide for future development and for a sewage disposal plant to be ready when such was ordered by the State Board of Health.

$12,000 Saved on Valley Street Bridge—Permission was secured from the State Board of Public Works to fill and pave Valley Street across the Miami River and the Erie Canal instead of building a lift bridge, for which money had been appropriated. Twelve thousand dollars was turned back into the sinking fund.

Refuse Collection—The collection of rubbish and ashes which had been discontinued was resumed. The streets and alleys of the city were cleaned up and the wagons were routed so that monthly service was rendered to all sections of the city alike.

Garbage Collection—It was arranged to give the householders regular garbage collection service weekly. In order that adequate service might be supplied with the funds available, it was asked that only garbage be put in the cans, and that the cans be placed within easy access for the collectors.

Street Repairs—Street repairs, except for a balance of $12,000 remaining from bonds issued before 1914, were made from current revenues. Where asphalt streets were in bad condition they were repaired with tar macadam at a reduced cost.

Additional Water Supply—A temporary supply of about 7,000,000 gallons of water per day was made available at Tate's Hill. This provided for the increased demand which frequently exceeded 16,000,000 gallons per day. During fires the consumption had exceeded the rate of 30,000,000 gallons per day. Work on the permanent additional supply from Tate's Hill was actively pushed and was completed in the fall.

Plans for Water Improvements—A firm of consulting engineers made an investigation of the entire water situation, including supply, pumping and distribution.

Municipal Garage—All motor repairs and adjustments were made at the municipal garage at a saving of several thousand dollars a year. The garage also acted as a clearing house, securing greater service from the motor equipment of the city. All city cars were numbered and labeled. This facilitated the keeping of cost records of the operation and repair of each car, and prevented "joy riding" after hours.

Full-Time Health Officer—A health officer on full time, the first in the history of the city, was provided. The force of full-time food and dairy inspectors was increased, the work rearranged to secure larger services from each employee.

Reorganization of Health Work—The entire division of health was reorganized and complete up-to-the-minute records were installed, thus insuring systematic work, increased efficiency, and adequate control of health problems. The work of the sanitary police was doubled, and the force reduced.

PUBLIC HEALTH NURSING—With the coöperation and help of the Visiting Nurses' Association and the Anti-Tuberculosis Society, all public health nursing was brought under one management and control.

A LOWER INFANT DEATH RATE—The death rate for infants in June, 1914, was only one-half that of any June for three years previous. This low death rate was secured by controlling threatened epidemics of smallpox and diphtheria; by an anti-fly campaign conducted through every public and parochial school; and by the inauguration of baby welfare work. Three weekly baby clinics and four certified milk stations were established as well as a system of post-natal visits to mothers.

COMMUNITY GARDENS—In coöperation with the Dayton Playgrounds and Garden Association, six community gardens were plowed and prepared, on which about seventy-five families cultivated vegetables; twenty-two experimental gardens were prepared for the cultivation of vegetables by hundreds of children under the direction of an expert gardener; three hundred and thirty-nine vacant lot gardens on which as many families raised vegetables were plowed; and a dozen additional playgrounds for children were cleaned up and leveled.

NUMBER OF PLAYGROUNDS DOUBLED—Playgrounds were opened in every section of the city, with daily supervision by trained play-supervisors, all under the direction of the superintendent of recreation. Twenty-eight playgrounds were provided as against fourteen or fifteen in 1913, the largest number ever reached before in Dayton.

MUNICIPAL LODGING HOUSE ESTABLISHED—A municipal lodging house was temporarily established through the courtesy of the Burkhardt Packing Company, which gave free use of a building on Market Street. The superintendent of corrections managed this new feature of relief work, taking care of 1,852 lodgers. Each lodger was required to give a half-day's labor, removing snow, leveling dumps, etc., for his day's lodging.

FREE LEGAL ADVICE—A division of legal aid was established in the department of welfare, the second of its kind under city control in this country. It has been unusually effective in protecting the weak, and in the first four months of operation handled more than three hundred applications, most of which were claims for wages, installment difficulties, and loan shark extortions. Over two-thirds of these were disposed of without legal action. Any person capable of paying was referred to private counsel. The maintenance of the division cost less than $625 for the year.

CITY INFIRMARY ABOLISHED—The city infirmary was abolished and all out-door relief put under the administration of the Associated Charities, thus unifying the work, increasing its efficiency and avoiding duplication of service. This field was covered at less than one-half the cost formerly incurred by the city infirmary.

WOMEN POLICE OFFICERS—Two women police officers were engaged to care for girls and women requiring correctional measures or in need of personal and sympathetic advice.

FIRE PREVENTION—An inspection was made of every building in the city to acquaint at least one fireman in each district with all interior construction. In addition, fire hazards were abated, and where orders for the removal of material or for changes in building conditions were given, reinspection was made.

The above is admittedly a good record and naturally is more spectacular than those of later years. There were so many opportunities for making improvements that the contrast with the old was much sharper. But the real significance of these accomplishments lies in the fact that the financial resources of the government, in 1914, were practically no greater than those of 1913. Admitting the very important part played by the personnel of the administration and its great urge to satisfy an acutely conscious "show me" public, the credit due the form of government must not be minimized. For the centralization of responsibility and administration it provided, first in the council and secondly in the manager, the recognition that the executive should spend his time in administering the affairs of the city and not in being a vote-getter or party leader, furnished a tool by which competent personnel could achieve results more easily and certainly more expeditiously.

Since 1914.—Space does not permit a detailed recital of Dayton's achievements within the last sixteen years. C. E. Rightor's book "City Manager in Dayton," gives an excellent, impartial and thorough account of Dayton's government for the first four years of the council-manager administration and shows that there was no diminution in the splendid beginning made in the first few months after the new organization took hold. In fact, the reverse was true. As the machinery became welded together and the new organization found itself, services were improved and expanded.

A study of these first four years will also show unusual activity in taking the government to the people and in promoting the active coöperation of the public. Not a week went by but the manager was invited to talk to some organization. In 1915 Mr. Waite averaged three talks a week. And in every one of his talks he added friends to the administration and even converted those who were sceptical or definitely antagonistic. The city government stimulated the organization of the Civic Music League, which, started in 1914, is still in existence and gives annually a series of six concerts by the foremost artists of the country for prices as low as $3.50 for the series. An amateur baseball league organized then, is still in existence and stronger than ever. The tie-up of the nursing staff of the health department with the staff of the Visiting Nurses' Association under one supervisor, all under the head of the commissioner of health, was brought about in 1914. Coöperation with the Dayton Playground and Garden Association and the provision for expanding the funds for outdoor relief through the Associated Charities, a privately maintained organization, were all inaugurated during this time and are still continuing with great benefit to the city.

The newspapers were kept in close touch with the administration. Mr. Waite permitted the newspaper reporters to read his correspondence, so that they might know what was happening, a practice that has been continued. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that Dayton was most fortunate in stepping off with the right foot in beginning a new form of government. Precedents set during the first few years have left effects felt ever since. And the success of the government up to the present must be attributed in large measure to the impression this wise post-natal care made upon the people.

Attention is called to a few outstanding improvements, made during this period, which are worthy of special note:

1—Water Works Extension and Improvement—A whole report could be written on what has been done by the water department during the last sixteen years to furnish a more adequate water supply for the present and the future; a complete distribution system keeping pace with the growing community; a new pumping station, completely electrified; and the very businesslike methods of financing those improvements. The water works has met the full cost of capital outlays and expansion of its service from its income, with a water rate comparatively low.

2—Sewage Disposal Plant—Within the last few months a complete modern sewage disposal plant costing three million dollars was put into operation. This is being paid for through a service charge to all property owners, billed quarterly in conjunction with the water bills.

3—Elevation of Railroad Tracks—Four years ago the people voted $8,000,000 for the city's share of a complete track elevation program, the total cost of which will be $24,000,000. This is finally being done after many years of discussion. It would have been done sooner but the people voted down an issue of bonds for $2,000,000 for this purpose some years ago.

4—City Plan—In 1923 a city plan board was appointed by the commission and since that time a complete city plan and a zoning ordinance have been adopted.

5—Garbage Reduction—Since 1914, after a careful study of this problem, the city has operated a garbage reduction plant which has paid for itself.

In every one of these projects the city government called in experts who made the necessary studies and surveys and whose recommendations were followed. This is in keeping with the method started in the year 1914, when the first manager, Mr. Waite, commenced the practice.

In connection with the construction of the sewage disposal plant, it was necessary to purchase considerable land which would not be used for the actual plant construction. This was done in order to prevent suits for damages from adjoining property owners, which is, of course, usual in such developments. This land was all acquired at reasonable prices, and no suits were filed when the plant was actually constructed. Of 551 acres purchased for the work, about 200 acres have been turned into a park and golf course. Land which the owners claimed would be useless because of the sewage plant nuisance has been beautified with drives and shrubbery, drainage has been provided and an eighteen-hole golf course is now in use. A clubhouse was built, largely with materials salvaged from the buildings on the properties acquired, and five rustic camps are in use for picnic parties. All the development for the golf course and park has been done at a cost of less than $75,000, including the clubhouse. Labor from the city work-farm has been used in part of the work, thus reducing the cost of some items. Part of the land purchased is located across the river from the disposal plant. A fifty-five acre tract provides a splendid summer camp for colored boys and girls, and this land is being gradually developed into a rural recreation spot for Negroes, with buildings, tennis courts and swimming pool, and eventually a golf course.

Developments such as these are of course possible in any city, but here was land so located as to make it a matter of economy for the city to purchase it as part of the sewage disposal plant development. Instead of letting it lie idle it has been beautified and made to fill a much desired part of the recreation program, all at a very moderate cost.

Probably one of the most definite accomplishments in recent years has been the success of the city administration in securing an adequate return on daily bank balances. A going concern needs working capital, and the Ohio laws require that the money be on hand before any obligation may be incurred. This forces the city to carry large balances in construction accounts, and the method of tax collection and distribution by the county. acting for the state, also makes for large operating funds at certain periods. These large balances earned only the usual 2 per cent or 2½ per cent when deposited in local banks, as required by state law. The city officials wanted to make this money earn a fair return. In 1926 they secured the interest of officials in Cleveland, and the two cities were able to have the state legislature enact a law permitting the city to invest in its own notes and bonds for a short period of time, reselling when the money was actually needed to pay bills. This principle had been employed in the past in investing sinking funds, but never for the operating and construction balances. The results have more than justified their efforts and faith. In 1928 the finance department of Dayton cost about $22,000 to operate, and the revenue from the investment account was approximately $55,000 more than would have been received in interest under the former procedure. Here is tangible accomplishment. Vision to see the need and secure the necessary legislation plus administrative ability to make the balances earn every cent possible by keeping every dollar invested until the time it is needed to meet bills—this is what the citizens of Dayton have come to expect of their officials.

It is significant that Dayton has had no upheaval in its government for sixteen years, that during this time through careful financing it has lived within its income, has even had annual cash balances in spite of funds limited by restrictive state laws and by a county budget commission which fixes the tax rate and controls the distribution of taxes. It is also significant that to do the job as efficiently and as economically as possible seems still to be the primary object of the administration, that the central purchasing department is as zealous of securing lowest prices today as it was sixteen years ago; that contracts are let to the *best* bid-der; that the budget is explained in detail at an advertised public hearing to as many of the public as attend. True, only a handful attend, but it is explained nevertheless, and questions openly answered.

Dayton did not live within its income during the years 1918, 1919 and 1920, when the dollar shrank to half its value. But in 1918 she took the lead in calling a conference of Ohio cities on financial relief, and at that conference stood and fought for recommending to the legislature a pay-as-you-go policy, but the conference voted for the issuance of deficiency bonds, which the legislature adopted. Representatives of Dayton's government desired increased tax levies or revaluation of property to keep down the ultimate increased cash in financing these deficits. Along with other Ohio cities Dayton was obliged to take advantage of the special emergency permitted by the general assembly to issue deficiency bonds.

A practice which was adopted in 1914, is still applied, and is responsible for living within or below the income, is the periodic revision of the budget by the manager during the year. At the beginning of the year, receipts from the various sources are estimated and appropriations made accordingly. Three or four times a year the manager reviews the budget with each department and division head and adjusts it to the actual receipts. In some instances the situation permits a reduction in the original appropriation, in others increases may be required—but always the income is kept in mind.

The Council—The city council meets every week, alternating between morning and evening meetings, the latter to give citizens who cannot leave their work an opportunity to appear before the commission with any grievances or complaints or petitions. From the very first meeting, citizens have availed themselves of this opportunity to lay their needs in person before the commission and these petitions, complaints or grievances are not only received respectfully but they are followed up to a conclusion.

In addition to these weekly public meetings, the council holds conference meetings. Whatever differences of opinion there may be among the members on the various matters are usually ironed out at these conferences, leaving the public meeting rather dull, unless a minority decides to become articulate in public or citizens enliven the session with the presentation of some controversial issue. The council of five has been able to transact the business of the city effectively but it has been rather rigid in its expression and has been too unanimous. A larger council of seven or even nine would permit of a greater difference of opinion, which might be healthier in the long run, and might make it more difficult to overturn a satisfactory state of affairs. From the standpoint of the public good it is a question whether it might not be wiser to have a more frequent difference of opinion, even if business might at times be somewhat retarded.

The Council and the Manager—Undoubtedly in Dayton during the first four years, the city manager was the outstanding figure in the government. This was so for two reasons: first because in the charter campaigns almost the entire stress was laid upon the "city manager"; secondly, it happened that the manager during this period was a strong personality and a natural leader. This does not mean that the manager dictated the policies; it merely means that he stood out more prominently before the public than did the council. Since that time it is believed a balance has been struck more in accord with the spirit as well as the letter of the charter with respect to the relationship of the manager to the council and of both to the public. By temperament the present manager is not a public leader, but he is an able and efficient administrator. He carries out his duties as outlined by the charter, yet he is not merely a passive agent in his relations to the commission. Like any capable executive in any type of organization, he proposes needs and measures to the council and makes recommendations on things to be done. In arriving at its decisions of policy the council has the benefit of his knowledge, experience and judgment as an integral element in its deliberations.

Continuing Policy—Most notable among the contributions of the manager plan to the transaction of Dayton's public business has been a continuing administration of policies since its inauguration on January 1, 1914, full coöperation and coordination of effort among departments and an unusual spirit on the part of the whole administration of trying to give one hundred cents' worth of service for every dollar expended. This attitude born in 1914 is still alive today. Projects planned and policies adopted have been carried forward progressively from year to year, to final conclusions.

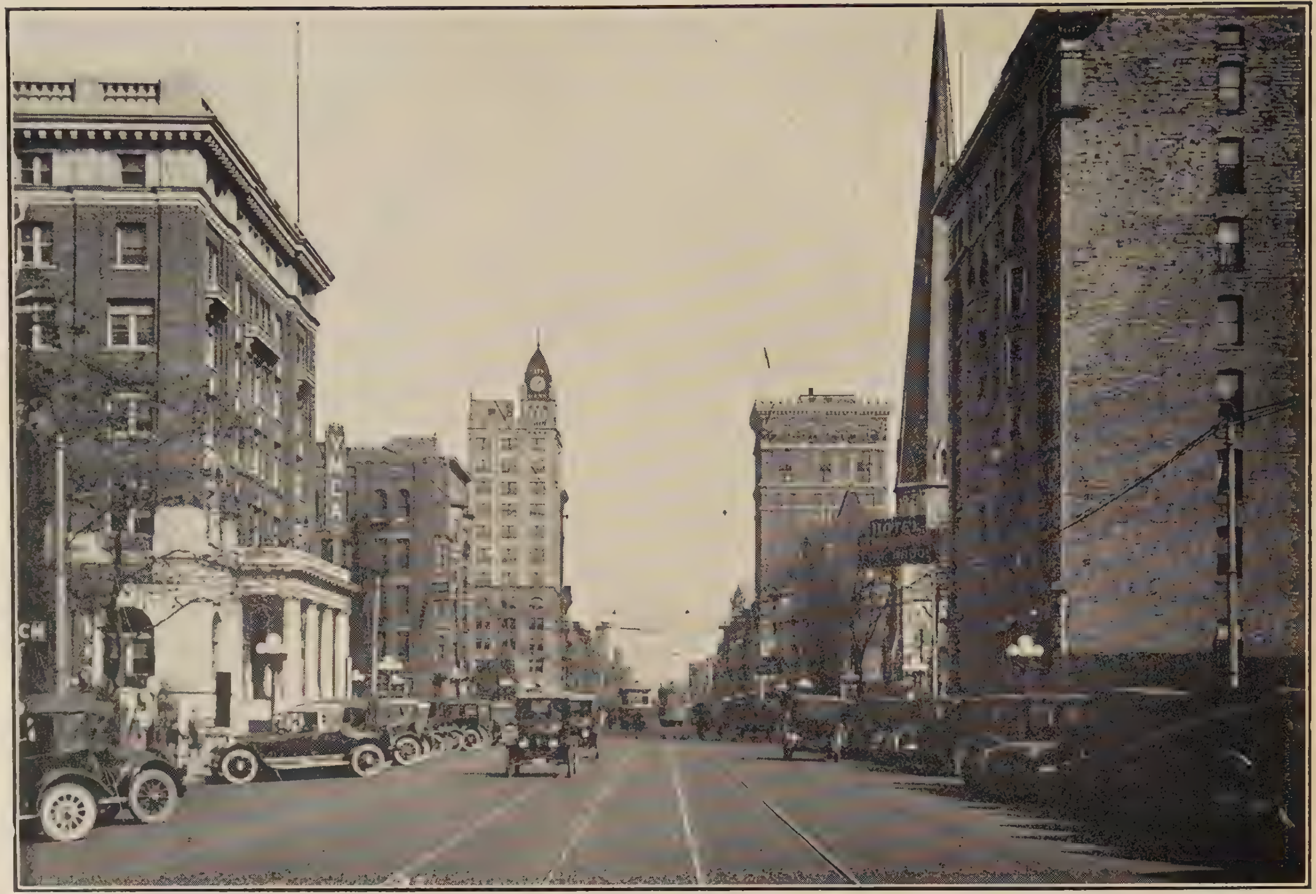
Why? Partly because of the overlapping terms of the city commission. The commissioners are elected for a four-year period. In order that their terms may overlap elections are held at two-year intervals. Two are chosen at one election and three at another. This hold-over of two or three commissioners leaves a nucleus for continuing policies and attitudes and has prevented making a too radical change thoughtlessly. For example, on January 1, 1918, the terms of two of the original commissioners expired and, although this election was not critical because the majority of the commission would still continue in office, nevertheless it was somewhat of a test to see whether the administration would go on as smoothly with even a slight change in the personnel of the commission. One of the original commissioners retired. The other was reëlected but with him was elected an organization man frankly supported by one of the political parties. Prognosticators predicted the injection of partisan politics, with resultant friction and some obstruction to administration. But this member, obviously an organization man who presumably would do the bidding of his political organization, became one of the most loyal supporters of the administration's policies and of the manager. He supported the plan of government not only in letter but in its spirit, and served as a most effective commissioner for three consecutive terms. But he died after having served one year of his fourth term.

Elections—As has been indicated, Dayton's ability to continue an unbroken policy in administration is tied up with her system of electing the city commissioners. Every four years when the majority of the commission is to be elected the situation is critical because if three men are elected who are hostile to the current type of administration the city administration will revert to the conditions of the "good old days." The first such election occurred in November, 1917. It was a real test. In the primary election there were no outstanding candidates—three were put up by the Socialist party, three by the Democratic party and three by the Citizens' Committee representing those who favored the existing administration. This does not mean that the names are placed on the ballot with party designations. The ballot is nonpartisan; names are printed alphabetically and in rotation, but the public knows who is supporting the candidates. The issue of this primary election was the city government, its form and its results. Six men were to be nominated. The vote was as follows:

Socialist Candidates	29,162
Citizens' Committee Candidates	20,545
Democratic Candidates	10,164

The following extract from C. E. Rightor's "City Manager in Dayton," tells what happened following the surprising results of this primary election:

> The large vote secured by the Socialists frightened the leaders of the Citizens' Committee, and the outcome of the November election on the issues of the success of the government appeared doubtful. The Socialists had polled about three times their normal vote and were confident of winning in the November election.
>
> Now for the unexpected. It happened that after the August election one of the local Socialist leaders wrote an article in the "New York Call," the Socialist newspaper, in which he stated that the Socialists' success in Dayton was due to their anti-war attitude. This article was taken by the Citizens' Committee as its basis for the final campaign. The issue was made solely one of Americanism. The final result was a decisive victory for all



THIRD STREET, LOOKING EAST

three of the Citizens' Committee candidates, insuring the continuance of the present plan for another four years. The vote was as follows:

Nonpartisan Candidates	50,383
Socialist Candidates	37,821

There was a total of 29,400 votes cast, of which the Socialists received 43 per cent.

While the campaign for the November election was conducted along old-line methods, using the Democrat and almost defunct Republican organizations to defeat the Socialists, the administrative end of the government kept out of politics; no jobs were promised and no city employes took part in any way in the campaign.

Since that year the Democratic organization has not put any ticket in the field. However, a new policy was adopted to safeguard the integrity of the city government. At every election the Citizens' Committee is revived. True, it is not so vital nor so strong as it was in 1913 or in 1917, but a sufficient number of leading citizens have continued a deep interest so that the capture of the administration by a political party for selfish purposes has been prevented. This Citizens' Committee, composed of men voting the Democratic and Republican tickets, supports candidates agreed upon with the local party leaders; with the understanding, however, that no raids will be made upon the government and that efficiency, economy and the interest of the public must be served. It is a practical arrangement and up to this time has worked satisfactorily.

It can be said truly that partisan politics has not entered into the administration of the city government, but the existence of the political parties in so far as selection of the council is concerned has been recognized. The situation in Dayton must probably be characterized as a compromise with the political parties, yet it is not exactly a compromise. It means practically that the coöperation of the political leaders is enlisted to secure as capable men as possible for the city council who will support a continuance of the satisfactory conditions. Perhaps the ideal situation would be to have the Citizens' Committee as strong as it was sixteen years ago, but unfortunately it seems difficult to maintain a strong organization year in and year out, in which the only benefits accruing to the membership are efficient and economical city government. It is possible to do so, as Dayton did, for a limited, inspired reform period, but as a permanent device the best that can be hoped for is the help of the sustained interest of a small group. Dayton has been fortunate in having such a group of leading citizens.

Personnel—Although the personnel of the commission has changed a number of times since January 1, 1914, there has been no upheaval in the administrative departments. Dayton has had four city managers:

Henry M. Waite, January 1, 1914, to March 1, 1918. James E. Barlow, March 1, 1918, to January 1, 1921. William C. Barber, February 1, 1921, to August 1, 1921. F. O. Eichelberger, August 1, 1921—.

Mr. Barlow, director of the department of public service, was made manager at the salary of $7,500 and resigned after a term of three years, following a disagreement with the city commission. The latter then decided to look about the country for a manager and selected Mr. Barber—who had been mayor of Joliet, Illinois—at a salary of $12,500. He remained six months during a difficult period in which a street-car strike figured, and then resigned. The present city manager started in the employ of the city of Dayton as a rodman more than twenty years ago, later became city engineer, then director of public service. He received $9,600 a year. Neither in the selection nor in the resignation of the managers has strife or partisan organization policies been present; nor has there been any interruption of the steady progress of the administration of affairs. It has been the practice to fill vacancies by promotion. All the present department heads, with the exception of the director of the department of public safety, were promoted from subordinate positions in the city service.

Form Not a Guarantee of Good Government—There have been and probably there still are some in Dayton who object to the manager plan; whether because of the plan itself or because of specific grievances it is difficult to determine. The last time such opposition had an opportunity to express itself was in November, 1922, when an initiated petition to amend the charter to provide for partisan election of a mayor and of a council selected by wards was presented to the people. This amendment was defeated but it received 17,000 votes. The vote upholding the manager plan was 26,000. It is especially interesting to note that the Socialists supported the manager plan in this fight. All that can be concluded from the result of this election is that it gave every malcontent, dissatisfied for whatever reason, a chance to register his grievance. That the dyed-in-the-wool adherents of the partisan organization voted for the amendment goes without saying, and there still is a goodly number of these extant.

It is wholesome for a government to be questioned and tested occasionally, as was Dayton's in 1922, but unfortunately good government may not always win. If there is one major criticism that may be directed against the city government in Dayton today it is the failure to impress continuously upon the people how well its city administration is functioning. So quietly and efficiently does it work that the city hall lacks "news value," it is dull, furnishing no excitement, no headlines. It is like having a well functioning body of which we are unconscious until we have an ache or pain.

What About the Tax Rate?—The tax rate is usually accepted as the measure of efficiency in government, at least in the minds of the general public. But the Ohio tax laws prohibit any real progress in this respect, forcing all the large Ohio cities to live on a very limited income. There is no question of economy in Dayton, it is one of efficiency. The total to be expended is limited. But the answer to the question, "What do we get for our tax dollar?" would furnish the information desired.

Working side by side in Dayton is the government of the county which offers a very definite comparison. Here is the old political organization, with many elected officials, no centralized responsibility, careless budget procedure, etc. In 1914 the tax rate in Dayton was $14.40 on each $1,000 valuation. This includes all local taxes—city, county and schools. Of this $14.40 the city received $7.25 and the county received $2.02. In 1930 the tax rate is $25.40, of which the city receives $7.97. The county receives $3.81. During the fifteen years Dayton has had efficient, nonpartisan administration the city portion of the tax rate has increased ten per cent. while the county's portion has increased over eighty-eight per cent. And the city is giving more and better service every year, spending efficiently the inadequate income permitted it by state laws.

ROSTER OF OFFICIALS.

MAYORS—Since 1860 the mayors, with their terms of office and party affiliation, have been as follows: 1860, W. H. Gillespie, D.; 1864, E. C. Ellis, R.; 1866, Jonathan Kenney, D.; 1868, C. L. Bauman, D.; 1870, James D. Morrison, R.; 1872, W. G. Sigman, R.; 1874, L. Butz, Jr., D.; 1876, W. H. Rouser, R.; 1878, L. Butz, Jr., D.; 1880, F. M. Hosier, D.; 1882, John L. Miller, D.; 1884, John Bettelon, D.; 1886, Ira Crawford, R.; 1888, J. E. D. Ward, D.; 1892, C. G. McMillen, D.; 1896, Jacob Linxweiler, D.; 1898, J. R. Lindemuth, D.; 1902, Charles A. Snyder, D. (drowned in 1906); Calvin D. Wright, R.; (president of council, filling out the term till 1908); 1908, Edward E. Burkhart, D.; reëlected 1909; 1912, Ed Phillips; 1914, Geo. W. Shroyer.

PRESIDENTS OF COUNCIL UP TO 1914—1852, Jonathan Kenney; 1854, John H. Achey; 1855, James Turner; 1856, B. M. Ayres; 1859, Williams Bomberger; 1861, Amos Decker; 1864, Isaac H. Kiersted; 1865, D. W. Iddings; 1871, William N. Mills; 1872, D. W. Iddings; 1874, E. M. Wood; 1875, William Huffman; 1876, E. M. Wood; 1878, J. R. Fletcher; 1879, Joseph Comer; 1880, Stephen T. Bryce; 1883, John R. Fletcher; 1884, Jacob Weinreich; 1886, Galen C. Wise; 1887, Samuel A. Ambrose; 1888, Joseph W. Allison; 1889, E. P. Matthews; 1890, John A. Hahne; 1891, C. W. Bell; 1892, William G. Frizell; 1894, F. Munger; 1895, John Huber; 1896, Samuel B. Smith; 1897, Charles E. Pease; 1898, John Hoban; 1900, Joseph E. Lenz; 1901, Edward J. Leo; 1902, H. Rogge; 1903, Calvin D. Wright; 1906, John M. Betsch; 1908, Ezra M. Kuhn; 1910, William B. Huber.

CITY SOLICITORS (CITY ATTORNEYS) SINCE 1853—1853, E. J. Forsyth; 1857, G. W. Houck; 1859, L. B. Bruen; 1861, Josiah Lovell; 1865, William Craighead; 1867, D. B.

Corwin; 1869, Elihu Thompson; 1870, D. B. Corwin; 1871, J. C. Baggot (died October 21, 1873); 1873, A. A. Thomas; 1875, O. M. Gottschall; 1877, W. Belleville; 1879, A. W. Kumler; 1883, John Hanitch; 1889, D. B. Corwin; 1890, Harry F. Nolan; 1891, William Craighead; 1895, E. P. Matthews; 1906, Thomas B. Herrman; 1908, Philo G. Burnham; 1911, Frank S. Breene.

City Clerks—1852, G. W. Malambre; 1855, D. A. Houk; November, 1855, Fielding Loury, elected upon the resignation of D. A. Houk; 1859, A. A. Butterfield; 1860, A. Stephens; 1864, John U. Kriedler; October, 1867, J. A. Leonhard; 1869, A. Stephens; 1870, D. H. Dryden; 1871, A. Stephens; 1872, A. A. Butterfield; 1875, N. Metz; 1876, A. H. Whytte; 1878, N. Metz; 1879, George M. Lane; 1883, C. H. Herbig; 1887, Eugene Shinn; 1891, John A. Hahne; 1903, C. Preston Floyd; 1909, Wayne G. Lee.

Police Judges—1892, Charles W. Dale; 1898, John Roehm; 1901, Edward T. Schnediker; 1904, William B. Sullivan; 1908, Lindley G. Long; 1909, William Budroe; 1914, William G. Powell; 1928, Null Hodapp.

Police Chiefs—April 7, 1873, to August 6, 1873, Thomas L. Stewart; August 25, 1873, to September 11, 1875, W. H. Martin; September 15, 1875, to 1881, Amos Clark; 1881 to 1883, George Butterworth; May 1, 1883, to 1887, William Patton; March 12, 1887, to May 1, 1889, W. W. Shoemaker; July 1, 1889, to January 30, 1890, A. F. Steinmetz; May 15, 1890, to March 10, 1892, Charles T. Freeman; May 3, 1892, to January 11, 1900, J. T. Farrell; interval to February 21, 1901, J. N. Allaback; February 21, 1901, to October 30, 1908, J. C. Whitaker; November 5, 1908, J. N. Allaback; November, 1922, J. H. Woodward; June 18, 1925, R. F. Wurstner.

Police Commissioners—1887, John L. Miller, John C. Cline, J. E. Gimperling, R. C. Anderson; 1890, John C. Cline, John L. Miller, George Diefenbach, J. E. Gimperling; 1891, George Diefenbach, C. G. McMillen, W. B. Anderson, Harry Hanitch.

Police Directors—1892-93, E. M. Wood, H. H. Laubach, W. E. Crume, E. Thompson; 1894-97, E. M. Wood, C. J. Ferneding, W. E. Crume, E. Thompson; 1899-1900, W. C. Kennedy, C. J. Ferneding, W. E. Crume, E. Thompson; 1901, W. C. Kennedy, C. J. Ferneding, C. E. Underwood (J. C. Antrim, expired in office; Orion Dodds, successor); 1902, W. C. Kennedy, J. R. Lindemuth, C. E. Underwood, Orion Dodds.

CITY COMMISSION UNDER COMMISSION-MANAGER GOVERNMENT

1914-15—George W. Shroyer, mayor, A. I. Mendenhall, J. M. Switzer, John Flotron, John McGee. 1916—George W. Shroyer, mayor; A. I. Mendenhall, J. M. Switzer, John Flotron, Henry Hiddesen. 1917—George W. Shroyer, mayor; A. I. Mendenhall, J. M. Switzer, John Flotron, Henry Hiddesen. 1918—J. M. Switzer, mayor; A. I. Mendenhall, George W. Shroyer, John Flotron, Henry Hiddesen. 1919—J. M. Switzer, mayor; A. I. Mendenhall, George W. Shroyer, John Flotron, Henry Hiddesen. 1920—J. M. Switzer, mayor; A. I. Mendenhall, George W. Shroyer, Lorin Wright, Henry Hiddesen. 1921—J. M. Switzer, mayor; A. I. Mendenhall, George W. Shroyer, Lorin Wright, Henry Hiddesen. 1922—Frank D. Hale, mayor; Dr. O. B. Kneisly, David L. Stanze, Lorin Wright, Henry Hiddesen. 1923—Frank D. Hale, mayor; Dr. O. B. Kneisly, David L. Stanze, Lorin Wright, Henry Hiddesen. 1924—Frank D. Hale, mayor; Dr. O. B. Kneisly, David L. Stanze, Lorin Wright, Henry Hiddesen. 1925—Frank D. Hale, mayor; Dr. O. B. Kneisly, David L. Stanze, Lorin Wright, Henry Hiddesen. 1926—A. C. McDonald, mayor; Charles H. Paul, George W. Bish, Lorin Wright, Henry Hiddesen. 1927—A. C. McDonald, mayor; Charles H. Paul, George W. Bish, Lorin Wright, Henry Hiddesen. 1928—A. C. McDonald, mayor; C. H. Paul, George W. Bish, Harry Ballman, Henry Hiddesen (deceased), Karl Kroemer. 1929—A. C. McDonald, mayor; Karl Kroemer, Harry Ballman, George W. Bish, C. H. Paul. 1930-31—A. C. McDonald, mayor; George W. Bish, David L. Stanze, Harry N. Ballman, Karl F. Kroemer.

STIVERS HIGH SCHOOL

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE HISTORY OF EDUCATION IN DAYTON.

By Frances H. Patterson.

Foreword—In this brief survey of the history of education in Dayton, an attempt has been made to compose a record of personalities and methods, rather than of mere material developments.

The compass of this account does not permit the naming of all who have contributed to the existence of the city's schools, but the inauguration of each important department has been noted, and its aims, progress and achievements indicated.

For some years after the settlement of Dayton, the inhabitants of the community were annoyed by repeated visits of small companies of drunken, troublesome Indians. In view of a threatened uprising in 1799, various means of defense were hastily prepared. At the intersection of Main and Water streets, on the present site of the Soldiers' Monument, was erected a blockhouse of round logs, with upper story projecting over the lower. This building was happily used for peaceful instead of warlike pursuits.

It was here, during the winter of 1799-1800, that Benjamin Van Cleve conducted the first school in the new community. His facility in providing copy enabled him to supply the need for textbooks. The school was maintained over a period of several months, the school master reserving time to gather his corn and being permitted another respite in Cincinnati, to assist in keeping the minutes of the House of Representatives of the territorial legislature.

Although the establishment of free schools necessarily awaited the development of the country, it is probable that there was no time after the opening of the nineteenth century that Dayton was without a school. We know the names of only a few of the earliest teachers, but the contract of Cornelius Westfall, a Kentuckian, who opened a school in the fall of 1804, gives us some idea of the duties of a school master of that period.

> The said Cornelius doth agree to teach and instruct the children of subscribers in the art of reading, writing, and arithmetic, in the speediest manner he is capable of for the term of one year, and to furnish himself with boarding at his own expense, and to open school at 9:00 o'clock and continue till 12:00 o'clock, then after an intermission of two hours, to open and continue till 6:00 o'clock, or till such time as will allow his pupils sufficient time to return to their respective homes.

The following year Chauncey Whiting succeeded to the post of school master, and in 1807 William McClure, Jr., taught a three months' school under terms similar to those imposed in Mr. Westfall's agreement. The subscribers to this school were to pay the sum of two dollars per month for each pupil, the amount being reduced to one dollar and seventy-five cents if the enrollment should reach thirty children. In addition, the subscribers agreed to furnish the school house, benches, books and other necessary equipment.

In 1806 there had been submitted to the town council the following important report on schools and academies:

> Be it ordained by the select council of the town of Dayton, That on the first Monday of May next and on the first Monday of May annually forever hereafter immediately after the corporation election is over, the employers or persons immediately interested in the management of schools and who reside within the corporation, shall elect five persons to manage the schools and seminaries of learning within the corporation for the ensuing year for the best interest and comfort of the inhabitants within the corporation.
>
> The committee shall attend the schools at least once every quarter and individually, as often as is convenient, to examine the progress, the mode of tuition, and to consult with the teachers for the best interest of the schools.

Though this educational measure was an ambitious one for a community of less than four hundred inhabitants, it is the first local record of an association of the governmental and educational policies of the district.

On February 15, 1808, the incorporation of the Dayton Academy took place. The incorporators were James Walsh, Daniel C. Cooper, William McClure, David Reid, Benjamin Van Cleve, George F. Tennery, John Folkerth and James Hanna. Two lots at the southwest corner of Main and Third streets had been donated as a site for an academy, but these were sold for the sum of eight hundred and twenty-five dollars previous to the erection of a building, and a portion of the lot at the northwest corner of Third and St. Clair streets was donated for like purpose by D. C. Cooper. Here was constructed a two-story brick building toward which sixty-eight shareholders each contributed five dollars.

Before the completion of the academy building, Mr. William Smith opened a school in a house provided by himself. In 1810 the academy was completed and Mr. Smith continued his teaching of "reading, writing, arithmetic, the classics and the sciences." Training in elocution was an important part of the curriculum and the rules of the school provided that "for the improvement of the boys in public speaking, a certain number previously appointed by the teacher, shall at every public examination, pronounce orations and dialogues in prose and verse, to be selected or approved by the teacher, and familiar pieces shall be recited in the presence of the teacher by all boys in rotation who can read with facility, every Saturday morning." Tuition in English studies was two

ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL

dollars per term of three months, in grammar and geography, three dollars, in the classics and sciences, four dollars.

Succeeding Mr. Smith as principal of the academy was Gideon McMillan, a graduate of the University of Glasgow, by his own claims (in advertisements of his abilities), an accomplished scholar, able to teach both ancient and modern languages.

The Rev. James B. Finley, later a distinguished Methodist minister, was authorized to open a night school in the academy building in 1814.

The academy was closed from 1816 to 1820, when it was devoted to an experiment, the possession of which denoted how truly up-to-date was education in Dayton. At this time, great interest was manifested in the Lancasterian or "mutual instruction" method of education. The system had been introduced into England from India by a Dr. Bell. In 1789 Joseph Lancaster, an Englishman who was persuaded of the merits of the system, opened a school for poor children at Southwork. His success was great, and liberal gifts permitted the extension of his work in other places.

At the height of his career Dr. Bell appeared, claimed the system as his own, and supplanted the disheartened Lancaster who emigrated to America in 1818. However, Lancaster soon succeeded in creating an interest in the system which was doubtless characterized by certain valuable principles, and Lancasterian schools sprang up in all sections of the country.

> It is claimed that by promoting scholars in each class to the position of monitors or instructors on the ground of good scholarship and conduct, one teacher, who only needed to act as general supervisor, might control and instruct five hundred scholars, thus saving great expense. [This principle was never fully tested in Dayton, for the largest enrollment in the Lancasterian School was one hundred and thirty-one pupils.] Corporal punishment was never resorted to, tickets of merit to be given or withdrawn were the sole reward or punishment for scholarship or conduct. No public examinations were held and pupils were expected to be governed only by a sense of honor.
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> Sharing in the general feeling of favor of the Lancasterian methods of instruction, the trustees of the Dayton Academy determined to introduce it in that institution. It was necessary to erect a building specially adapted to the purpose. The house was built of brick, on the north side of the Academy, and consisted of a single room, sixty-two feet long and thirty-two feet wide. The floor was of brick and the house was heated by convolving flues underneath the floor. The walls were thickly hung with printed lesson cards, before which the classes were marched to recite under monitors selected from their own number as a reward for meritorious conduct and scholarship. For the youngest scholars, a long, narrow desk thickly covered with white sand was provided, on which, with wooden pencils, they copied and learned the letters of the alphabet from cards hung up before them. (Steele.)

The rules of the local Lancasterian School provided that:

> The moral and literary instruction of the pupils entered at the Dayton Lancasterian Academy will be studiously, diligently, and temperately attended to.

> They will be taught to spell and read deliberately and distinctly, agreeably to the rules laid down in Walker's Dictionary; and in order to do that correctly they will be made conversant with the first rules of grammar. The Senior Class will be required to give a complete grammatical analysis of the words as they proceed.
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> They will be required to write with freedom all the different hands now in use, on the latest and most approved plan of proportion and distance.
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> There will be no public examinations at particular sessions, in a Lancasterian School every day being an examination day, at which all who have leisure are invited to attend.

In 1821 the trustees of the Lancasterian School, in an attempt to extend the jurisdiction of the school, adopted the following resolution: "Resolved, That any scholar attending the Lancasterian School who may be found playing ball on the Sabbath, or resorting to the woods or commons on that day for sport, shall forfeit any badge of merit he may have obtained, and twenty-five tickets; and if the offense appears aggravated, shall be further degraded, as the tutor shall think proper and necessary; and that this resolution be read in school every Friday previous to the dismission of the scholars."

Gideon McMillan, who had taught in a Lancasterian School in Europe, was the first principal of the Dayton school, and was succeeded by Captain John McMullin, who came with high recommendations from Lexington, Virginia. James H. Mitchell, a graduate of Yale College, succeeded Captain McMullin as principal of the school, and after several years, the Lancasterian methods were abandoned in Dayton.

In 1833 a new academy building was erected at the southwest corner of Fourth and Wilkinson streets. Mr. E. E. Barney, a graduate of Union College, of New York, was elected principal the following year. His was an important influence in the schools of Dayton. He brought with him from the east the most advanced methods of teaching practiced at that time, and he introduced into his own teaching elements that changed drudgery into pleasure.

Mr. Barney procured apparatus for the teaching of natural science and conducted frequent excursions into the country to familiarize his pupils with the botany and geology of their community. A literary society and library were established in the school, and every means at the command of the schoolmaster was employed to develop an integrated curriculum for the advancement of his pupils. Mr. Barney was unusually capable of recognizing individual aptitudes and his advice and assistance often influenced the future careers of the boys under his direction.

Mr. Collins Wight taught a school in the academy building in 1840, and in 1844 the school was placed in charge of Mr. Milo G. Williams, who had been invited to come to Dayton in 1833 to take charge of a manual labor school in partnership with Mr. David Pruden. It had been Mr. Pruden's plan to conduct the labor and boarding departments of the school himself, and for Mr. Williams to conduct the academic division. For a time the school enjoyed great popularity, attracting boys from Cincinnati and other towns, but failing financially, it was closed after a few years' trial.

After his appointment as head of the academy, Mr. Williams remained in charge until 1850, at which time the success of the public school system had been established and the trustees had been convinced that a separate academy was no longer necessary. Therefore, under authorization of the Legislature, the property was deeded to the city board of education.

During the quarter century immediately preceding the establishment of the public school system of Dayton, numerous small private schools were taught, and if we may believe that the instructors were competent to fulfill the avowals of their advertisements, there was practically no form of learning which could not be acquired at small cost.

In 1815 Mrs. Dionecia Sullivan conducted a school for girls, where instruction was given in reading, writing, sewing, lettering with the needle and painting.

Francis Glass, A. M., who taught in Dayton in 1823-24, was perhaps one of the most unusual individuals in the entire history of Dayton education. A native of Londonderry, Ireland, he was brought to this country at the age of eight years, and was educated in Pennsylvania, graduating from the State University at the age of nineteen.

He married young, and being burdened with an increasing family, emigrated to Ohio in 1817, hoping to better his fortunes. He taught in various communities, moving about at the urge of his needs. Through all the privations of pioneer life, through the rude experiences of western teaching conditions, this enthusiastic and ingenuous scholar maintained a passionate interest in classical study. His supreme aspiration was to publish the "Life of Washington" in Latin, and in this he was assisted by the encouragement of Mr. J. P. Reynolds, who had been one of his pupils in Clinton County, and who promised to aid him in finding a publisher.

Lengthy proposals of publication were printed in both Cincinnati and Dayton papers, but without result. The following characteristically optimistic one appeared shortly after Mr. Glass' arrival in Dayton:

> The subscriber, having completed the biography of Washington, which had engaged the greater portion of his attention and solicitude for the past two years, and being constrained to remain in Dayton for some months for the purpose of correcting the proof sheets of said work, respectfully announces that his school is now open for students of either sex, who may wish to prosecute classical, mathematical, or English studies. As respects his literary attainments or standing as a scholar, he refers to the faculty of arts of any university or college in the United States.

This sanguine prediction of proof reading was not fulfilled during Mr. Glass' lifetime, for it was not until some years after his death that the "Life of Washington" appeared in print. Through the instrumentality of Mr. Reynolds, Harper Brothers undertook the publication of the work, which eminent scholars have pronounced terse and vigorous in style, and of classical phrasing.

The profuse advertisements inserted by Mr. Glass in the columns of the newspaper tell us the story of his career in Dayton. It seems that school teaching in the early days was not without its annoyances, for in one item Mr. Glass protests against the conduct of certain boys who had removed an outhouse from his premises, denouncing their conduct as "ungentlemanly and unsoldierly." He struggled resolutely on with his school, and finally, as a last resort, offered his services as a physician. It is a pitiable fact that the same newspaper column which announced the death of Francis Glass should also bear the unavailing proposals for the publication of the "Life of Washington."

Illustrating the penetration of new ideas into the west, a school to be conducted according to the method of Pestalozzi was organized by a Dr. and Mrs. Foster in 1829.

There were many singing and writing schools and among the latter the advertisements of Mr. D. Easton offer the teaching of "the round running hand, the ornamental Italian hand, the waving hand, the swift angular running hand without ruling, and various others, both plain and ornamental, also lessons in making quill pens." It was doubtless these various hands in which the pupils of the Lancasterian Academy were required to become proficient.

In 1845 the Cooper Female Seminary was opened and Mr. E. E. Barney was invited to take charge. In 1844 the trustees (Samuel Forrer, Richard Greene, J. Dickinson Phillips, Robert W. Steele, Robert C. Schenck and Edward W. Davies) had received a deed for the lot facing First Street, between Perry and Wilkinson streets, "for a female academy and no other purpose." The large, square homely house familiar to many Daytonians during its more than a half century's existence, was erected and was soon known throughout Ohio as an attractive, scholarly institution. At first the faculty was rather a family party, a brother of Mr. Barney, Elijah G., a sister, Mrs. Harriet Stevens and Mr. Stevens, men and women whose subsequent careers justified the enthusiastic love and pride of their pupils.

When Mr. Barney resigned as principal of Cooper Academy he was succeeded by Miss Margaret Coxe, of Cincinnati, an educator whose reputation brought pupils from Cincinnati, Columbus and other cities, and under whose administration the school was popular and prosperous.

Ably assisting Miss Coxe was Mr. Zacchus, a protégé of Chevalier H. Howe.

After Miss Coxe, the school was in charge of Dr. J. C. Fisher until 1857, when it was directed by Rev. Victor Conrad and his brother, Rev. Frederick Conrad. As principals, they secured the services of Miss Agnes Beecher, a niece of Henry Ward Beecher and a granddaughter of Lyman Beecher, a woman who shared the qualities of these distinguished members of her family. Other teachers who were well known locally were Mrs. Laura Birge, M. Bartholémy (teacher of French for many years) and Miss Clara Soule, daughter of Charles Soule, the portrait painter.

Miss Roxanna Beecher succeeded her sister, and in 1861 the trustees arranged with Rev. John Galloway, of Springfield, Ohio, to take possession of the property, assume debts and manage the school. Mr. Galloway died the following year, but Mrs. Galloway established a successful boarding school and in 1868 was able to buy the property. She was a woman of good judgment and determined spirit, delighting to "serve the Lord through His servants, and many a poor missionary's daughter was indebted to her for an education."

Among the capable teachers who aided Mrs. Galloway in her success were Miss Sarah Haight, Miss Julie Anneville, Miss Elizabeth Lownes, Mrs. Hibben (the mother of John Grier Hibben) and Miss Mary May Thomas. Mrs. Bartlett was a successful and popular principal from 1871 to 1873, when she was succeeded by Professor Robert, "almost a faculty in himself, a man of unusual learning and cultivation, a classical scholar, a fine art critic, and a trained musician." Among Professor Robert's teachers were Miss Lynch, Mrs. Robertson and Miss Mary Forrer. Professor Robert was principal of the academy until the close of its career in 1886.

In 1868 the first graduation from the academy took place. Two of the graduates were Sarah Schenck (Crane) and Mary Roberts (Van Ausdal). Later students at the Cooper Female Academy included Mary Perrine (Shaw), Kate Phillips (Gunckel), Ellen and Carrie Brown, Mollie Van Cleve (Parrott), Victoria Clegg (Wood), Callie Greer (Wood), Sophie Phillips, Roxa Edmonds, Rosetta Harries (Gorman), Lida Loomis (Munger), Florence Mead, Mary Davies, Lou Perrine, Charlotte Reeve (Conover), Electra C. Doren, Lillian D. Wald (founder of the Henry Street Foundation), Anna Barney (Gorman), Ella Harries (Lowe), Carrie Harries (Lowe), Louise Harries, Sallie Wight (Rogers), Carrie Dudley (Carter, Mrs. Leslie Carter), Leila Ada Thomas, Linda Rogers (Thomas), Florence Gebhart, Annie Gebhart (Norwood), Katherine Gebhart (Mathiot), Nan Shaw (Greene), Sally Anderson, Mary Walters

(Woodhull), Kate Anderson, Julia Shaw (Carnell) and Kittie Houk (Talbott).

Just before the demolition of the academy building previous to the erection of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, Miss Harriet King, herself at one time a student at the academy, wrote a charming account of the early days of the school. She paid loving tribute to the old building in the following words:

> To many women of Dayton, no building could be so dear and full of memories as old Cooper Seminary. For years, we passed in and out of its doorways, were sheltered by its roof, studied in its "big room," whose walls must be soaked with learning, and whose many windows were so sunny and tempting. We climbed to the flat roof, where the awesome telescope stood, and while older girls studied the "Geography of the Heavens," we gazed upon the world below, far and unfamiliar. We played in the pleasant grounds, and in and out and over the honeysuckle-covered arbor. So it seems fitting that one of us should say a tender word and wave a friendly hand at parting.

The directors of the early public schools of Dayton kept no records of their proceedings, and it is only from occasional newspaper accounts that we are able to gather information concerning the progress of public education. Previous to 1831 the schools had been partially supported by taxation, but it was not until that year that the formal organization of the school district of Dayton took place. A meeting was held at the courthouse on May 14, 1831, the result of which was published in the following public notice:

> First District School will be opened Monday, December 5, 1831, by Sylvanus Hall, approved teacher, in the schoolroom on Jefferson Street, between Water and First streets, Public money appropriated to support it.
>
> LUTHER BRUEN,
> NATHANIEL WILSON,
> HENRY VAN TUYL,
> Directors.

Soon afterwards, several additional rooms were opened in different parts of the city, and from this time until 1838, taxation supported schools were taught for a few months each year in rooms rented for the purpose.

At this time, no buildings had been erected specifically for public school purposes, and there were still numerous private schools in operation. But at this period, the public school system began to assume the importance and public esteem which is its due in every progressive community, though it was thought expedient constantly to impress the citizens with the magnitude of the schools and great work that they were undertaking.

Before 1838, it had been impossible to raise more than three hundred dollars a year by taxation in any one school district for the erection of buildings, but in this year, a new school law was enacted, providing "that a special meeting might be called after twenty days' notice, stating an intention to propose a schoolhouse tax, at which a majority of the voters present, being householders, were authorized to determine by vote upon the erection of a schoolhouse, and how much money should be raised for such purpose."

Strenuous opposition to this new plan was made on the part of a few of Dayton's wealthy citizens, but a meeting was held on May 7, 1838, at which it was decided to raise the sum of six thousand dollars with which to build two schoolhouses, one in the eastern and the other in the western part of the city. Opposition continued after the meeting, but as it was proven that the law had been complied with and that notice of the meeting had been duly given (Mr. Barney and a friend had personally kept watch over the posted notices to prevent their removal) the buildings were erected on plans incorporating the most progressive ideas of the times concerning school architecture.

In 1838, D. H. Elder, principal of one of the district schools, had instructed his scholars in music on a method highly recommended by the "Journal" of the day. On the 4th of July, the school marched in procession, headed by a brass band, and escorted by the Blues and the Grays, the militia companies of the town, to the Methodist Church where a concert was given by the school, which was received with enthusiasm, the "Journal" saying that if anyone can hear the appeal of his patriotism sent forth by the united voices of this small company in the young army of the republic, while singing My Country 'Tis of Thee, without feeling his opposition die away and his whole heart warm towards the public school system, he is made of sterner stuff than should enter the human composition.

In 1839, a public meeting was held at which it was resolved that the 4th of July should be celebrated by a procession composed of the public, private, and the Sunday schools of the town, which should assemble at the corner of Main and Third streets, and march to the public square (Library Park) where exercises were to be held and a picnic dinner given to the children. The parents and citizens marched on one side of the street, and the teachers and children on the other, and the spectacle made a deep impression on the public mind. (Steele)

The inauguration of the public school system in Dayton was undertaken at a time when the country had not yet recovered from the results of the wild speculation of 1837, which had caused a depreciated currency, broken banks, and unpaid taxes. But the board of education, encouraged by the community, was able to close the school year of 1842 without debt, and in 1849, the teaching period was lengthened for the first time to a full year.

In 1856, the school year was closed with a grand picnic and exhibition of the public schools. The "Journal" gives a lengthy and enthusiastic description of the parade, saying that it was the most brilliant and exhilarating scene witnessed in our streets for years. The procession must have contained twenty-five hundred persons, including teachers, pupils and others.

> The procession of 1856 made such a favorable impression on the public tha. it was determined to repeat it in 1859. The "Journal" says that the public schools took the town. It was a pleasant sight, that army of children. The procession marched down Main Street to the Fair Grounds, headed by the Phoenix Brass Band, followed by Rev. D. Winters, chaplain of the day, the city council, the board of education, and the schools. The high school carried a beautiful silk national flag, and the scholars wore rosettes of red, white and blue. The district schools marched behind silk banners ornamented with gold lace, each school having a different color; the following mottoes were inscribed on the banners: Let there be light. We are taught to love Piety, Morality and Knowledge. Education is the main pillar of the Temple of Liberty. We mingle reason with pleasure and wisdom with truth. We love to learn.
>
> Arrived at the grounds, after prayer, declamations and songs were given and short addresses made. The scholars were then dismissed to enjoy a bountiful dinner from their well-filled baskets. (Steele)

Music had been introduced into the schools as a regular branch of study in 1849, with James Turpin as instructor. He served in this capacity until 1853, when he was succeeded by Charles Soehner. At first, only a few hours weekly were devoted to this study and music was taught only in the upper grades. But in 1870, the board of education employed W. B. Hall as superintendent of music, and Miss Amanda Buvinger as assistant. They gave instruction in all the grades, with teachers acting as assistants, for it was recognized that "no one man can do the work necessary to be done in this department. The teacher in each room is now responsible for the proficiency of the scholars in this as in the other branches of study. The aim is not to teach the scholars to sing by rote, but to give them a thorough knowledge of the rudiments of music."

The enthusiasm which greeted the public school demonstrations of 1856 and 1859 confirm the success of this early instruction in music in the schools of Dayton.

Provision for the education of colored youth was made in 1849, at which time the school law authorized the establishment of separate school districts to be managed by directors chosen by adult male colored taxpayers. The property holdings of colored taxpayers only were chargeable for the maintenance of these schools. Such a school was opened in 1849 and was in use until the school law of 1853 placed schools for colored youth on the same basis as those for white children.

Then, until 1887, the colored children of Dayton were extended educational facilities equally with the white. A separate school was maintained wherein colored children were prepared for the intermediate and high schools. Though the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, enacted in 1868, had given colored children the legal right to demand admission to the public schools in the city districts wherein they resided, the right was not claimed by colored parents for their children, and it was only as an economic measure that the board of education decided to abandon the separate school in 1887.

The public schools gained steadily in popularity and the large majority of all classes of children were in attendance at the district and intermediate schools of the city. Many of the more advanced students expressed a desire for some of the higher branches of learning, and in 1847, the board of education procured from the Legislature the permission to establish a high school.

The following year, a number of teachers petitioned the board of education for the privilege of teaching the elements of algebra and geometry and perhaps physiology and natural history, stating that the public schools were losing advanced pupils through failure to provide instruction in these topics. As the board thought it inadvisable to introduce higher branches into the elementary schools, the following resolution was presented by Henry L. Brown at a meeting of the board on April 5, 1850, and was therewith unanimously adopted:

> *Resolved,* That this Board do now establish the Central High School of Dayton, in which shall be taught the higher branches of an English education, and the German and French languages, besides thoroughly reviewing the studies pursued in the district schools.

Ten days later, the school was opened in the northwestern district schoolhouse, and in the fall of 1850 the work was continued in the Academy Building, which had been presented to the board of education for the uses of public instruction. In 1857 this building was removed and the first building for the purpose of free public instruction in the higher branches was erected on the academy site at the corner of Fourth and Wilkinson streets. In its first year the high school had an enrollment of one hundred and one pupils, under the direction of four teachers.

The old Central High School has long been happily remembered by many citizens of Dayton. Its first graduating class of two members, Caroline S. Brown and Esther Widner, later principal of the Seventh District School, received their diplomas in 1854. In 1855, the only graduate was Richard Kerfoot, but in 1856, there were four diplomas awarded, to Ruth Marshall, Clara Pritz, Mary Sanders, and Joan Rench. The graduation of that year was one of the popular public school demonstrations of the 1850's, and long afterward Miss Rench recalled the sunbonnets and white dresses of the "sweet girl graduates" as they marched to their exercises on Steele's Hill—the site of the present Art Institute.

Among the faculty of the Central High School were the following men and women who held important places in the educational life of Dayton for many years; Colonel Charles B. Stivers, for whom the Stivers Manual Training High School has been named; William Werthner, later a teacher at Steele High School, and widely known for his knowledge of the trees of Montgomery County; Miss Leila Ada Thomas, long a member of the library board for the board of education; Miss Alice Jennings and Miss Grace A. Greene, lifelong friends and co-workers; Charles L. Loos, later principal of Steele High School; Miss Marie Dűrst and Miss Louise Mayer, later teachers of modern languages at Steele High School. Of these teachers, the only one living at the present time is Miss Mayer, whose father was director of music in the public schools during the administration of Colonel White as superintendent.

Until 1853 the schools were operated under the city charter, and parts of several acts of the Legislature that were construed to apply to them. To simplify and make certain the law applicable to the schools, and to relieve the board of education in its action from the supervision of the city council, it was determined, in accordance with a provision of the law of 1853, to submit to a popular vote the question of conducting the schools of the city under that law. The vote was taken at the city election in April, 1853, and was decided in the affirmative. The city council passed an ordinance on May 25, 1853, defining the number, the mode of election, and the term of office of the board of education. Heretofore, the board had consisted of one member from each ward, appointed by the city council to serve one year. Under the new ordinance, the board was composed of two members from each ward, one to be elected each year by the people, with a term of service of two years. The first board, it was provided, should be appointed by the council, and was composed of the following members: D. A. Wareham, Harvey Blanchard, Robert W. Steele, J. G. Stutsman, Henry L. Brown, James McDaniel, E. J. Forsyth, W. S. Phelps, John Lawrence, J. Snyder, William Bomberger, and W. N. Love.

In this same year, a long-standing opposition toward the appointment of a general superintendent was overcome, and James Campbell, principal of the high school, was elected to that office, though he was still to devote one-half his time to his principalship. It was Mr. Campbell who, in 1856-57, prepared the first extended report of the schools. He resigned the superintendency in 1859, and though the office was not abolished, repeated efforts to elect a successor met with failure until 1866. At that time, Mr. Caleb Parker, a retired business man, and member of the board, agreed to accept the position, though with the strict proviso on his part, that he should receive no remuneration for his services. He served until 1868, and was responsible for the second published report of the schools in 1866-67.

When Mr. Parker retired from office there was again great difficulty in filling the vacancy. Finally, in 1871, a plan which had seemed expedient in Cleveland was proposed, and it was decided "that the efficiency of

VOCATIONAL—IN SCHOOL

VOCATIONAL—AT THE SHOP

the school system would be increased without expense by the election of a supervising male principal, and female principals for the district schools." This plan was successfully carried out for two years, with Mr. Warren Higley as superintendent and Colonel Francis W. Parker as supervising principal.

The first annual report of Superintendent Higley, after the adoption of this plan, contained the following statement:

> The experiment of placing women at the head of our schools, inaugurated for the first time in Dayton at the beginning of this year (1872), has more than justified the wisdom of the Board in making so sudden and sweeping a change.
>
> Instead of the insubordination and disorder predicted in consequence of the absence of that superior physical strength usually accorded to man, the schools have "kept the even tenor of their way" with an increase of good order.

Mr. Higley served as superintendent until 1873, when he was followed for one year by Mr. Samuel C. Wilson. From 1874 until 1883, Mr. John Hancock was head of the schools, and he was followed by Mr. J. J. Burns, who served until 1887.

Colonel W. J. White was then appointed and served until 1899. Colonel White was an excellent scholar, interested in the advance of the school system and the decrease of corporal punishment.

In 1868 the Dayton Board of Education had rejoiced in securing Colonel Parker as principal of the newly opened Sixth District School. His influence has long been felt in the organization of the Dayton schools, for it was he who first advocated the necessity of trained teachers, and the year following his appointment to the principalship of the Sixth District, the Dayton Normal School was opened in that building, with Miss Emma Brown of Framingham, Massachusetts, acting as principal until 1873, when she was followed for one year by Mr. W. W. Watkins.

Then Miss Jane W. Blackwood (Mrs. Jane Marlay), a successful teacher in the Cincinnati Normal School, was elected to the position, which she held for ten years, when Miss Mary F. Hall was elected to succeed her.

At first, the Normal School offered but one year's work, but after 1895, the completion of a two years' course with four years' preliminary work in high school was required. Training was given in modern educational methods, special attention being given to the work of the kindergarten and primary grades. After the establishment of the first kindergarten in Dayton, a strong department of kindergarten supervision was developed under Miss Anna H. Littell.

In 1895 Miss Grace A. Greene was appointed principal of the Dayton Normal School and she occupied this position until her death in 1925.

The loss of Miss Greene was deeply felt among the citizens and teachers of Dayton, many of the latter having been under her training in high school or normal school classes. The change of the name of the Dayton Normal School to the Grace A. Greene Normal School was an evidence of the honor and affection borne the memory of Miss Greene.

In reference to Miss Greene, Mr. Stetson, who was superintendent at the time of her death, said:

> It is difficult to speak of Miss Greene without using superlative language. Her life was superlative in joy and happiness as well as in sorrow and suffering.
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> It is a truism to say that the influence of Miss Greene upon the schools of Dayton, and through them upon the city, can never be estimated.
>
> Miss Greene possessed in full measure the essential qualities of an ideal teacher. She was a thorough scholar. In her chosen field of nature study, she was without a superior, for she knew the name and habits of every bird, every blade of grass, every flower and every tree.
>
> Not only was her scholarship unusual, but she had the gift of imparting information to others, and of stimulating in them a desire for further intellectual growth. Through her strong character Miss Greene exercised an unusual influence upon her respective teachers, and through them upon thousands of pupils. She was a woman of unusually strong moral character. It was, indeed, a real inspiration to work with so great and good a woman.

Miss Greene was followed by Miss Maud E. Slaght, the present principal of the Normal School—The Dayton Junior Teachers College. An outstanding and important event in 1929, was the acceptance by the American Association of Colleges and Universities of the Grace A. Greene Normal School as a Class A junior institution. The board of education thereupon changed the name of this training school to the Dayton Junior Teachers College, and renamed the practice school in memory of Miss Greene. The action of the board of education also made the course of the Teachers College three years instead of two.

The school year of 1931-32 is to be the last for the Junior Teachers College, economic reasons making its discontinuance advisable, though the practice school will be maintained as an experimental station for grade school work.

For some time after the opening of the public schools, special teachers in penmanship were employed to assist the regular instructors, but in 1877, the board of education elected Mr. Charles B. Nettleton as superintendent of writing and the following year, the supervision of drawing was added to his duties.

Mr. Nettleton's ideas as to the importance of instruction in these subjects hold something of interest for teachers today. His first report to the board of education after his appointment stated that he aimed "to present a method of instruction so simple and thorough as to insure every diligent pupil of our school a practical handwriting." He condemned copybooks, for "writing exclusively after engraved copies is a positive injury, as it produces a slow and cramped style of writing that is entirely inadequate for business purposes."

In strange contrast to these advanced views in one branch of his field, we find the following extremely formal ideas concerning instruction in drawing for young children. (For the subject was at first introduced only in the three lower grades of the elementary schools, though the enthusiasm of the children persuaded the superintendent to extend the instruction one grade higher each year.) Mr. Nettleton in "clearly defining what a proper course of instruction in art education should embrace," urged "a clear presentation of the features of geometric forms in regard to both their facts and their appearance, and suitable applications of this knowledge of form in the industrial arts, and in the study of natural forms."

However, Mr. Nettleton's own work was of a far freer character than that advocated in his teaching. After his retirement from the profession, he spent a great deal of his time in making charming free-hand sketches of scenes remembered from his travels of early manhood, when he had journeyed to the far west by covered wagon. His drawings of Indians are familiar to many Daytonians. Mr. Nettleton died during the summer of 1931 at the age of eighty-five years.

Mrs. Belle C. Wilcox served as supervisor of writing from 1892 until her retirement in 1928. Mr. Victor I. Shinn succeeded Mr. Nettleton as supervisor of drawing, and later Miss Mary Woodmansee held this position for a number of years.

In contrast to the rigid and formal aims of the first supervisor of the art department, we note the following opinion of the rôle of art in the public schools as expressed by Miss Susan I. Odlin, supervisor of art in the elementary schools at the present time:

> Our work in the schools is very largely to build up the creative side on the part of the child by exercises which involve reasoning, and finer and finer ways of interpreting. Too many people are apt to think that art in the schools is the development of the hand and the eye. Far from it. It is the thing between the hand and the eye.

Especially noteworthy is the work of Miss Martha K. Schauer, instructor at Stivers High School, and director of the Saturday school at the Dayton Art Institute. For many years, Miss Annie Campbell, at Steele High School, contributed to the appreciation of the beautiful things of art and life on the part of her pupils and the citizens of Dayton.

In 1889 the board of education decided upon the erection of a new high school building at the corner of Main Street and Monument Avenue. This building named for Robert W. Steele, is still used as the down-town high school. It replaced the old Central High School and was the only public secondary school in Dayton until the opening of the Stivers Manual Training High School under the principalship of Mr. William H. Meck in 1907. In 1910 the First District School, renamed for Caleb Parker and Colonel Francis Parker, was made a Freshman High School, under Mr. J. H. Painter, now principal of Steele.

From 1900 until 1902, Dr. W. N. Hailmann filled the position of superintendent, and from 1902 until 1905, the post was held by Dr. Edwin N. Brown. From 1905 until 1908, Mr. John W. Carr served the school system with great ability. He was succeeded by Mr. Edwin J. Brown, who served until his death in 1916. During his administration were founded the night school, the summer school, the Coöperative High School, the continuation school, and the pre-vocational school. The first principal of the night school was Mr. Arthur E. Claggett, now superintendent of the Oakwood schools. Mr. Brown also introduced medical and dental inspection and fostered the playground movement.

Following Mr. Brown's death, Mr. Frank W. Miller was elected superintendent. Mr. Miller, a graduate of Dartmouth College, had served as a member of the faculty of Steele High School, and at the time of his appointment to the superintendency of the Dayton schools, was State Superintendent of Instruction of Ohio. He was head of the local system until 1921. In 1921 Mr. Paul C. Stetson was made superintendent of instruction. He came to Dayton from Muskegon, Michigan, where he had also held the position of superintendent.

During the nine years that Mr. Stetson served as head of the Dayton public schools, several new departments were organized, new buildings were added to the school system, and several administrative changes were made. The "small school board" composed of five members instead of the larger board of previous years, has proved satisfactory and a policy of conducting the schools from the standpoint of public interest has been successfully maintained.

The building program carried out during Mr. Stetson's administration was probably greater than that of any other like period in the history of the Dayton schools. More than eight million dollars were expended during this time for the erection and equipment of new buildings and for the purchase of building sites. This great activity was caused partly by the suspension of such enterprises during the World War, partly by the growth of the city, and partly by the increased interest in educational matters on the part of the citizens. Two senior high schools, five junior high schools, and one elementary school were the major projects involved in this building program.

Mr. Stetson proved himself a man of keen vision and broad concepts during the years of his work in Dayton, and while the credit for the conception of innovations belongs to him, he was always most generous in giving recognition to the efforts and assistance of those who coöperated with him in the achievement of his ideas.

New departments created by Mr. Stetson included:

The Department of Primary Education, Ida Odelle Rudy, supervisor.

The Department of Upper Elementary Education, Jessie Frances Fair, supervisor.

The Department of Visiting Teachers, Bernice N. Clark, director.

The Department of Publications, Elizabeth V. Kennedy, director.

The Department of Secondary School Athletics and Physical Education, Willard Marquardt, director.

The Department of Business Management, John W. Graham, business manager.

With the exception of Miss Fair, these supervisors and directors are carrying on their departments at the present time (1931).

The departments of primary and upper elementary education have been instrumental in bringing to the teachers of the elementary schools the most progressive and successful practices of modern education, and have succeeded in formulating a revised curriculum for the elementary grades, the contents of which show the breadth of activity that modern educators plan for young children.

Other special departments previously created are those of expression, under the supervision of Miss Lucia May Wiant, author of "For Memory's Garden," and the department of physical and health education, supervised by Mrs. Alma C. Ruhmschussel.

Visiting Teachers—The department of visiting teachers which was organized in 1927, with Miss Bernice N. Clark as its director, has become an important and necessary part of the school system. The term "visiting teacher" may be somewhat misleading. Many people understand it to mean that the duties of such a teacher are that she shall go into the home and teach the child who is physically unable to attend his classes. This is the duty of the "home teacher," who is employed for this type of work. The visiting teacher does not teach, but she must be experienced in both classroom and social case work in order to meet the difficulties presented for her adjustment, so that she may bring about a better understanding and closer coöperation on the part of all who are molding the life of the child.

The work of the visiting teacher is not easy, and often requires intensive effort over a long period of time. Problems referred to the visiting teacher include scholarship, conduct, home conditions, attendance, premature leaving of school, physical conditions, mental cases, and delinquency.

Sometimes, when it is discovered that poor attendance and conduct are dependent upon unsatisfactory home conditions, the visiting teacher works in coöperation with such agencies as the visiting nurses, visiting housekeepers, charities, Children's Bureau and other organizations for the accomplishment of the necessary adjustment. This department is now under the direction of a secretary and employs two visiting teachers.

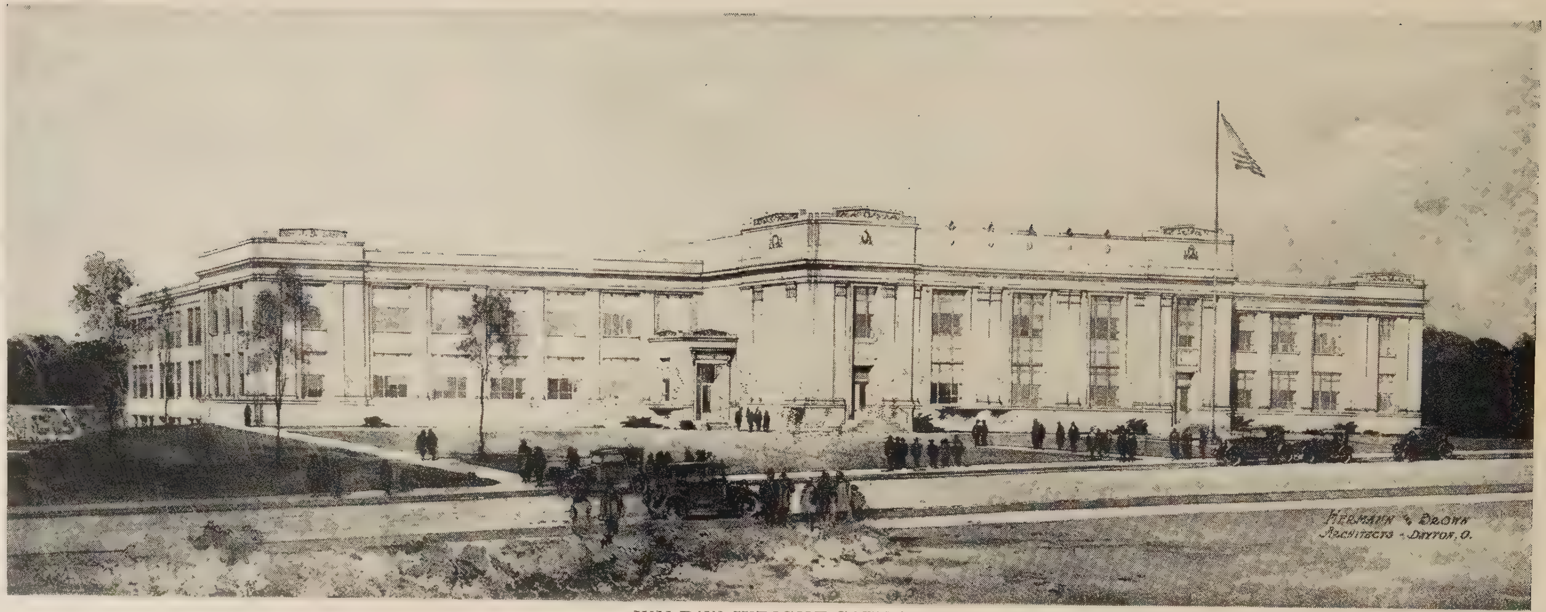
The purpose of the formation of the Department of Secondary School Athletics and Physical Education was to coördinate the physical education work and the athletic activities in all the junior and senior high schools.

The department of publications in Dayton has had a unique history. Formed through the desire to publish a school paper ("School Progress," which was published from 1922 until 1928) this department has grown until it is now in reality a department of public relations. In large measure, the sources of material for this chapter have been made available through the kind coöperation of Miss Kennedy, its director. The growth of the department has been due to the fact that it fills a need in the public school system, and the wise use of the opportunities presented for the useful phase of the work has made it of great value. This department has edited all publications for the board of education, has served as a clearing house for all newspaper publicity, has helped schools to receive publicity in the daily papers, has suggested stories and collected facts for feature articles on curricular activities, and has collected data and filed all publicity pertaining to the schools and the board of education.

The Platoon System—In 1923 five of the city's elementary schools adopted the platoon system of organization, and after the success of this new organization was proved other schools adopted the plan. The platoon system was first developed in Detroit in order to meet the need felt occasionally in our educational history when an adjustment must be made in the balance between the education given by the school and the education given by the world outside the school.

In colonial days there was no necessity for playgrounds because there was ample space near every home and the child had opportunity for play, and plenty of exercise in performing the work which the pioneer days required of adult and child alike. In modern times, with more than half our population living under city conditions of life, and work formerly carried on in the home transferred to the factory or shop, some adjustment must be made in the organization of the school.

To meet changing conditions, many cities have reorganized their school systems on the work, study, play basis. This system, under the name of the platoon school, divides the entire group of children into two groups or platoons, providing home rooms, with the children under the control of one teacher for several hours a day, as in the usual school



WILBUR WRIGHT SCHOOL

organization. On the other hand, the organization provides special activities for all of the children, including auditorium work, playground activities, library work, nature study, literature, music, art, dramatics, manual training and domestic science, each of the special subjects under the direction of a teacher specially trained or fitted for the work he undertakes.

Furthermore, the platoon plan of organization is an economy of space and increases the capacity of a building to a considerable extent, for due to the constant shifting of classes, all of the rooms are in use all of the time, and the expense of maintaining unused space is eliminated.

The Patterson School—As an experimental station, the Patterson School has had a distinct position in the history of Dayton education. Through the generosity and far-sightedness of John H. Patterson, many experiments were tried and proven successful in this building before they were adopted by the other schools of the city.

The Patterson School lays claim to the pioneer school garden of America. Though the idea was not original with the school, the development of the enterprise had far-reaching results. In speaking of this undertaking, Miss Leota E. Clark, who was principal of the Patterson School for many years, once said:

> At the beginning of the century, we, as well as the other Dayton schools, were strenuously devoted to the serious work of mastering the three R's, and looked with suspicion upon anything which interrupted our daily program. And yet when a proposition came to us from the president of a large manufacturing plant in our immediate neighborhood (the National Cash Register Company), that with his help we turn the big vacant lot west of our school into a school garden, we were ready to risk the undertaking. Though we had never heard of such a thing as a school garden, we had seen the salutary effect the National Cash Register Boys' Gardens had had upon the minds, morals, and habits of the boys of Slidertown.
>
> Then, too, we had always wanted to get rid of the unsightly dumping ground next to our school yard. There was no fence between, and these mounds of rubbish, broken bottles and crocks, rusty tin cans, old stove pipes, hats and shoes, were somehow very attractive to the children and very detrimental to their neatness and safety.
>
> We knew that we would have to face adverse criticism and ridicule for there was not a woman in the faculty who had any practical knowledge of gardening. But herein lay our greatest gain, for it drove us to depend upon our boys and they rose to the occasion every time, and this informal acquaintance ripened into mutual appreciation and good fellowship. Most happily our school gardens were a success from the very first.

The school garden project was later undertaken by most of the schools of Dayton, and for some time filled the need for activity always experienced in our dealings with growing children.

In 1906, at Mr. Patterson's suggestion, the welfare department of the National Cash Register held a barbecue at the fair grounds and the proceeds were used in the Patterson School in equipping the first cooking center opened in the public schools of Dayton. Mr. Patterson paid the first teacher and at the end of the first year the girls of the seventh and eighth grades cooked a dinner and served it to the members of the board of education. Evidently it was a successful culinary achievement, for soon other cooking rooms were opened in various parts of the city.

Club work as part of the school program early occupied an important place. It was discovered that several children who played the violin were instructed by the same teacher, Mr. Conrad Yahries. Miss Clark persuaded Mr. Yahries to train a small school orchestra. It rapidly grew in size and skill and before long the leader was enthusiastic over the results. Mr. Yahries was appointed supervisor of orchestras for the Dayton schools and his work has been an unbroken record of successful accomplishments.

Other schools followed in the organizing of school orchestras, and for a number of years an annual spring festival was held, at which time the orchestras combined with the school choruses under the kindly and able direction of the late Mr. O. E. Wright, supervisor of music from 1896 until 1929.

The first public school kindergarten in Dayton was established in the Patterson School through the generosity of Mr. Patterson, for a gift of complete kindergarten equipment made possible the success of the undertaking. Due to the success of this kindergarten, others were opened as soon as the board of education found available funds and locations for such classes.

The Patriotic Service at the Patterson School is one that has become a school tradition, and has been liberally praised for its impressive sincerity. Miss L. Daisy Hammond, the present principal of the school, has added many interesting features to the service and has increased its scope and effectiveness.

The School for the Oral Deaf—Since the opening of the School for the Oral Deaf many hundreds of children have been in attendance, and have profited by the capable instruction of the principal, Miss Nan C. Kennedy, and her assistants. Children are admitted to the classes at the age of three years, for by early training and usage, their voices may be made flexible and agreeable, rather than harsh and resonant, as those of the untrained oral deaf. The children are instructed in speech and speech reading, as well as all academic subjects.

This is an exacting and painstaking form of instruction, for in cases wherein the hearing has been destroyed before the child has learned even the simplest words, the work to be accomplished is one of extreme difficulty. The school is maintained in the Roosevelt High School building, and children from all sections of the city are admitted to its classes.

Sight Saving Classes—"Sight saving classes are established for two purposes: first and foremost, to save sight, second, to make possible an education. If the first purpose is lost sight of in the zeal of fulfilling the second, the real object for which such classes are established is defeated."

This is the statement made on the cover page of the initial number of the "Sight Saving Exchange," the official bulletin of the National Committee for the Prevention of Blindness. In establishing such schools in the public school system where children with defective vision may be given the same opportunity for an education that is granted other children of their same age and grade, Ohio stands first.

Sight saving classes were first organized in Dayton at the Patterson and Irving schools for the purpose of providing instruction for all boys and girls in Dayton, who, because of their poor eyesight, have been unable to profit by the work given in the regular classroom.

Miss Anna K. Goehring and Miss Helen Hartley conducted these first classes with such creditable results that the work has become a fixed part of the public school organization. There are now three sight-saving classes in the school system.

The Gorman School—The Public School for Crippled Children, or Gorman School, was opened in 1924, in a location convenient to the Barney Community Center, where the children receive the advantage of special treatment in the clinic. The ground upon which this school is located was donated to the board of education by Mrs. Anna B. Gorman, a generous and philanthropic citizen, who had long been interested in the education of crippled children. The first special class for crippled children was opened eight years previous to this time. It was located in the Jefferson School and was in charge of Miss C. Jeannette Wallace, who is the principal of the Gorman School. The work grew rapidly, and because of crowded conditions the class was shifted from building to building until the erection of the new school made its permanent location possible.

The Gorman School provides for the teaching of all academic branches as well as manual training, sewing and weaving. Transportation for the children is provided by a school bus in charge of capable drivers. The work of this school has been remarkably successful in developing self-reliance, initiative, helpfulness and cheerfulness on the part of physically handicapped children who must some day face a world not specially planned for their needs. The children receive training in the special subjects given in the other schools in addition to the crafts suited to their abilities. These special schools are operated partially as State subsidies, and partially by the board of education.

The Vocational Department—Though the manual labor school undertaken by Mr. Pruden had not met with pecuniary success, the public schools, convinced of the importance of such training for the artisan classes of a manufacturing city, in 1877 and 1878 established night classes in free-hand drawing, architectural and mechanical drawing, and as proof of the success of the instruction, held a public exhibition of the work of the students, the results firmly establishing the schools in popular favor. This work was undoubtedly the first step toward the introduction of manual training into the day schools, that branch of a city's education which plays such an important part in vocational training.

In 1912 a pre-vocational school was organized at Stivers High School. At first this was an experiment and during the first year it was not a pronounced success. However, today the Boys' and Girls' Pre-Vocational schools hold an outstanding place in the school system.

The Coöperative High School was operated in Stivers High School until 1929, when it was removed, with its allied branches, to Parker High School building, now devoted exclusively to this independent entity in the Dayton public school organization. The work is under the direction of Mr. Clare G. Sharkey, whose untiring efforts have developed one of the most complete coöperative systems in the country.

The vocational department includes the Coöperative High School, the Trade Extension School and the trade schools. More than fifty firms coöperate in sending their apprentices to these schools, and pay them for their time in training in the schools. The Dayton Retail School works with the Merchants Bureau and the advisory committee of the Retail School. The evening vocational classes meet the requirements of the Smith-Hughes law, and the Vocational Guidance and Placement departments not only take care of the placements of the Coöperative School but make adjustments and placements of juveniles from other schools and social agencies. The plants which coöperate on apprentice training also coöperate in the training of a great many civilian rehabilitation cases.

The 1931 Organization of Public Schools—For the past two years the public schools have been under the direction of Mr. Claude V. Courter, who came to Dayton August 1, 1930, from Flint, Michigan. Mr. Courter had served the schools of Flint for eight years, two years as principal of Central High School, two years as principal of Central High School and director of the Junior College, and four years as superintendent of schools. As an undergraduate student, Mr. Courter attended Kalamazoo College. He received his Master of Arts degree from the University of Chicago.

While in Flint Mr. Courter contributed to the educational life of the

GRACE A. GREENE SCHOOL

city in the following ways: Developed the Junior College, supervised a building program amounting to $3,500,000, including the erection of a senior high school, three junior high schools, and three elementary schools; reorganized the athletic program developing a city-wide physical education and intra-mural athletic program; developed subject supervision in the high schools under the direction of eight subject supervisors; reorganized the administrative staff; developed uniform internal school accounting and financing, and organized a Junior Citizens' League.

The present (1931) organization of the public schools of Dayton includes fifty-four schools and eleven hundred teachers. The schools include the Teachers College and Demonstration School, the Coöperative High School, two senior high schools, three combined junior and senior high schools, two junior high schools, thirty-two elementary schools (of which twelve are platoon schools), five sub-schools, four special schools, (the Boys' Pre-vocational, the Girls' Pre-vocational, the Gorman School and the School for the Oral Deaf), three sight-saving classes, two special classes and fifteen ungraded classes. The total enrollment in all schools is 34,590 pupils.

PRIVATE SCHOOLS.

In 1876 the Deaver Collegiate Institute was established, and continued in operation for more than thirty years. Miss Anna L. J. Arnold's Select School for Girls was organized in the fall of 1886. This school offered courses in literary, scientific and classical studies. It was under the direction of Miss Arnold until 1895, when she was succeeded by Miss Leile Ada Thomas, who remained in charge of the school until its closing, six years later.

Miss Georgia Parrott and Miss Margaret Stewart opened a kindergarten and primary school in 1897. This school was carried on successfully until 1905, when Miss Parrott accepted a position in Miss Howe and Miss Marot's School for Girls, which was opened in the fall of that year. This school accepted both boarding and day students, offering all branches of work from kindergarten through college preparatory subjects. Art and music were given a prominent place in the curriculum. The surroundings were homelike and attractive, the school being conducted in the Stilwell residence at the corner of First Street and Robert Boulevard. In 1913 Miss Howe and Miss Marot left Dayton to open a school in Thompson, Connecticut. The Dayton school was operated under other management for several years, and was then discontinued.

Tutoring schools for elementary and academic subjects were conducted for some years by Professor A. B. Schauck and Mrs. Ella Link. The Dayton Latin School, opened in 1907, was operated for several years under the leadership of J. Bradford Coolidge, who was succeeded by Clarence Ludlow Brownell.

Moraine Park School—In 1917 a group of Dayton men proposed to establish a private school in the city. This school was to be for boys only and was to be organized in a manner free from many of the impediments of traditional institutions. Mr. A. E. Morgan, now president of Antioch College, was the central figure in these plans and as the idea grew he invited a score or more of his associates to coöperate with him in the enterprise. Mr. E. A. Deeds, Mr. C. F. Kettering, Mr. Orville Wright, Mr. George Smith and Mr. F. O. Clements were among those interested.

The school began its work on July 1, 1917, under the direction of Frank D. Slutz and Arthur Hauck. At first only boys were accepted as students and the plan covered grades six to ten inclusive. By September 15 of that year the school had been expanded to include an elementary division. This elementary section was open to boys and girls, and was directed by Laura Gillmore (Sloman) and Bertha Stone. The school became steadily larger until in 1919 it embraced the full gamut of program from kindergarten to college entrance and the full course was made available for boys and girls alike. The original group of thirty-three boys admitted in July, 1917, was augmented until the peak enrollment was two hundred and sixteen.

The principle upon which the school was founded was that there are a few fundamental activities which men and women engage in throughout their lives; that it is the business of the school to teach skill in these necessary activities. In addition to this basic principle, Moraine Park School included in its blueprint the policy that programs and subject matter are tools; that the child, his interests and his needs are the prime factors in education.

In the elementary division of the school the procedure was much less formal than in the upper or secondary department, though in the whole school learning and activity were united always.

The fundamental human activities which made the core of the work of Moraine Park School were the following: the building of the body, the choosing of ideals, the expressing of thought, the forming of opinions fairly and with proper respect for the opinions of others, the discovering of truth, laws, facts and the interpretation of them, the practicing of loyalty to one's group, community, society, the observance of neighborly generosity to individuals, the choosing of a vocation which fits the abilities and interests and which has a future in our civilization, the making of friends, comrades and life mates intelligently and successfully, and the proper using of leisure time. All the endeavors of the school were dedicated to these activities.

CAMPUS, BONEBRAKE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Almost one hundred and fifty pupils have been graduated from the school in the ten years of its work.

F. D. Slutz.

Miami-Jacobs College—In 1918 the Miami-Jacobs College was founded through the consolidation of the Miami Commercial College and the Jacobs Business College.

The Miami Commercial College was founded in 1860 by Mr. E. D. Babbitt, an educated man of fine ability and high ideals. Under his influence the college soon gained a good standing among business men, who found its graduates efficient accountants and business men. In 1862 Mr. Babbitt associated with him Mr. A. D. Wilt, and when Mr. Babbitt left Dayton to direct the work of the Babbittonian System of Penmanship in New York, Mr. Wilt assumed full ownership and control of the school. Mr. Wilt was an honored member of his profession, being elected to the presidency of both the Ohio State and the National Business Educators Associations, and serving for some years as a member of the Dayton Board of Education.

The Jacobs Business College was established in 1897, with Mr. H. L. Jacobs as president. The plan of individual instruction was an outstanding characteristic of this institution, and its success was widely recognized. Since the consolidation of these two schools the growth and effectiveness of the training offered has been steady and continual. The Miami-Jacobs College, under the presidency of Mr. William E. Harbottle, was established in the building now owned by the school at the corner of Second and Ludlow streets, and has facilities to accommodate more than five hundred students at one time.

A vocational college must be well equipped and Miami-Jacobs prides itself upon its equipment of the newest type to be found in modern offices.

The college is able to aid worthy students who need to earn part or all of their living expenses while attending school. The policy of the school is an individualized curriculum, and each student is a matter of personal adjustment on the basis of previous training, present aptitudes and expected future occupation.

After many conferences with leading business men in various types of industry, and consultation with educational authorities, the Miami-Jacobs College has developed a course of study which presents the most advanced type of business college training now available in any school.

Theological Seminaries—The Bonebrake Theological Seminary (formerly called Union Biblical Seminary) was founded in Dayton by the United Brethren in Christ on October 11, 1871. The seminary had been authorized by the General Conference in 1869, and the school was opened in the Summit Street Church. For eight years the seminary was conducted in this church, but in 1879 a three-story brick structure was erected at the corner of First Street and Euclid Avenue as the new home of the school. The first faculty of the seminary was composed of Dr. Lewis Davis, Dr. George A. Funkhouser and Dr. J. P. Landis. It is significant that Dr. Landis is still on the active teaching force of the seminary.

In 1909, in consideration of a gift of nearly $80,000, the name of the seminary was changed to Bonebrake Theological Seminary, in honor of the donor's six uncles, the Bonebrake brothers, who were all ministers of the United Brethren Church. In 1910, because the old building was too small for the requirements of the school, and because the surrounding conditions were changing, a re-location was made on a beautiful new site in upper Dayton View. The grounds encompass thirty-five acres. The new buildings, three in number, were erected between 1921 and 1923.

The present faculty of the seminary consists of: Dr. J. H. Harris, D. D., President; Dr. C. E. Ashcraft, M. A., Dean and Professor of Religious Education; Dr. J. P. Landis, Ph. D., Professor of Old Testament History; Dr. A. W. Drury, M. A., Professor of Systematic Theology and author of "A History of Dayton," published in 1909; Professor W. E. Roush, M. A., Professor of Practical Theology and Homiletics; Professor M. W. Harner, B. D., Professor of New Testament Language and Interpretation, and Dr. A. T. Howard, M. A., Professor of Missions and Sociology.

Though the first graduating class of Bonebrake Seminary numbered but eight members, there have been more than seven hundred and sixty graduates to date (1931) and many of the alumni are holding important positions in the religious and educational world.

The Central Theological Seminary is under the auspices of the Reformed Church in the United States. The Central Seminary was formed in February, through the union of Heidelburg Theological Seminary, founded at Tiffin, Ohio, in 1850, and Ursinus College at Collegeville, Pennsylvania.

A location on Huffman Hill, comprising a group of buildings and several acres of land, was purchased from Mr. Eugene J. Barney as the home of the joint institution. The buildings were altered and improved, so that the work of the school was begun in the fall of 1908.

The first faculty was composed of Rev. David Van Horne, D. D., president; Jeremiah H. Good, Rev. James I. Good, D. D., Rev. Alvin S. Zerbe, D. D., Rev. George Stebitz, D. D., Rev. Philip Vollmer, D. D., Rev. Edward Herbruck, D. D., Herman Rust, and Rev. Henry J. Christman, D. D., who is now president of the institution.

THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, CENTRAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Since the opening of the new Bonebrake Seminary there has been coöperation between the two theological seminaries, involving the exchange of teachers from time to time for the purpose of broadening the scope of the teaching in both institutions.

The University of Dayton—The origin of the University of Dayton can be traced to the earliest days of the Society of Mary in the United States. The Brothers of Mary came to America in 1849 in response to a call from Cincinnati, for that diocese greatly needed German-speaking religious teachers. Father Meyer was appointed by the Bishop to assist the Reverend Henry Juncker, pastor of the Emmanuel Church in Dayton, then a town of 16,000 inhabitants.

Father Meyer was interested in the establishment of a school for boys, and when the opportunity to purchase a suitable site came to his notice, he made every endeavor to procure it. This site was the property of Mr. John Stuart, who owned one hundred and twenty-five acres of land on the Lebanon Road to the southeast of Dayton. The estate, known as Dewberry Farm, was laid out in lordly fashion, with fields, pastures, paddocks, vineyards, barns, stables, woodland and central house in castellated style. The deed of purchase for this property was signed on March 19, 1850, though it was twelve years before Father Meyer succeeded in making the final payment, for the hardships of business depression and a destructive fire in 1855 were almost overwhelming catastrophes. The name of the Stuart estate was changed to Nazareth, and improvements planned immediately.

Father Meyer wished to open a boarding school and it was welcome news that additional Brothers were being sent to assist him. The school was opened on June 1, 1850. Soon fourteen day pupils enrolled, the first of these being Lawrence Butz, later mayor of Dayton. When the regular session opened in September, both resident and day pupils were admitted.

In 1853 the enrollment was about sixty pupils, including both day pupils and boarders. The school was now generally known as St. Mary's Institute. The building was crowded, so an addition to the central house was planned, and it was this new annex, together with the original house, which was destroyed in the fire of 1855. After this calamity, the institution was closed for two years. Students and teachers were scattered, but by the spring of 1856 all the Brothers were reunited in the old farm building on the vineyard hill, with farming as their chief occupation.

Though the school was not yet reopened, the rebuilding had begun, and the buildings were ready for occupancy in the fall of 1857. Brother

Stintzi was placed in charge, and before the end of the year there were thirty pupils. At the end of three years there were one hundred.

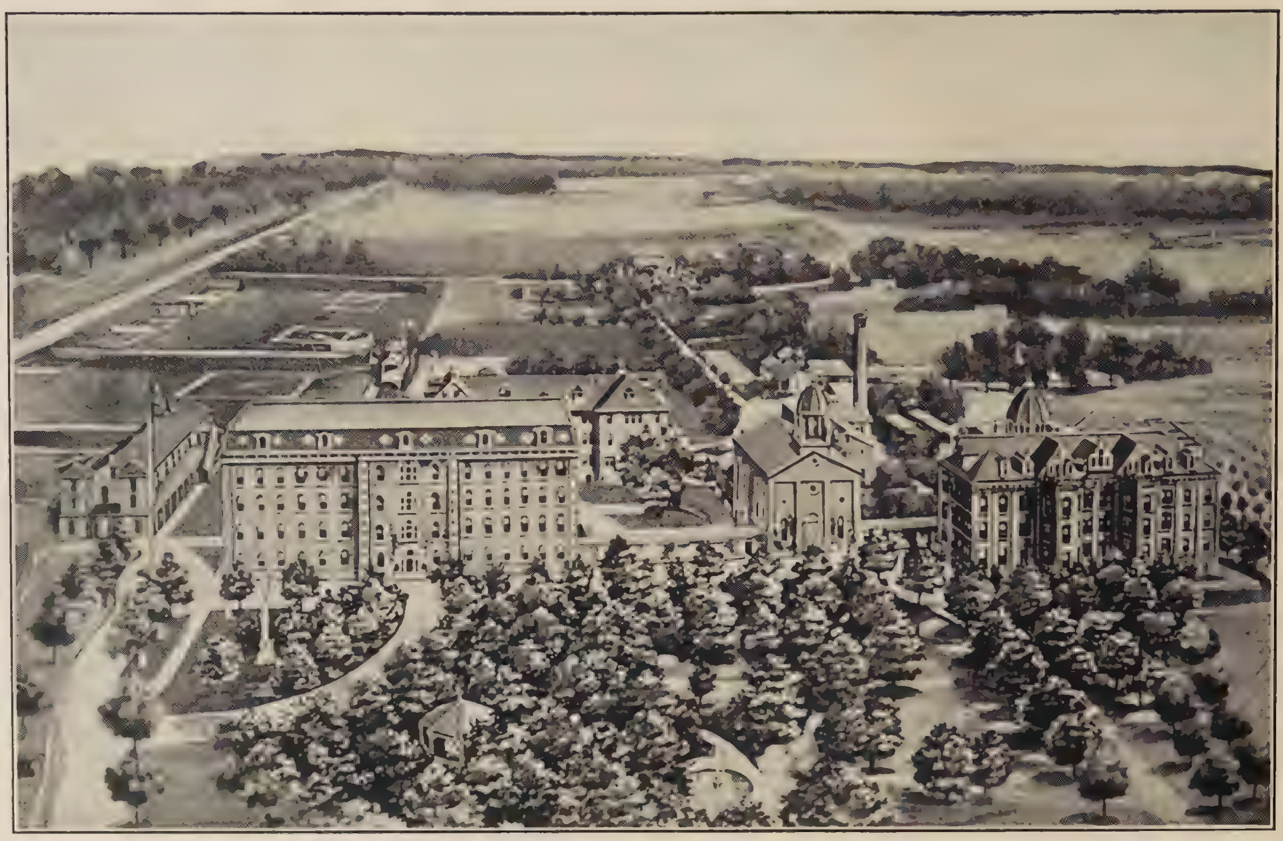
In 1860 Brother Zehler was appointed director of the institute, and a long period of prosperity was enjoyed by the school. New buildings were added, the enrollment increased, and the success of the institution attracted wide attention. The school had a gymnasium or "playhouse," which few boarding schools of that day could boast. At the height of this prosperous period, a second fire destroyed the Normal School. This building was replaced in 1885 by St. Joseph's Hall, which served as the home of the Normal School until 1915, when it was removed to Mount St. John, near Dayton. St. Joseph's Hall was then occupied by the rapidly growing junior department of St. Mary's Institute.

After the retirement of Brother Zehler in 1876 the institute was in charge of the following men: Reverend Francis Feith, 1876-79; Reverend George Meyer, 1879-86; Reverend John Harks, 1886-88; Reverend Joseph Weckesser, 1888-96; Reverend Charles Eichner, 1896-1902; Reverend Louis Trangesser, 1902-08; Reverend Bernard P. O'Reilly, 1908-18; Reverend Joseph A. Tetzlaff, 1918-23. Since 1923 the school has again been under the able direction of Father O'Reilly.

The name of the school, long known as St. Mary's Institute, in 1913 was changed to St. Mary's College, and in 1920 to the University of Dayton. The curriculum includes the classical, scientific and commercial courses. In 1882 the institution was incorporated and empowered to confer degrees. The College of Engineering was organized in 1910, and now embraces four departments: Electrical, chemical, mechanical and civil engineering. The pre-medical course was organized in 1918; the department of commerce and finance in 1921; and the College of Law in 1922. Since 1921 the College of Arts and Letters has offered additional courses in the evenings and on Saturday mornings. In 1923 a summer school was organized for members of the teaching profession.

A completely equipped college preparatory department is conducted in connection with the College of Education. In order to meet the demands of a constantly growing institution, the alumni and friends of the school are endeavoring to finance a building program which includes many new buildings: Two dormitories, science and engineering building, auditorium, gymnasium, faculty building, library and museum, chapel extension and campanile, and stadium. The realization of this project will keep the University of Dayton in the front rank of Middle Western Catholic colleges.

One of the proposed dormitories was opened in 1924. The stadium was completed in 1925. Through the generosity of Mr. Victor Emmanuel, '15, the Albert Emmanuel Library, named in honor of his father, was



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF OLD ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, NOW UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON

completed in June, 1928. The University of Dayton, from its inception, has stood for the highest ideals in educational work, at the same time, endeavoring to respond to the needs of the community by offering a curriculum of practical studies.

Shortly after the organization of Emmanuel Church in 1832 the parochial schools in connection with it were established. The Catholic parochial schools of Dayton now include fifteen elementary schools and two high schools. The course of study offered embraces all elementary and academic branches, as well as a carefully graded course in the religious branches, including Bible study, catechism and church history.

The Public Libraries—Previous to 1835, the public library, as we understand the term, did not exist in Dayton. There were "public" libraries in the United States, exempt from taxation, and "public" in the sense that anyone willing to pay for the privilege of withdrawing books might do so.

In 1805 a "public" library was established in Dayton. This was the first library chartered by the Ohio Legislature. Benjamin Van Cleve, besides having the distinction of being the town's first school master, was also its first librarian, and until his death in 1821, the books were kept in his cabin, at the southeast corner of First and St. Clair streets.

The museum, now located in the annex of the main library, contains a time-stained copy of the constitution of this first library society of the community. Its pages contain numerous indications of the status of the organization and its possessions:

> ARTICLE 6: All the books belonging to the Library shall be returned four times a year, viz: On the first Mondays of January, April, July, and October, at or before two o'clock in the afternoon. On each of said days every Proprietor not returning his or her book by two o'clock as aforesaid, shall pay one-eighth part of the value of said book and twelve cents for every week it shall be detained afterwards.
>
> ARTICLE 10: Damage done to a Book while in the hands of a Proprietor, shall be assessed by the Librarian at the rate of three cents for a drop of tallow, or folding down a leaf, and so in proportion for any other damage.
>
> ARTICLE 12: Each Right shall draw one Book at a time and no more.
>
> ARTICLE 18: If a Proprietor lend a Book to any person who is not a Proprietor, or suffer a Book to be carried into a school, he or she shall pay a fine equal to the value of one-quarter of said Book.

For thirty years the Social Library was an important factor in the intellectual life of Dayton, but the entire collection of books was disposed of at auction in 1835 and the society disbanded.

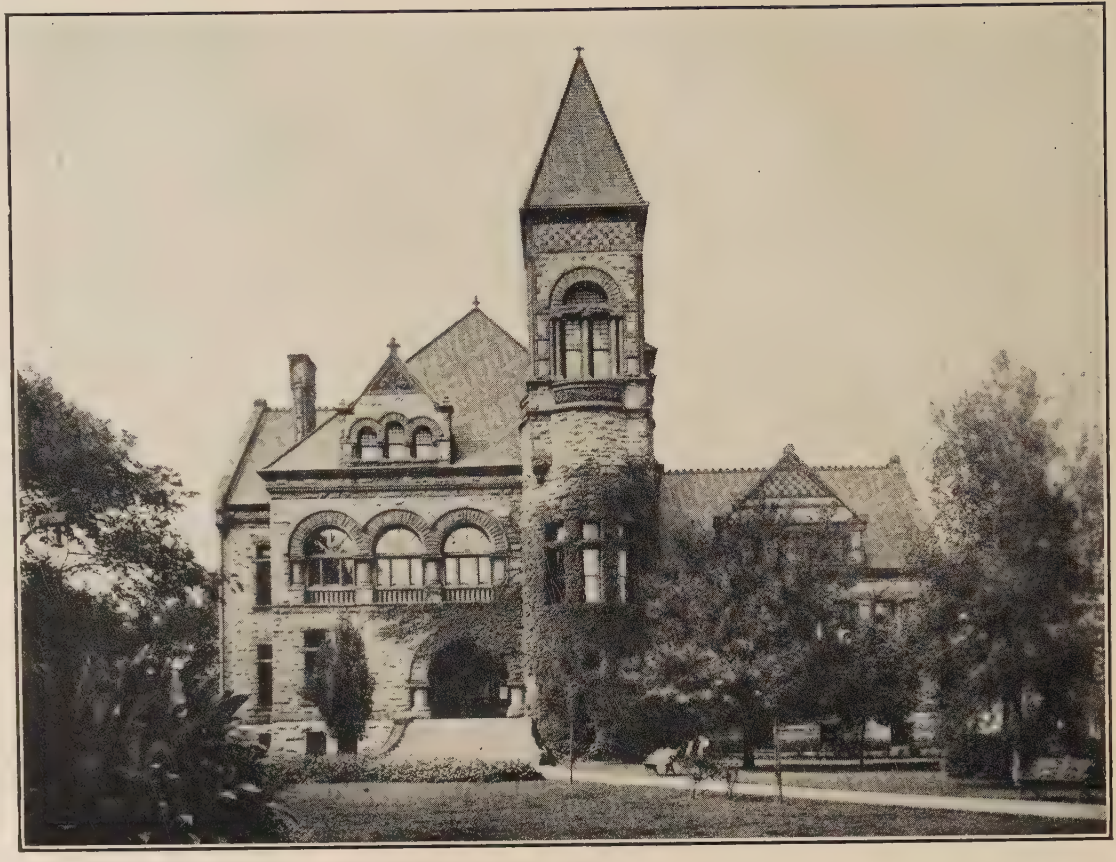
During the next ten years several other "public" libraries were organized. In 1847 the Dayton Library Association was formed, a more prosperous membership library than any of its predecessors. Until 1860 this library was active, and at that time the accumulation of books and equipment was presented to the board of education as a gift to the Public School Library, which is the ancestor of the present Dayton Public Library and Museum. It was opened in the old United Brethren Building at the corner of Main and Fourth streets, in the fall of 1855. The school law of 1853 had provided for the levying of a tax of 1/10 mill on the dollar valuation, the proceeds of which were to be expended by the State superintendent for the establishment of free libraries in the school districts of the State. The Dayton Board of Education wisely decided to unite the entire quota of books thus provided for the school districts of Dayton and formed the nucleus of a strong central library.

At first this library was available to the public only on Saturdays, but three years later it was removed to the Central High School building and the first all-day book service was established. The library collection made several changes of location before the erection of the present building in Cooper Park made a permanent location possible. (This building, erected by consent of the City Council, was dedicated on January 24, 1888.)

Due to the repeal of the law under which it was established, the library existed on voluntary contributions from the board of education from 1856 until 1860, when a library law was enacted under which the Dayton Library was to be managed by a committee of three members of the board of education appointed annually by the president, and a special tax of 1/10 mill on the dollar valuation imposed for its support. From 1860 until 1874 Mrs. Mary Hiley Davies held the post of librarian, and from 1874 until 1896 she was succeeded by Miss Minta I. Dryden.

In 1893 the Dayton Library Board petitioned the legislature for the privilege of maintaining free public museums as accompaniments to libraries. This petition was granted, and Dayton was the first city in the State to avail itself of the privilege. For some time the museum collections were housed in the second floor of the main library, but as the library work expanded, they were removed to the Steely building in 1921, and in 1927 were brought back to the newly completed second floor of the main library annex, where the museum is now located.

From 1919 to 1929 Mr. C. L. Sullivan served as curator of the museum. He was succeeded by Professor William Werthner, who, together with Professor August F. Foerste and Professor Sigmund Metzler, made a scientific re-classification of every part of the exhibit. The Museum Committee asked for donations toward the permanent collection, and important additions have been made. The very valuable Indian collection of the late Mr. H. E. Talbott was presented as a whole by Mrs. Talbott. A valuable addition of early Maya pottery from Yucatan was given by



PUBLIC LIBRARY, EAST THIRD AND ST. CLAIR STREETS

Mr. Will H. Ohmer. As the former Minister to Egypt, Dr. J. Morton Howell, a Dayton man, had already presented the museum with a valuable mummy. It now was felt that this presented an unusual opportunity of acquiring a representative museum collection. Through the courtesy of Dr. Howell, assisted by Professor Reisner, of Harvard, a fine presentation of Egyptian objects was made. This was made possible by a fund from the museum budget, augmented by the subscriptions of public-spirited citizens.

When it was found that Mr. Frederick H. Patterson was about to go on an African hunt, he was requested to hunt for the museum, and later the trophies from his fine bag of African animals, beautifully mounted, were installed.

At present, under the care of Mr. Metzler, the museum is being articulated with the work of the public schools and is of great value in the correlation of the subject matter of the various departments.

In 1902 was passed the law under which the library is now managed. It provided for a board of seven members and fixed the maximum levy at one mill per dollar valuation. At the time of its dedication, the main library building was the largest and best in Ohio exclusively dedicated to library purposes, but the growth of the community caused the work of the library to expand so that the building was no longer sufficient. Local aid for the extension of the library facilities could not be obtained, and in both 1905 and 1910 efforts were made to interest Mr. Andrew Carnegie in the library needs of Dayton. Although he was not interested in the expansion of the main library, he offered, on certain conditions, the sum of $50,000 for the erection of two branch libraries.

This offer was duly considered and was accepted. Thus it happened that Dayton was the first of the cities of the second grade in Ohio to establish branch libraries. Suitable sites were procured and plans were made, but building operations were interrupted by the flood of 1913. The library board notified the Carnegie Corporation that it would probably be unable to fulfill its part of the contract. The answer from the corporation was the generous gift of $15,000 to be expended for books for the new branches.

On the occasion of the opening of the Carnegie branches in February, 1914, Dr. W. J. Conklin, who served the public library as vice president, president and museum director, between the years of 1892 and 1915, said:

> The rapid evolution of the modern library has few parallels in the history of educational development. The typical library of today is a bustling intellectual workshop in which the master workmen are filled with the spirit of aggressive helpfulness rather than of inactive guardianship.
>
> Its creed is broad and includes in addition to the housing and distribution of books and such activities as are generally credited to libraries, a closer union with the literary

clubs and societies, with child life, in and out of schools, and the use of the library buildings for social centers with lectures and exhibits. Thus the new library has come to be the aggressive ally of every movement for betterment and culture, and is the only spot in the entire educational system in which the inquisitive child and the veteran scholar meet on common ground.

The effort of board and librarians to keep abreast of these radical changes in library ideals and methods early developed the fact that the building in Cooper Park was ill-fitted to meet modern demands and out of this necessity came indirectly the two splendid buildings which we now dedicate to their beneficent purpose.

According to Paul N. Rice, the present librarian:

The Dayton Public Library as it is today is the real monument of Miss Electra C. Doren. She joined the library staff in 1879, when a young girl of eighteen, and her first task was the construction of a dictionary catalogue. (This was the personal care of Miss Doren until 1896. The making of an analytic card catalogue was a large and unusual undertaking, and has been maintained in a systematic manner since its inauguration by Miss Doren.)

In 1896, Miss Doren became librarian and served until 1905 when she resigned to become head instructor of the Western Reserve Library School. (During the following eight years, her place was occupied by Miss Linda M. Clatworthy, who resigned to become head librarian at the University of Denver, Colorado.) In September, 1913, Miss Doren was called again to the librarianship. At this time Miss Doren's greatest task was to rebuild the book collection from the remnant of the flood of March, 1913.

During her two terms as Librarian, she built up the library collection from 36,000 volumes to 62,000, and then from 47,000 to 185,000. In 1896, she inaugurated the Training Class in which more than half the present staff have been trained. (This training class for assistants was the second to be organized in the libraries of the country.) She was a pioneer in the development of school libraries and in such extension service as is carried on by the Bookwagon. (This service was established in 1923 and was one of the first of such services for a city. During 1930 more than 131,000 books were circulated in this way.)

And perhaps most important of all, largely through Miss Doren's own efforts, the budget of the Dayton Public Library was increased from $64,000 in 1919-20 to $225,000 in 1927. Under her wise guidance and tireless efforts, a library of almost 200,000 volumes with branches throughout the city, with a trained and loyal staff and adequate financial support have been established.

A few days after Miss Doren's death in 1927, her devoted staff expressed their feelings in the following words:

> We, the staff of the Dayton Public Library and Museum, wish to testify to the irreparable loss sustained in the death of our beloved leader and counselor, Electra C. Doren.
>
> We realize deeply that it has been our privilege to serve one of the ablest members of the profession, one known as a pioneer and leader throughout the State and Union. We recognize also, that in our work for the community, we have been directed by a great citizen who has made a distinctive contribution to the intellectual and cultural life of Dayton.
>
> It is impossible for us to express our loving admiration for all the qualities which characterized her as a leader; her professional ability, her indomitable courage, her vision, her optimism, her sympathy, and her deep religious faith. She was at once beloved chief, guide, adviser, and understanding friend.
>
> In the midst of exacting duties and heavy responsibilities, she never for a moment forgot her staff. We were her partners in every enterprise. With us she shared her plans; to us she confided her vision for the future.
>
> She was a dear and loving friend to each one of us. We will always remember her

MAIN LIBRARY

WEST CARNEGIE BRANCH LIBRARY

sympathetic interest in our personal affairs. Our joys, our sorrows, our aspirations were hers.

It is a source of grief to us that she did not live to realize her lifelong dream, a new Main Library embodying her ideals for library service to the community. With trust and resignation she has handed on the task to us. May we have the vision, the strength, and the courage to follow where she leads.

It is most fitting that the beautiful branch library in North Dayton, over whose plans Miss Doren worked during the last weeks of her life, should bear her name.

Following the death of Miss Electra Doren, her sister, Miss Elizabeth Doren, served as head of the library until the appointment of Mr. Paul North Rice as librarian. Mr. Rice assumed his duties in Dayton in July, 1927. At the time of his appointment in Dayton, Mr. Rice was head of the preparation division of the New York Public Library.

Under Mr. Rice's direction the public library work of Dayton has made important advances. The present organization includes the main library in Cooper Park, the East Carnegie Branch, the West Carnegie Branch, the Electra C. Doren Branch, and the Dayton View Branch libraries, as well as branches located in the following public schools: Brown, Lincoln, Cleveland, Emerson Junior High, Jackson, Patterson, Whittier, Wogaman and the Wilbur Wright Junior High. The Medical Library is located in the Fidelity Medical Building.

Mr. Rice feels "that the day has gone when libraries were chiefly agencies for the preservation of books. Today a library is judged not so much by the books it contains as the amount that they are used."

The Dayton Public Library has had a gratifying increase in its circulation. The following record indicates the circulation for the past five years.

1926	623,855 volumes
1927	651,336 volumes
1928	925,900 volumes
1929	1,108,718 volumes
1930	1,407,523 volumes

Mr. Rice has explained that "there are several reasons for this tremendous increase. It is easier to get books at the Dayton Public Library than it used to be. (Contrast the present situation with that of the days of the Social Library Association!) Unnecessary red tape has been eliminated. Anyone living in Dayton, paying taxes in Dayton, going to school in Dayton or working in Dayton, is entitled to free privileges. Books may be taken out on the very day that application is made for a card. Any reasonable number of books may be taken out at the same time on the same card.

"Another reason for the increase is the strenuous efforts that have been made by the library to meet the demand for new and popular books, both securing them promptly and by buying them in considerable numbers. While trying to meet the demand for popular new books, the library is still more interested in creating a demand for the great books of the past, to stimulate their use through displays and reading lists, and personal suggestions on the part of the staff.

"A reference library is slowly but surely being built up. There are more than 300,000 volumes on the shelves of the main library and its branches. A special high school room meets the needs of the high school students. The juvenile department not only furnishes books for younger readers, but does much in the way of advising adults as to the best books to give children."

The Dayton Public Library may well take its place with the effective educational and social agencies of the community.

The Oakwood Schools.

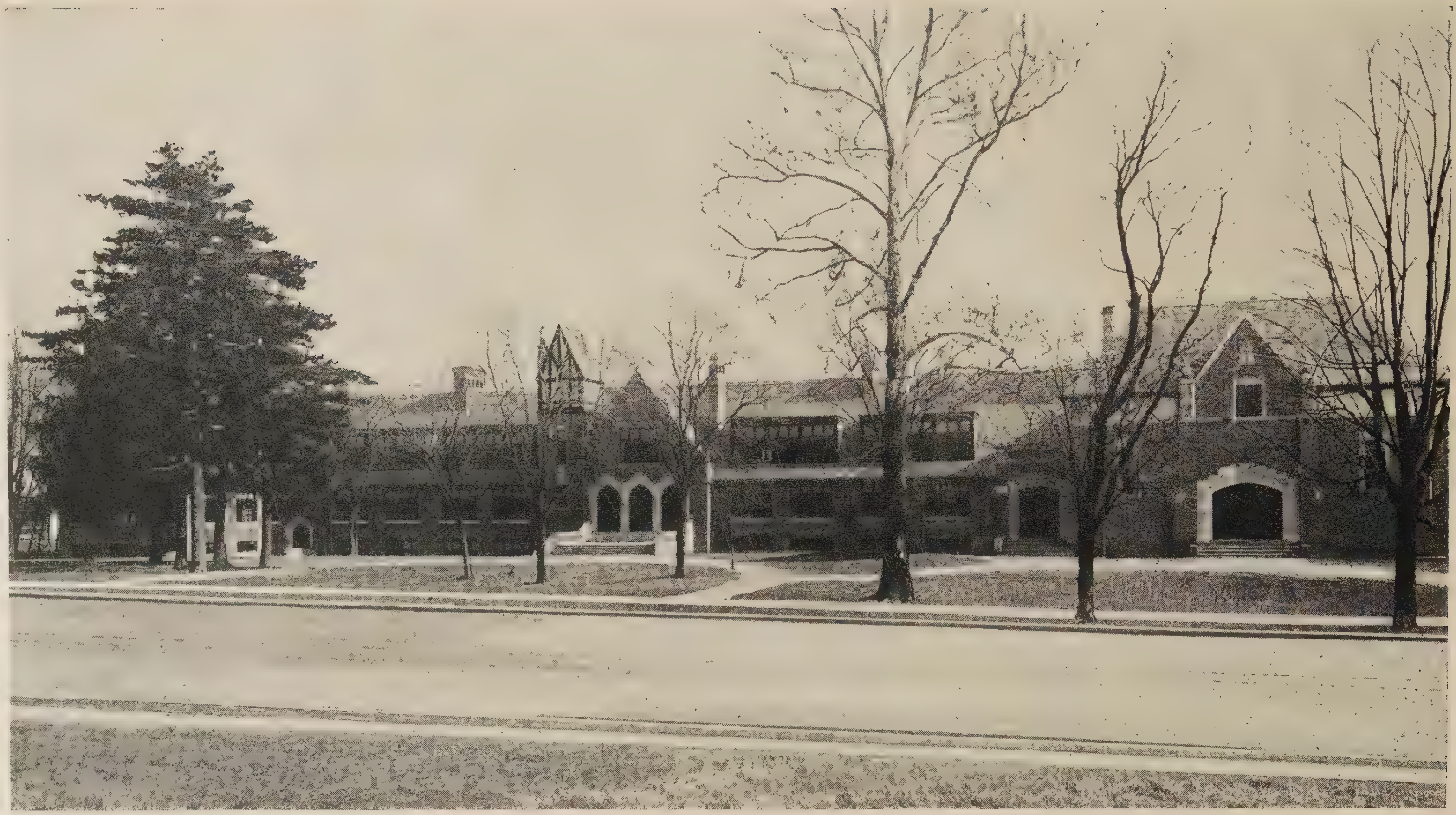
(By Virginia Peirce Wood and Arthur E. Claggett.)

The history of the Oakwood Schools began in a little red brick schoolhouse, which stood about a square west of the junction of Far Hills Avenue and Cincinnati Pike, in a location known in recent years as the National Cash Register Sugar Camp. To this building came the children of District No. 7, Van Buren Township, Montgomery County, Ohio. In 1872 the original plat of "Oakwood," a part of this district, was recorded; and thus was established the name, by which the school was known, at least as early as 1876.

Early teachers of this school included Mr. James M. Craven, who taught there from 1876 to 1882 and later became principal of the First District of Dayton. He had thirty-nine pupils of all ages, one year, six of them being the sons and daughters of Mr. Dickensheets, one of the school directors. The original contract made between the three directors and Mr. Craven shows that he taught for three dollars per day. Other teachers included Miss Mary Frazier Gaddis, sister of Thomas A. Gaddis, Mr. Edgar A. Kolb, Miss Mary Barr and Miss Frances Parrott, who taught there from 1896 to 1898.

The Harman Avenue School—When Oakwood was incorporated as a village in 1908, the first local board of education was elected July 6, 1908, met July 17, 1908, and was sworn into office by the first mayor of the village, Harry E. Talbott.

B. F. Hershey was president, C. H. Barton, clerk, and the other members were, A. B. Brundrett, George W. Hartzell and Col. Harry E. Mead. Richard S. Fowler was appointed treasurer. An agreement was reached with the Van Buren Township board by which the township was to supervise the school for the coming year, employing and paying one teacher and the village board was to pay the other teacher. Repairs



OAKWOOD HIGH SCHOOL

on the schoolhouse included two buckets for fire protection, stove blacking and a fifty cent clock repair.

Many special meetings were held the first year in addition to the regular monthly meetings. School sites and a new school building were discussed, and the following June, less than a year from the date of incorporation, a special election was held, and a bond issue for $7,000 was passed. With this money, the property at the northwest corner of Harman and Dixon avenues was purchased from P. N. Sigler. On the site was a barn which had been built for a temporary residence and which contained two rooms on the main floor, a basement and a loft. These were put in order, school opened there in September, 1909, and "The Barn" continued in use until the building of the second section of the present Harman Avenue School. The teachers in 1909 were Miss Cora Rosnagle, principal and teacher, and Miss Muriel Self. In addition, Miss Ethel Routsong taught drawing and Mrs. Ethel Martin Funkhouser taught music. A janitor was paid $8 per month.

In 1910 the board of education decided to appropriate $75 per month for a principal in order to obtain one with college training. Miss Elsie Seymour was appointed for that year. The tuition for non-resident pupils was set at $4 per quarter in 1910 and raised to $10 per quarter in 1912, when there were 13 tuition pupils. Additional teachers in 1911 were Miss Katherine Van Loan and Harold Linkhart.

Col. Harry E. Mead was president of the board at this time, and although he had no children in the school, gave generously of his ability and time. He was interested to the extent of making out-of-town trips in reference to new teachers—and always watched the progress of the school closely. At this time the board dealt directly with the individual teachers; a little later the clerk-treasurer acted as go-between. This method continued, not very successfully, until Mr. Blake became principal in 1916, when he assumed the usual duties of that office.

In 1912 a bond issue for $15,000 for the Harman Avenue School building carried by a vote of 63-4. Mr. Louis Lott was selected as the architect. Later it was found that the bond issue was not sufficient, so a committee consisting of Dr. H. H. Herman, as a member of the board, Mrs. E. W. Davies, Mrs. R. S. Fowler and Miss Frances Parrott solicited and secured contributions amounting to approximately $5,000.

John H. Patterson sent Mrs. R. S. Fowler, Miss Frances Parrott, Mrs. Fowler Smith and the school principal, Miss Seymour, to visit the schools of Gary, Indiana, and the model school of the University of Chicago. He also sent groups of men elsewhere to observe good methods. That helped to build a school-conscious community. In 1912 Miss Corinne Thompson (now Mrs. Stanley Brehm) was employed as intermediate teacher.

At this time several civic minded citizens urged consultation regarding the school program with Miss Margaret Burns, a well-known principal of Central District, Dayton. The interesting and unusual thing that developed from this conference was that Mrs. H. E. Talbott offered the use of a room in the third story of her home, two blocks from the school, to relieve the congestion at the "Barn." Miss Van Loan taught her pupils there until the opening of the new building, more than one year later.

During the building program in 1912 the salaries of teachers were cut. As a result, Miss Seymour resigned. Miss Thompson was made principal, Miss Van Loan intermediate teacher, and Miss Enid Gilbert primary teacher.

The new Harman Avenue building was occupied in November, 1913. This three-room modern schoolhouse attracted and inspired new community activities, such as meetings of various kinds, plays by an adult dramatic group and the establishment of school gardens. E. W. Davies was elected president of the board in this year and served in that capacity until 1917, when he was succeeded by W. E. Hadeler, who served for three years.

In May, 1914, Oakwood joined with Van Buren and Washington townships to form a supervisory district, of which Elmer G. Beeson was made supervisor. Salaries were raised in 1914-15, and the total budget was $6,816. Contrast this with the $300,000 budget for 1930-31, which includes bond interest and retirement funds, as well as operating expenses for three schools.

In 1915 a bond issue for $40,000, for the enlargement of the Harman Avenue building, was carried by a vote of 125 to 25. Robert E. Dexter was selected as architect and he and Mr. Beeson were sent to study the schools of Gary, Indiana. In 1916 the board of education passed a resolution to establish the Oakwood library, now containing 3,749 volumes.

In that same year Miss Frances Parrott, a member of the board, visited Columbia University to look for a principal, and interviewed several candidates. Harold Blake, who was taking a post graduate course, after having had some teaching experience, was the only man preferring elementary school work. He was engaged at a salary of $1,500 a year, made possible through the raising of several hundred dollars by private subscription. Mr. Blake was the first principal to attend board meetings regularly; he had their confidence, and was filling his position remarkably well, respected by the parents, idolized by the boys, when his request for leave of absence to enter the army was granted in 1917. It was extremely unfortunate that his career in constructive work was cut short by his participation and death in the World War.

In 1916-17 there were five full time teachers. In December it was necessary to increase the salary fund by private subscriptions. In January, 1917, Edward T. Banks, a leading colored citizen of Dayton, was made janitor. He gave many excellent talks to the pupils and gave valuable assistance with the school gardens.

The school enumeration in 1917 registered 200 pupils between the ages of six and twenty-one. The school budget for 1917-18 was $23,690.

W. H. Freeman resigned as clerk-treasurer in July, 1917, to enter the army. C. E. Ainsworth succeeded him and served until 1922. The board granted the use of the school auditorium for war work and for any entertainment for war relief funds.

There were six teachers for the school year of 1917-18. Miss Corinne Brabec, principal, Mrs. Eleanor Clarke, assistant principal, Miss Madge C. Routsong, Miss Margaret Burnett, Miss Lillian Smith and Miss Lou K. Weber. Miss Weber is still teaching in the Oakwood schools, being director of fine arts and crafts in the high school. The same teachers were reëmployed for the following year. In May, 1918, the Mothers' Club petitioned the board to employ an extra teacher for the coming year in order to prevent the overcrowding of classes. This was not done until the summer of 1919, when an extra teacher was added.

When Miss Lillian Smith resigned in the summer of 1918 Miss Gretchen Smalley, who is now the principal of the Harman Avenue Elementary School, was employed as kindergarten teacher. Miss Edna Britton and Miss Esther Wonderly were employed for the year 1919-20 to fill vacancies. Both of these teachers made long and successful records of service with Oakwood schools before resigning to marry.

In November, 1920, a group of citizens with Mrs. George Shaw Greene acting as chairman, came before the board to ask for an instructor in music. W. S. Naylor was later appointed to carry on this work. In this year a motion picture machine, a Pathescope, at an approximate cost of $295, was purchased for the school. An advisory board of athletics was also created by the board of education, consisting of three men and three upper grade boys. General George H. Wood was one of the men on this committee, and Tom Patterson, George Davies and T. J. Wood were the boys, all appointed by the president of the board, Robert E. Cowden. They took a keen interest in the athletic program and the athletic needs of the school. They were instrumental in having the first playground fence erected, a tackling dummy built and the playground leveled. In April, 1921, the first instructor in athletics, Carl C. Stork, was appointed.

There were ten teachers in 1921-22. With the thought of organizing a junior high school, the ninth year class did not go into the city high schools that year, but remained in Oakwood. English, algebra, general science and French were the main subjects taught to this class.

At the request of Dr. Phil Porter, of the Christ Episcopal Church, religious instruction on school time was begun in September, 1921. In December of that year, Mr. Harry Schenck was employed by the board as architect for the construction of an addition and for alterations to the Harman Avenue building. A bond issue for $175,000 for this work was approved by the voters, 149 to 19, at a special election on May 27, 1922.

The growth of the school, and constant building, had increased the detail work of the clerk-treasurer to such an extent that an assistant was necessary. Miss Marietta Bergen was appointed to this position and was later succeeded by Miss Anne Purpus.

In May, 1922, Arthur E. Claggett was employed as principal, becoming later, superintendent and principal of the high school.

In this same year a request was made by the Mothers' Club for periodic medical examination of all the school children. This was not granted immediately, but several years later a school physician was employed.

A Period of Expansion—By 1921 the Oakwood school system had grown from a one room school to an elementary school of kindergarten and first eight grades, 197 pupils and ten teachers. The national census of 1920 gave Oakwood a population of 1,417.

Between 1921 and 1931 a more rapid growth in population took place. The 1930 census gave Oakwood a population of 6,477, placing Oakwood in the class of cities.

The school population in the same period increased from 197 in 1921 to 1,288 in 1931. To keep pace with the consequent increase in school population, the board of education carried on a very active school building program in this period. In order to give it continuity, five members of the board were elected and reëlected by the Oakwood citizens for long periods of service. Mrs. Harry Hunter and Mrs. George H. Wood have served from 1920 to the present time. Edwin D. Smith has served from 1922 to the present time. Nelson Talbott served from 1920 to 1929, and V. N. Lesher from 1922 to 1930. Speed Warren succeeded Mr. Ainsworth as clerk-treasurer in 1922, and the freedom from financial difficulties, which has been the lot of the Oakwood Board of Education, is doubtless due to the fact that Mr. Warren has continued to serve it with his highly specialized skill.

On account of the rapid growth of the community, a junior high school was organized and later extended into a six year high school. The most careful attention was given to school building construction, which had to be almost continuous. A school building program was decided upon by the board of education and the superintendent, after studies had been made of the growth of school population.

This program provided for the alteration and enlargement of the original school building, for the erection of a six year high school building and of a new elementary building in the southern and newer section of Oakwood. It was agreed that all buildings must reflect the character of a beauty-loving, home-owning community.

The original building, altered and enlarged at a cost of $175,000, became an architecturally unified structure with all the facilities of a modern elementary school and with distinctive features in the form of a front colonnade, a wide spreading lawn and a special primary court with flower gardens, wading and ship sailing pool and large sand pits.

Immediately following the first building project ten acres of land were acquired in three separate purchases in the geographical center of the village. Clifford C. Harman, owner of the largest tract, no longer lived in Dayton. His price for the land was high, but when he was told by Mr. Talbott that it was needed for a school, and furthermore, that it would be preserved along the street frontage in its natural beauty and integrity, he was glad to sell at a lower price. On this site a new high school was built at a cost of $450,000. It was placed in a natural setting of forest trees, is of English residential design, and harmonizes well with the homes of the community. In the rear are playing fields for all high school games. This building has attracted a good deal of attention from other communities and is a source of pride to the Oakwood people.

The high school building project was followed within three years by the construction of a new elementary school in south Oakwood at a cost of $330,000. This building shows the maintenance of the same high standards of beauty and of utility of construction that prevailed in the erection of the other two buildings.

As soon as each building was constructed a policy of the best care and maintenance was instituted. Men and women experienced in the proper care of buildings were employed. They have been impressed with the ideal of keeping all parts of the school property in good repair, clean, and attractive. The school children also have been impressed with this ideal of care and maintenance and have responded well.

The need for outstanding teachers was apparent from the study of the community and the homes. The citizens were home owners of the better type, unusually interested in the education of their children. Only teachers of good ability and preparation, of strong personality, of culture and refinement, would command their respect. On this account, the policy was adopted of seeking the best in teacher talent that could be found. Some teachers were brought from other districts in Ohio, some from other states.

In preparation, all new elementary teachers were required to be graduates of a college accredited or approved by the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. All six year high school teachers were required to have the same preparation with at least one year of graduate work in addition.

In experience, at least one year of actual teaching was required, but teachers were sought who were somewhat mature in experience and seasoned in judgment.

In the six year high school the rule was established that the number of men teachers was to be kept equal to the number of women teachers. This was done in order that all boys would have men educational and vocational advisers and that all girls would have women educational and vocational advisers. These teachers have made a place for themselves in the social, intellectual and civic life of the community.

In order to meet the need for college preparation disclosed in the survey, standards were set and provisions made as to required subjects, and quality of work, in the college preparatory course, so that high school graduation with college recommendation would mean that college entrance requirements had been met and that some promise of success in college could be predicted. The standards set by the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools were adhered to and their officers were invited to inspect the high school. As a result, membership was obtained in this accrediting association.

In order to meet eastern college requirements, visits were made to eastern colleges to study their requirements, to eastern private preparatory schools to study their methods, and to the offices of the college examination board to secure their coöperation. The college examination board made the high school an examination center. The school now stands second among the high schools of Ohio in the number taking college board examinations, and two members of the high school faculty are college board examiners. In order to keep informed regarding high school graduates who have entered college, a follow-up plan was developed which records their degree of scholastic success and their other achievements. At the present time there are 105 graduates attending fifty-five different colleges.

A policy was adopted of giving constant attention to the curriculum in order that it might meet modern educational needs. Many activities have been introduced that have enriched the school experience of the children and that have met with general approbation. These enrichment activities have included work in the fine arts and crafts, in household arts, in manual and industrial arts, in nature study, health education, in vocal and instrumental music, in dramatization work, in creative prose and poetry.

Expression activities are emphasized. All pupils in the six year high school are required to take one course each year from the following; public speaking, news writing and journalism, dramatic art, music (instrumental or vocal). French is begun in the fifth grade, and Latin in the seventh grade, by those pupils who have been very successful in the regular subjects. Pupils of the schools have won many first and second prizes in national and State competitions, in art, English and chemistry.

The survey of the homes revealed the fact that the average number of children per family was small. In order to make the school a socializing instrument, develop group life and companionship, group activities were introduced, beginning in the kindergarten and extending through the high school. These activities included class and group work in classrooms and assemblies; music and dramatic projects, and organized play.

In order to help to realize the moral and religious ideals of the parents, coöperation was given to the churches in the establishment of a week day religious education program to be carried on in the churches during school hours. Other character building agencies were encouraged to organize clubs, and direct and indirect instruction in moral values and qualities of character were incorporated into the entire school program.

An unusual educational and vocational guidance program begins in the seventh and eighth grades and is completed in the twelfth grade. It is under the direction of the deans of boys and girls, and is a fact-giving, thought-provoking course in college guidance, and career finding—supplemented by exploratory courses in the fine, household and industrial arts.

Athletics is considered part of the curriculum in the school. It was quite evident in the survey of the homes that the young people had ample leisure outside of school hours. In order to make right use of some of their leisure a very extensive program of athletics was worked out. The main purpose was to provide recreation, to promote proper physical development with good coördination of mind and body, and to develop character.

Two capable athletic directors were employed, a man for the boys and a woman for the girls. Other regular teachers were employed with the understanding that they would give time to athletic coaching. All boys and girls are urged to participate and practically all the boys and a majority of the girls enter at least one sport during the year. The main sports are football, basketball, baseball, track, golf, tennis, soccer and la crosse for boys; hockey, basketball and tennis for girls.

On any day after school hours and often on Saturday, groups of pupils may be seen on the playing fields. Parents attend both intra-mural and inter-scholastic games, and are enthusiastic over the athletic program. Although winning games with other schools is not the primary object, nevertheless, by reason of the early beginning in athletics and because of the number taking part, the school has a very creditable winning record. Three State championships have been won in track and one State championship in golf. The girls' basketball team has won the county championship—the highest girls' athletic honor obtainable in the public high schools.

Coöperation With the Public—In order to keep the community informed regarding the work of the school, many public events are given. Demonstrations and exhibits are planned for the patrons. Many music, dramatic and public speaking events are held. The Dayton newspapers have contributed considerably to the winning of community confidence, by very liberal publication of school news. The two elementary schools together publish a monthly bulletin, containing creative work of the children, which goes into each child's home. The high school publishes a weekly paper and a year book.

Each school has an active parent-teacher association. Many of the meetings are attended by both fathers and mothers, and are preceded by a dinner. These organizations have been very helpful in disseminating information regarding the school, in promoting school levies and school bond issues, and in adding materials and equipment to the school.

As the results of the new school program began to show, tuition pupils increased in number. In the school year 1928-29 there were 105 tuition pupils, whose parents paid a total tuition of $13,000. In June, 1929, on account of the lack of facilities in the two elementary schools, the board of education voted to receive no new tuition pupils in those schools the following year.

The growing confidence of the people in their schools was reflected in their willingness to approve bond issues for building and to increase the tax rate for schools. It cannot be determined, but it is the general belief that property values have been raised as a direct result of the development of the schools.

As local interest and local pride have been awakened, many gifts, such as playground and athletic equipment, flag poles, musical instruments, library books, pictures, etc., have been made to the school. Many cups, medals, shields and cash awards are made each year for excellence

SHAFER BOULEVARD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, OAKWOOD

HARMON AVENUE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, OAKWOOD

in scholarship, music, art and athletics by interested citizens. John R. Fletcher gave a valuable property to the board of education for the purpose of a library and art museum.

There is every evidence that Oakwood children love their school. They are in and around the school many hours beyond those required. Parents often say that they cannot keep their children away from the school. The active life that has come from their participation in athletics, bands, orchestras, school clubs and societies and from work in the many arts and crafts has helped to develop their interest and love. Without doubt the school in winning the confidence and support of the community has also won the interest and love of the children.